



A LEVANTINE LOG-BOOK

JEROME HART

UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

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A
LEVANTINE LOG-BOOK

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A LEVANTINE LOG-BOOK

BY
JEROME HART



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LONDON AND BOMBAY

1905

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BELCHER

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MOST POPULAR BOOKS AND BEST SELLERS

Every librarian and every book-seller is interested in knowing what books are the most called for and the most read in libraries and book-stores. The annexed lists are taken from the reports of the San Francisco Public Library, George T. Clark, librarian; the Mercantile Library, Frederick J. Smith, librarian; and the Mechanics' Institute Library, Frederick J. Teggart, librarian. From these statistics it will be seen that the lists of most popular books from December 1, 1905, to March 1, 1906, in San Francisco, as elsewhere in the country, have been made up principally of fiction. On these lists, however, it will be observed that there figures a book of travel. No one knows better than the librarian—unless it be the book-seller—that the average book of travel is a drug on the market; no one knows better than the book-seller—unless it be the librarian—that about seven-tenths of the books usually called for are novels. Therefore it is at least unusual to find a book of travel figuring among the five most popular works called for at these libraries.

The five books most in demand at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of San Francisco, during the periods specified, were the following:

Week ending.....December 4, 1905.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
2. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "Fair Margaret," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson.
5. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.

Week ending.....December 11, 1905.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
3. "My Friend the Chauffeur," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
4. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.
5. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.

Week ending.....December 25, 1905.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
3. "Loser's Luck," by Charles Tenney Jackson.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. Plays, by G. Bernard Shaw.

Week ending.....December 30, 1905.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington.
2. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson.

Week ending.....January 6, 1906.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
3. "Loser's Luck," by Charles Tenney Jackson.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. Plays, by G. Bernard Shaw.

Week ending.....January 27, 1906.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
2. "The Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington.
3. "Loser's Luck," by Charles Tenney Jackson.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. "Animal Heroes," by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Week ending.....February 3, 1906.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson.
3. "The Debtor," by Mary E. Wilkins.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. "Salve Venetia," by F. Marion Crawford.

Week ending.....February 10, 1906.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "Fair Margaret," by F. Marion Crawford.
2. "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson.
3. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
4. "The Long Day." Anonymous.
5. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.

Week ending.....February 17, 1906.

MECHANICS'-MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
2. "Hearts and Masks," by Harold MacGrath.
3. "Loser's Luck," by Charles Tenney Jackson.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. "My Life," by Alfred Russell Wallace.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "On the Field of Glory," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.
2. "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson.
3. "The Gambler," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. Opera Scores.

Week ending.....February 24, 1906.

MECHANICS'-MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton.
2. "Loser's Luck," by Charles Tenney Jackson.
3. "The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson.
4. "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart.
5. "My Life," by Alfred Russell Wallace.

In addition to these librarians' statistics, taken entirely from readers at libraries, herewith is annexed a table from the February *Bookman*, giving a list of "best sellers" in San Francisco:

Month ending.....January 31, 1906.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1. "The House of Mirth." Wharton. (Scribner.) | \$1.50. |
| 2. "The Conquest of Canaan." Tarkington. (Harper.) | |
| <u>\$1.50.</u> | |
| 3. "The Gambler." Thurston. (Harper.) | \$1.50. |
| 4. "Her Letter." Harte. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) | \$2.00. |
| 5. "Loser's Luck." Jackson. (Holt.) | \$1.50. |
| 6. <u>"A Levantine Log-Book."</u> Hart. (Longmans, Green & Co.) | <u>\$2.00.</u> |

In this table also it will be seen that a book of travel figures among the "best sellers." Do you not think that a travel-book which is popular enough to hold its place among novels like "The House of Mirth" and "The Gambler" for so many weeks is worth consideration? We inclose herewith printed matter giving information concerning the book in question.

A Levantine Log-Book

By JEROME HART

The Levant of To-Day.

"What constitutes the Levant?" This is a question we have only to ask ourselves to discover how inaccurate is the general conception of this much-traveled territory of elastic boundaries. With a love of definiteness that his reader speedily discovers to be characteristic, Jerome Hart, author of "A Levantine Log-Book," sets himself to the task of dissipating the prevailing mistiness on this subject.

Mr. Hart's new book is a chronicle of leisurely ramblings over that alien region so much favored by the chronic globe-trotter. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint of the seasoned traveler, and throws an oar at intending tourists bewildered by the claims of rival steamship companies, rival hostellries, and rival resorts.

Ruthless he is in exploding old travelers' superstitions; he waves away with equal contempt such fetiches as the "Santa Lucia" of Naples, sung by "risotto tenors, spaghetti sopranos, and macaroni baritones," and the Smyrnian figs of Smyrna, which he declares to be so wormy that they are able to walk.

The untraveled reader, whose imagination surrounds with a rosy haze all the immemorial wonders of the old world, may learn with a shock of surprise that Athens, "the City of the Violet Crown," in its newly built Occidental guise, is "raw, garish, new, staring, crude." "It is redolent of last week." "It is dusty, it is noisy, it is vulgar."

From Athens the expectant reader may accompany the author as he steams along the historic waterway leading to Constantinople. The chapters on this city, beside a pungent survey of the street life of the natives of Stamboul, includes much detailed information about the Sultan and his mode of life on the entrenched Yildez estate, which is his favorite dwelling-place. There is a description, crowded with color and movement, of the day of the Selamlik; this is the day when the Sultan, viewed by nobles, official dignitaries, the Mohammedan faithful, and even by some privileged tourists, goes "circled by steel" to pray in his favorite mosque.

So much is Mr. Hart struck by the eccentricities of Oriental dress, and particularly by the Turkish "breeks," that he devotes a chapter to a witty exposition of that most characteristic garment of the Ottoman Turk; here he reviews in sartorial procession "the Montenegrin galligaskins," the "redundant Bulgarian breeks," and "the cheap hand-me-down breeks of scowling, sour-faced, fanatic old Turks." Even the breeks of the Turkish ladies receive a word of consideration, and the reader is surprised to learn that a typical Turkish woman, richly clad as to her upper person, declines in her nether garments to "a pair of sleazy, alpaca, balloon-like trousers, ungartered socks, and old yellow slippers down at heel."

The chapter on shopping will make the

American shopper sit up and open eyes of self-gratulation. The only guarantee the foreigner has while shopping in a Turkish bazaar (says Mr. Hart), is the dealer's honesty. This he considers a very dubious quantity. "I believe," he says (in expressing his conviction that the majority of purchasers in the Orient are thoroughly and systematically fleeced), "that the man or woman who buys at home in the United States generally fares as well—often better—than he or she who buys abroad." An exception is, of course, made in favor of antiques, intaglios, gems, and articles that are unique.

The chapters on Jerusalem are pregnant with shrewd observations on the quarreling religious factions there domiciled. The author considers Jerusalem "the Golden" with quite a different meaning to the one usually accorded to that term—his adjective refers to the stream of piously donated gold that pours into Jerusalem from all over the world, there to maintain in comfort and often in luxury many thousands who piously accept the gifts the gods provide.

Toward Cairo, in the winter season, wayfarers flock by the thousand, including scores of the world's notable personages. Thither the author of the "Levantine Log-Book" conducts his readers, giving them a review of the winter sports and gayeties of the Egyptian capital, as well as describing the attractions of the Nile trip. Mr. Hart is ever on the lookout for what is ridiculous or droll, and many of his chapters are interspersed with the oddities of the native character, and the eccentricities or asininites of stray tourists. There is much in the book which will thoroughly tickle the reader's sense of humor.

While the author administers many a shock to the untraveled, his vigorously untrammeled views of men and things will gratify those who desire to escape from the made-to-order lingo of the professional, stereotyped traveler.

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SELLING AGENTS FOR THE WEST

The Argonaut Publishing Co.

246 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

A Levantine Log-Book

By JEROME HART

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Mr. Hart, editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, is an excellent traveling companion, shrewd, alert, vigilant-eyed. He has the peculiarly Western faculty of seeing the Old World from a new standpoint. Americans from the Eastern coast have gone to Europe or Asia or Africa, and repeated the old raptures and the old insincerities. But born Westeners, with Mark Twain and William D. Howells at their head, have generally dealt honestly with their own emotions in the presence of the phenomena of the past, and so have produced an entirely new school of travel literature, which, whatever its faults, is at least distinctively American. In the present volume Mr. Hart sees on the way all sorts of interesting things that have escaped the notice of his predecessors.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.

Among the books recently appearing from the pens of Californians we must mention "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart. This is a book of European travel-sketches, full of sophistical wit, and of humor tinged with a bland cynicism that is not unpleasing. It is a book written by a clear-visioned, cultured, and observant man, and compares not unfavorably with any volume of its character that has appeared in some years. It is in the vein of "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain," two books of travel by the same writer, that preceded it.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.

In "A Levantine Log-Book," Jerome Hart, author of "Two Argonauts in Spain" and "Argonaut Letters," has supplied a somewhat similar book concerning the countries about the eastern end of the Mediterranean. One may gather a fair idea of the author's method and the ground covered by his notes from some of the chapter headings: "Malta—England's Levantine Fortress," "Athens—the City of the Violet Crown," "Stamboul," "The Sultan and the Selamlik," "The Breeks of the Turks," "Of Smyrna and of Buying Things," "Jerusalem the Golden," "Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem," "Disappointments in Palestine," "Cairo's Routes and Inns," "The Midwinter Crush at Cairo," "Egyptian Journalism," "Up the Nile to Assouan," "The Egyptians' Foreign Guests," "England in Egypt." The book is provided with thirty-six full-page illustrations, and, altogether, serves to give a most pleasing impression of the wonderful Near East.

FROM THE LITERARY DIGEST, NEW YORK.

Jerome Hart's "A Levantine Log-Book" is the record of a recent visit to Greece, Palestine, and Egypt, and has all the ease, breeziness, and entertaining information that won such popularity for its author's earlier travel sketches.

FROM THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"A Levantine Log-Book" (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), is a further chapter in the cheerful travel-log Mr. Jerome Hart has been compiling for years for the behoof of his readers in the States. Those of us here in England who know the pleasant pages of the *Argonaut* have grown too familiar to be surprised with the freshness and clever raillery he can bestow on his observations of Europe and the Mediterranean lands, the occasional denseness of the Teuton, the skin-deep polish of so many French and Italian types, and the lazy, enviable, divine content of the men and women in Spain. In this volume Mr. Hart has gone further afield, for he potters around Jerusalem and Jaffa, strolls about Cairo and Stamboul, chatters with the rogues and merchants of the bazaars, and lords it up the Nile with as much indolence as an energetic Westerner can be expected to do. He illustrates freely with photography, and he does justice to the British occupation of Egypt and the undying memory of Gordon.

FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

Jerome Hart's new travel book, "A Levantine Log-Book," is published handsomely by Longmans, Green & Co. It is a four-hundred-page volume, adorned by forty illustrations, chiefly from photographs by the author. The book is a result of a stay of some seasons in the Levant, whence the writer returned in May of this year, hence the volume is quite up to date. In some of his descriptions of conditions in the Levant, notably Egypt, he has given a *résumé* of the conditions up to the spring of 1905.

Mr. Hart is one of the most agreeable writers who turns his pen to descriptive chronicling.

FROM THE LONDON BOOKSELLER.

Mr. Hart's book is the pictured record of recent travel round the shores of the Mediterranean; and if he chooses to label the cruise as "Levantine" we shall not quarrel with him, although, geographically speaking, the term is of a narrower extent. Americans have a rather affected way of speaking of the East as the "Orient"; but it is understood generally. Mr. Hart made the entire tour of Europe's inland sea, from Gibraltar to Jerusalem, bringing back comments and photographs of the expedition, and putting down the salient impressions of each place as they stood out in his memory. One recollection is that of a traveling troupe of mountebanks, who pulled up and performed in their wagon—quite the native *tragoidia* of Æschylus—before the window of the royal palace. In Jerusalem the abiding impression left upon the author's mind was not the Holy Sepulchre or the Mount of Olives or the place of the Crucifixion, but the sight of an English curate playing bridge with two ladies, and smoking a briar pipe the while, in a Jerusalem hotel, with a party of indignant Americans in the background. His story in Egypt, if not long, is at least complimentary to English rule.

FROM THE BROOKLYN EAGLE.

Jerome Hart has two gifts, the ability to write interestingly, and the ability to be interested, which makes the writing of travel-books a pleasure. "A Levantine Log-Book" is delightful reading.

FROM THE LONDON PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

The author has traveled much, has observed to some purpose, and his "Log-book" is very good reading. It is full of vivid impressions and excellent stories, and if occasionally the fun is a little forced we could forgive worse sins in so entertaining a person. There is nothing stereotyped about Mr. Hart, and his views of places and people are often original and refreshing; we can, in fact, understand and laugh with him even when we most thoroughly disagree with what he says. Whoever takes the book up is certain to enjoy himself. Whether he will always get a correct impression is another matter.

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD.

Jerome Hart, who gave us that excellent work of travel, "Two Argonauts in Spain," has extended his travels further eastward, and, in "A Levantine Log-Book," carries one on, to, and through Malta, the Graeco-Turkish peninsula, Egypt, and Asia Minor. One does not find here a description of a cathedral nor the date when a mosque was erected, or anything in the way of figures on the size or cost of what he sees. It is the pleasing tale of a good story-teller, who starts out to see things, who does see things, and who, having seen them, knows how to make his story picturesque by sprinkling in incident and adventure with clever observation.

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

Any book of travel that bears the signature of Jerome Hart, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, may be taken up with confidence; if not at hand it should be sought for. Mr. Hart is a man of varied and interesting knowledge and any amount of common sense. He is a trained journalist, and sees everything in relation to its news value. He is an uncompromising American, and he does not for a minute forget the American point of view. Temperamentally averse to slush and pretense, he never loses the chance to dispose of a hoary fiction or a cherished convention, and get down to facts. He is nothing if not up to date. It is his special business to describe things as they are—or, rather, as the average tourist sees them.

In all these respects, his new volume, "A Levantine Log-Book," published by Longmans, Green & Co., is quite up to the standard of his "*Argonaut Letters*" and "*Two Argonauts in Spain*." The ground is beaten hard by the feet of tourists, but he manages to find something fresh to say. His fondness for the actual, for the definite, is marked by his initial struggle with the term Levant and the arbitrary lines that define it.

Mr. Hart's book is of an unpretentious sort. It has value, and it affords entertaining reading.

FROM THE LONDON ACADEMY.

Mr. Jerome Hart has managed to get so into touch with his subject that although he covers much ground in one short volume, never for one moment do we feel that we are globe-trotting when in his company. This volume will be as much appreciated in England as by the author's many friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is the third of Jerome Hart's books of travel, issued in handsome style, with a very striking cover and many beautiful illustrations, by Longmans, Green & Co. In the twenty-two chapters Mr. Hart discusses in leisurely and entertaining fashion the features of the Levant, from Malta around the Mediterranean shore to Egypt and the upper Nile. What makes this book as readable as its predecessors is the author's original point of view and his absolute lack of pretense. Mark Twain first made a holy show of the stereotyped book of travels, but even his savage satire did not cure the scribbling tourist of the vice of gushing over the things that it is the fashion to rave over. Mr. Hart is absolutely realistic. If he finds a famous river or an historical building or a celebrated picture ugly, he says so frankly, but he often points out that first impressions, especially of large cities, are apt to be misleading, and that closer knowledge will frequently reveal unsuspected beauties.

It seems to me that the chief merit of Mr. Hart's book is its straightforward honesty and its genuine humor. As a traveler he has the American newspaper man's eye—nothing escapes him, and he has also another faculty of the trained observer—no good story, no peculiar exhibit of real human nature is forgotten. The pestiferous beggars and touts who make life a burden for the average tourist simply furnish him with amusing studies of character. Nothing could be better than his sketch of the handsome Italian boy who tried to foist himself on the tourists as they went up the slopes of Vesuvius, and who hung like a leech to a party of Chicago millionaires and ultimately secured five francs for his pertinacity. Or, in another vein, take the Turkish railway official between Jaffa and Jerusalem, who actually had the last word in an encounter with a strong-minded American woman. Some of the best work in the book is found in the chapters on Egypt, a land that is full of the charm that belongs to the alien and the mysterious. Very striking is his word picture of Slatin Pasha, the man who changed his religion and profited by it, and the contrasting picture of Gordon, who went down to a cruel death because he would not abandon the people of Khartoum.

FROM THE OUTLOOK.

In "A Levantine Log-Book" Jerome Hart gives a gossipy, vivacious account of travel. He takes the reader to Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Cairo, and up the Nile to Assuan.

FROM THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Jerome Hart, the author of "A Levantine Log-Book," is an experienced globe-trotter, and makes the most of his opportunities. His story contains many interesting things which are well worth reading. He writes an amusing chapter on Egyptian newspapers. He vigorously defends the policy of the British in Egypt; although he had previously believed that the British occupation was a long-considered and deliberate plan, he now shows many attempts of the English to avoid the Egyptian entanglements. This discussion is the one serious phase of the story. On the whole, Mr. Hart is to be congratulated—he has written something new about the Levant.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL.

Jerome Hart has written a new volume to add to his series of travel-books, "A Levantine Log-Book." Added to the interesting descriptions, there is much of quiet humorous chat about those far and famous lands so many people hear about and so few are privileged to see. There is some enthusiasm in the book, but perhaps more in evidence is the disillusion due to a bent for telling the plain truth about things as they are. A notable item of observation the author made in Egypt is that the boasted coming brotherhood of man seems very far off, and Hart doubts if it will ever come. The people of various nationalities in Egypt, even such enlightened people as Germans, English, and French, dislike each other so heartily that the brotherhood of man seems actually to be getting farther away from fulfillment. If, when you begin to read this book, you are surprised not to find more enthusiasm, here is a hint for its reason of not being. This traveler has evidently grown tired of perfervid eloquence. He has heard it to satiety.

FROM COOK'S TRAVELLER'S GAZETTE.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is a most entertaining volume. This would be expected from the author of "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain." There is a vein of spontaneous humor in this book that makes it very agreeable reading. It is a book that every prospective visitor to these fascinating Mediterranean regions should certainly read. Of course, it is not necessary to its enjoyment that one should have an Eastern trip in mind; the general reader will find the book and its excellent pictures a most interesting one; but our point of view is naturally that of the travel expert.

Mr. Hart frankly tells of his disappointments, even when they concern places and things popularly accorded unquestioning admiration or homage. The reader consequently feels confidence in his observations and impressions. His observations of men and manners are critical, but not captious. He shows a kindly appreciation of the little failings of human nature. His descriptions of the famous scenic and historic attractions with which the route abounds are those of an experienced traveler and writer, graphic and interesting.

FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.

It is a pleasure to be able to read the "log-book" of a traveler who has done some drifting about in the Levant without prejudices or superstitions, religious or otherwise. Jerome Hart, the author of this book, has had an abundant experience in the East, sufficient to awaken the interest of those who have become jaded with books of travel of the hackneyed sort—those of mere onlookers who have taken the whole thing for granted, and have had no desire to think or write from their own standpoint. This book is the outpouring of the spirit of one whose eyes have not been blinded by pretense or fable, and who has studied his paths with a cynic at his elbow, maybe, but nevertheless with a modicum of common sense in the manner and the mood of his narration. He looks upon life in the Levant as it actually is, and he lays aside sentimental poetry for the sake of telling the practical thus and so of the Eastern World, as he himself discovers it. He is always struck with the ridiculousness of the pretensions of the East, and he relates it in a way that is likely to upset the gravity of the most strait-laced. His fun is catching. There is not a page in the whole book that is dry, and it is with an inward sigh of regret that one arrives at the last chapter.

FROM THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

People who have read any of Mr. Hart's previous books of travel will not need to be told that this, his latest contribution to the gayety of nations, is a delightfully amusing volume. Mr. Hart's humor may be somewhat American, but it is delicious of its kind. His style is thoroughly individual; racy and pungent always, it is filled with irresistibly laughable descriptions and anecdotes of men and things told in an imitable fashion. Any one who has enjoyed "Two Argonauts in Spain" will be sure to remember Mr. Hart's most amusing sketch of the American tourist. There are more such tourists in the "Levantine Log-Book," notably one in Rome, who was deeply aggrieved because in an Italian guide-book he found the Colosseum called "Anfiteatro Flaviano" instead of by what he deemed its "c'rect name." Or, again, Mr. Hart's sense of the ludicrous is excited by the absurd album for the autographs of visitors kept in the inn on Mount Vesuvius, a volume in which "nobodies have written nothings"—'Thoughts on First Seeing Vesuvius,' by Mrs. Lemuel Aminadab Doolittle, Moosatockaguntic, Maine, U. S. A., or 'Pensées Sur la Baie de Naples,' par Jeanne Grosille Poirier, en voyages de noces avec son cher mari, Hector Achille Poirier, épicer en gros, Pont-à-Mousson, France.' The "Choo-Choo family" whom he encountered in Naples are other typical "trippers." Mr. Hart is always frank in the expression of his opinions; therein lies much of the attractiveness of his books. He did not like Athens, for example, and he does not hesitate to say so. [Some lengthy extracts follow.] This is one of the books which lend themselves to indefinite quotation, and it is hard to refrain.

FROM THE WASHINGTON STAR.

In "A Levantine Log-Book" Jerome Hart journeys from Malta to the Græco-Turkish peninsula, to Syria, to Asia Minor, and to Egypt. He journeys without special purpose, but chats familiarly with his reader about the people he meets and the things he sees. He views the panorama with the eye of the familiar voyager, but not as one sated with the spectacle. All is delightful and new, even the very ancient. He sees the comic side of life, and tells many a good story with appreciation of the subtleties of humor. Mr. Hart is an accomplished traveler. The pictures with which the "Log-Book" is generously illustrated are evidently, many of them, the product of his camera.

FROM THE MEXICAN HERALD.

Whether one has traveled much or little, there is a unique enjoyment in reading a book of travel in a foreign land. But it does depend on the book, however. There is this enjoyment in reading Jerome Hart's "A Levantine Log-Book." Mr. Hart is the editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, a delightful weekly.

Mr. Hart has been an extensive traveler, and his "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain" have given him a high place among the writers of books of travel. In the "Levantine Log-Book" he handles his subject from the point of view of the old traveler who has not yet forgotten how to appreciate, but who has seen enough to have more than a guide-book sense of values. But if his comments on things are a trifle hard on the "gusher" and the professional tourist, he says some fine things of the sights that are worth while. The book is written in delightful style, and has all the charm of the personal viewpoint.

Mr. Hart begins with Naples, and travels eastward, touching at Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Cairo, and with a trip up the Nile concludes the book, which has kept the reader interested from the first. His comments are far from the stereotyped travel-book. He tells just enough, and, with many blessings from his readers, not too much. At Cairo he almost forgets the pyramids while he tells most entertainingly of the newspapers of the Egyptian capital.

The author is facetious to a degree—enough to make his pages entertaining, but there is a vast fund of valuable information in the book. It has a worthy description of the ruins of Egypt, and closes with a splendid peroration on their beauties and their wonder. The description of the holy shrines of Jerusalem is full of "color" and real beauty. The comparison of the various foreign colonies in Cairo, and their attitude toward each other, will furnish interesting reading. The book also contains a highly interesting chapter on England's struggle to keep out of Egypt.

Mr. Hart writes with ease and grace, with rare precision and beauty of diction. His book is one of the best of current books. There is always room for a delightful book of travel, and Mr. Hart's works always stand high for their originality of viewpoint and their delightful English.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO WASP.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is the latest book of travel from the facile pen of Jerome Hart, the much-traveled and highly cultured editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, published by Longmans, Green & Co. This book is another of the series of travel sketches which Mr. Hart has written; the two previous volumes being "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain." In some of his discussions of conditions in the Levant, notably in Egypt, the author has given a *résumé* of the conditions up to the spring of this year. This will be noticed particularly in regard to the great irrigation schemes which England is now so successfully carrying on in Egypt. The writer even gives the results of the recent investigations (February, 1905) of Sir William Garstin and Sir Benjamin Baker into the stability of the Assouan dam.

Mr. Hart is a keen observer of current events. He possesses that very valuable quality in the traveler who wishes to benefit others who may consult his book for guidance—of investing his descriptions with a live human interest of a practical character.

We are never tired of reading about the East. Baker, Dean Stanley, Humphrey Davy—all have their charm as writers. We would even make it our duty to hear Haskett Smith, who discourses learnedly and eloquently on the Rosetta Stone, "the street that is called straight" in Damascus, or the Real Tomb of Jesus. But we do not find in the writers mentioned the breeziness and brightness, the pleasant, entertaining, and instructive talk of Mr. Hart. Comparisons are not always in good taste, but were we to venture on such a hazardous experiment we would certainly class Mr. Hart, as a writer on travel, with Charles Dudley Warner. Higher praise it would be difficult to give to an American writer, and San Franciscans may well be proud of having Jerome Hart as their fellow-citizen.

FROM THE BROOKLYN TIMES.

In "A Levantine Log-Book," Mr. Hart writes in sprightly and vivacious fashion of his travels in the Levant, after jocosely defining the territory included in that very elastic term. Mr. Hart is not the conventional traveler, with conventional raptures and pages of cut-and-dried information. He has no illusions and no cant. He is amusing, and is not without originality. In this new book he chats with brisk informality of one phase of travel, follows this with an anecdote, and a bit of picturesque description or comment on men, manners, or customs.

FROM THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

Jerome Hart, the California traveler in the Old World, whose breezy "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain" were refreshing departures from the customary "travel books," comes now with "A Levantine Log-Book." Everything he saw he describes in racy, unconventional style.

FROM THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is a handsome and profusely illustrated volume, in which the author, Jerome Hart, gives a breezy, chatty narrative of his journeys in the Levant. He writes as if he enjoyed writing, and the reader will find the enjoyment contagious. He is unavoidably compelled to chronicle many facts pertaining to history and biography, but he is at his best in describing people, and this he does with a free hand. He brings them vividly before your eyes in an easy and unconventional way.

FROM THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

"A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, will charm those who like their dry travel facts entertainingly stated. The author has the courage of his convictions, and refuses to "rave to order" over scenes and places not to him particularly impressive. This writer has a clever knack at grasping and picturesquely presenting just the salient or characteristic facts most enjoyable to the general reader. Of solid information there is a plentiful variety, and the opening discussion of the Levant and its mysterious boundaries is specially worthy of note. Here, in a word, is a book that brings the Eastern Mediterranean peoples and countries within easy speaking distance, written in a style simple, easy, now and then colloquial, that strengthens the sense of intimate acquaintance. Travel routes and fifty photographic illustrations by the author and others, with striking pen portraits of certain famous people, completes an absorbing whole. Read Mr. Hart's delightful book.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TOWN TALK.

In his third series of travel-letters Mr. Hart does not waste any of his own time nor his reader's patience in describing set pieces. He frankly admits his inability to "rave to order," as well as his dislike for crawling into holes in the ground for no other reason than that they are traditionally credited with being the precise spot where some miraculous occurrence took place. He has no great faith in "spots where," and seems to be of the opinion that even though they should be beyond question what they are represented, they do not justify all the fuss made about them. He must be the despair of guides and couriers, and yet he is not to be classed among the venturesome idiots who delight in defying conventions and endangering the safety of themselves and their companions. In short, he is an experienced traveler with a definite idea of what is worth doing and seeing, and a mind unclouded by the demands of tradition.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

"A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, is an attractive travelogue, if we may borrow Burton Holmes's word, through Italy, Greece, European Turkey, Sicily, Crete, Cyprus, Malta, the coast of Turkey, and Asia Minor. Jerome Hart is an accomplished traveler, and a good hand at telling about it.

A Levantine Log-Book, by Jerome Hart

FROM THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is the latest book of travel by an author who has written much in the same field and always with excellent results. Mr. Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain" will be recalled as one of the most acceptable travel-books of last year, and he has contributed other worthy studies of the institutions and customs of foreign lands. The Levantine trip has been made often by observant writers, but Mr. Hart has a happy knack of seeing things that many others overlook. The new volume is enriched with scores of pictures which are of rare excellence, and the text never fails to be entertaining.

FROM THE BUFFALO NEWS.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is another of the lively travel-sketches by Jerome Hart, author of "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain." In it the author discusses conditions in the Levant, particularly in Egypt, although much space has been given to the Holy Land. The book contains some good advice for travelers, and is full of bright stories and recollections of interesting scenes. This "Log-Book" is by no means of the guide-book order. The scene when the Sultan goes to prayer and the incidents of that curious ceremony are told with much vividness and humor, from the antics and comments of European tourists to the scores of fat pashas running after the Sultan's carriage. The volume is copiously illustrated and very handsomely printed and bound.

FROM THE CHICAGO EVENING POST.

"A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, is a collection of unusually spicy and readable sketches of travel. It is given up to the writer's personal experiences in many Levantine cities. Mr. Hart's style is informal and very sprightly, with a touch of genial satire. There seem to be no dull moments in his travels. If the sights are hackneyed or the weather bad, he is sure to fall in with a party of diverting American tourists, who amuse the reader until dull times are past. His impressions always seem to be particularly clear-cut and definite, and he never lacks ability to impart them vividly to his readers. Mr. Hart's lively reminiscences are illustrated with photographs, most of which he took himself. The book is handsomely and appropriately bound.

FROM THE HARTFORD COURANT.

Mr. Hart's felicity in making familiar the scenes of his travel has been exhibited in his "Argonaut Letters," and is continued in "A Levantine Log-Book." If his eyes and ears have been too eagerly open to catch eccentricities of American cities and people, and his readiness to contrast them with the older traits of the Eastern Mediterranean is indulged a little too superciliously, he gets some vivid contrasts for his effects, and he sets before us a graphic picture of the Nearer East.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.

The traveler in foreign lands raves to order. He becomes enthusiastic when he thinks it's proper, not when he really feels like it. The average writer of travel has much in common with the average traveler; he raves where others have raved before him, fearing to give voice to his private opinions lest he come under the dreadful charge of iconoclasm. Although the romantic side in books of travel must always strongly appeal to those who read them, it is somewhat of a relief now and then to read the work of a man who tells the blunt truth concerning things about which we have formed some of our choicest illusions. From Gautier to Jerome Hart there is the big jump from the man who forms illusions to the man who sweeps them away. This review concerns Jerome Hart. The "Levantine Log-Book" is an exceptionally well-told tale of travel through the Levant, that land of indefinite boundary. While there are facts and figures to aid the prospective traveler, these in no way detract from the value of the book for the stay-at-home reader. The volume is full of witty anecdotes of travel, which have their instructive side. Some history, but not too much, good and common-sense descriptions, and numerous illustrations all go to make the book one among the many stories of travel worth reading.

FROM THE ALBANY JOURNAL.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is another of the series of travel sketches which Jerome Hart has written—"Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain." This book is the result of a stay of two seasons in the Levant.

The book begins with a discussion as to the boundaries of the Levant. The writer admits the difficulty of defining them, but finally hits upon a plan which is interesting, if not conclusive. His definition of the Levant includes practically all that portion of the Mediterranean coasts where Mohammedan supremacy has left its marks.

In the introductory chapters are given some useful particulars for Levantine travelers as to choice of routes and steamship lines.

One of the most amusing chapters is entitled "The Breeks of the Turks." This describes the remarkable variety of nether garments seen in the Sultan's capital.

The writer begins his chapters on Jerusalem by calling it "Jerusalem the Golden," for the reason that a golden stream pours into it from all over the world to support the idle Christians and Jews in comfort and luxury.

The book contains over forty pictures, and is very handsomely printed and bound.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

"A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, is a work of four hundred pages, containing over forty illustrations. The descriptions of the various places visited are brightened by occasional flashes of wit. The book as a whole is exceedingly interesting reading.

FROM THE CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

A very interesting, entertaining, and instructive volume of travel is "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, author of several books of travel. It discusses most of the Levantine cities, giving much of its space to the Holy Land and Egypt. The chapters on the remarkable climatic changes in Egypt, resulting from the great irrigation schemes, are very striking. This is a book of intelligent observation by a wide-awake American, who is also a trained newspaper man, therefore it is needless to say anything of its humor and entertainment. The volume contains nearly fifty half-tone pictures, and is very handsomely printed and bound.

FROM THE PITTSBURG GAZETTE.

Mr. Hart—who is editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*—wrote that most readable chronicle of "Two Argonauts in Spain," and has now gone to the other end of the Mediterranean, to the lands "where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung," where now the Sultan squats like an ugly spider until the broom of the Powers shall dislodge him. The happy style and humorous perception of Mr. Hart are admirably reflected in his new volume, "A Levantine Log-Book."

FROM THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

"A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, is written in a light, colloquial—sometimes too colloquial—style. Yet the author covers a great variety of subjects—the social, artistic, and historical interests of the places he visits. Among the most interesting pages are the descriptions of the curious chain of circumstances which led the British Government unwillingly to follow the path of occupation and conquest. If the writer had maintained throughout the volume regard for the serious reader, as he does in this chapter, his book would have been more pleasing.

FROM THE SAN JOSE MERCURY.

Jerome Hart, of San Francisco, has given us another volume of his travels in strange lands. "A Levantine Log-Book" is an interesting study of life in a world that is foreign, even in thought, to Americans. It deals with countries still preserving all phases of old worldism. According to the writer, life is not all roses, lilies, and daffy-down-dillies in Grecian, Turkish, and other cities in the Levant. He deals with his theme with remarkable directness, so that if there were a Chamber of Commerce in some of the cities he censures, he would be severely dealt with.

There is nothing slipshod in this instructive volume. The book shows the careful handling of a man accustomed to write his thoughts, to record his observations. Every sentence, every chapter is properly arranged. There is not a single superfluous sentence in the volume. It is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a work of art.

Mr. Hart has invested his subject with many irresistible pleasantries.

FROM THE TORONTO GLOBE.

New books of travel must unfold their tale with some originality of style, or must deal with the newest phases of the men and things of which they tell. In this book the author has, in a measure, done both. He is an American journalist, and evidently as observant as a trained journalist is bound to be. For this reason his story of travel through the Levant contains at once a set of clever pictures of places and their people as they are likely to appear to the average man, and here and there a thoughtful essay upon objects and conditions of life met with. The book is written brightly throughout, but while incidents related in a decidedly Mark Twainesque style are found in considerable number, there are occasions when the work goes deeper, and, without losing anything of its interesting style, deals with such a problem, for instance, as the development of modern Egypt. The reader finds the author ever companionable. A glimpse of Constantinople, as it appears to the American eye and of the Sultan, is particularly interesting, as is a description of his majesty driving swiftly from a mosque to his palace, followed by a cloud of gayly bedizened courtiers, fat and scanty of breath most of them, but compelled to tear along on foot like a crowd of school boys. About fifty excellent photographs, taken by the author and beautifully reproduced, illustrate the work.

FROM THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is the brightest, most readable, and most instructive book of travel we have read for a long time. Many humorous things are said, as well as many things new and entertainingly told. Jerusalem, with notes by the way, is quite equal to Mark Twain at his best. The shams, the touts, the sacrilege, the begging monks of many kinds, the mendicancy of the population in general, are all told with vivid interest and special force; and the hypocrisy and cant that everywhere abound are justly excoriated. From the Holy City we are taken to Egypt, and are treated to shrewd and sound comment, all spiced with a keen wit and fine use of incident that make it most enjoyable reading, reminding one much of the style and manner of Bayard Taylor. It is a work of the very highest class, and eminently readable, an amusing, instructive, and corrective chronicle which gives facts so plentifully spiced with the seasoning of anecdote and repartee that it is the most entertaining book of the year.

FROM THE GALVESTON NEWS.

In Jerome Hart's "Levantine Log-Book" not only the frequented cities and places, but the interesting out-of-the-way quarters as well, are graphically described. There is much of interest about the customs of the people, and the anecdotes in connection with these matters are well told. Many amusing and entertaining incidents of the tour are happily introduced. The book is copiously illustrated, and will prove of interest and value.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

Few books of travel have the charm that Jerome Hart's "A Levantine Log-Book" possesses. It is a story of wanderings over that unboundable land which is called the Levant. Mr. Hart, of course, attempts to limit this alluring region, although he confesses the task is almost hopeless. He is a great breaker of idols. He is a trifle spleenetic, too, over the Valley of Sweet Waters, near Constantinople, over which Gautier, De Amicis, and Marion Crawford grew rhetorical. But with all his disillusionings, Hart has compacted a pleasant book of travel impressions.

FROM THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.

Jerome Hart, author of "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain," gives us now one of the most readable and interesting studies of modern Italy, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt that have been written. The thick volume is full of amusing anecdote and realistic description; the minute things that make all the difference between country and country do not escape Mr. Hart's keen eyes, and he makes them living facts to his readers by vivid, typically American description.

FROM THE SACRAMENTO BEE.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is the third in a series of books of travel by Jerome Hart. He writes in lively and interesting fashion of his experiences, avoiding the conventional style of rhapsodical, descriptive globe-trotters, and giving much practical information illuminated with pungent humor. He has the faculty of seeing beneath the surface of things, and his critical comments on the manners and customs of the people and the places he visited in the Mediterranean region are highly instructive as well as diverting. Particular attention is given to Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Palestine, and Egypt. A chapter of much interest describes the climatic changes occurring in lower Egypt as a result of the great extension of irrigation through the colossal works constructed by the British in that country. Rains have become much more frequent and abundant, and in the delta the dryness of the air which formerly prevailed has given place to humidity.

FROM THE LOS ANGELES HERALD.

Besides ranking as one of the most vigorous and incisive of our editorial writers, Jerome Hart possesses in an unusual degree that talent which seems to have fallen into desuetude, of composing most delightful letters of travel. Readers of the *Argonaut* have long enjoyed his descriptions of foreign climes and peoples. In "A Levantine Log-Book," Mr. Hart covers a field suited to his peculiar powers. Next to taking such a journey is to have it described by such a writer as Mr. Hart—he sees everything worth seeing, and tells of it so entertainingly that one doesn't seem to have missed much by staying at home.

FROM THE BUFFALO COURIER.

"A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart, consists of travel-sketches in the eastern Mediterranean. It is an entertaining and instructive volume of four hundred pages, containing over forty illustrations. Some of the chapters abound in color and brilliant word-picturing. To those who can not cross the seas this volume is an educator. Those who contemplate a trip to the Orient will gain much useful knowledge from it. Place after place passes under review, always pictured with skill and frequently with fascination.

FROM THE NEWARK NEWS.

Breezy descriptions of the Mediterranean countries will be found in "A Levantine Log-Book," by Jerome Hart. He has taken pains to avoid producing anything like a cut-and-dried book of travel, for which he deserves thanks. He has made his journeys with his eyes open, and with due regard to what is humorous as well as to what is informing. The result is a very entertaining volume, which may be read with profit.

FROM THE TERRE HAUTE STAR.

Jerome Hart's "Levantine Log-Book" is a collection of unusually spicy and readable sketches of travel. Mr. Hart's style is informal almost to being conversational, and very sprightly, with a touch of genial satire. His lively reminiscences are liberally illustrated with photographs, most of which he took himself. The book is handsomely and appropriately bound.

FROM THE OAKLAND HERALD.

Anything from the pen of Jerome Hart, editor of the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, is thoroughly well worth reading. "A Levantine Log-Book," his latest work, is another of a series of his travel sketches, the previous volumes being "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain."

Mr. Hart, as the reading public well knows, is a comprehensive, clever, and interesting writer; he has a very observant mind, and the added faculty of being able to record his observations in writing in an entertaining and happy manner. Excellent advice for travelers is contained in the volume. But the reader should not jump to the conclusion that it is another guide-book, for while travelers will find much therein from which to profit, the work is on an entirely different plane.

"A Levantine Log-Book" is handsomely illustrated with more than forty half-tone pictures, the greater number of these from photographs by the author. It is excellently printed and bound, and in this respect it may be said that, while it reflects credit upon its publishers—Longmans, Green & Co.—still it does not surpass, even if it equals, in this respect, "Two Argonauts in Spain," which was printed and published in San Francisco in 1904, and is a particularly fine specimen of the typographical and book-binders' art.

FROM THE CLEVELAND LEADER.

In Jerome Hart's "Levantine Log-Book," the writer takes his newspaper instinct for what the people wish to know, and so it is easy for him to write a good book of travels. He takes the human side of sight-seeing rather than its heavy historical one; he adds to this his gift as a writer, no inconsiderable one; and he turns out a book that goes directly to its mark. Mr. Hart's book is unconventional. It is informing, but in a chatty, gossipy way, yet the book is meaty. There is much of information in it, and of the kind you wish. He makes you see the things he saw, and that is the goal of all travel books. It has humor as well as observation, which completes the long tale of its merits. The illustrations help along the text.

FROM THE GLOUCESTER TIMES.

Jerome Hart has a breezy, diffuse, slangy, but very informing way of imparting his impressions; and his books of travel are full of statements which, put in Mr. Hart's manner, have a way of staying in the memory. This is saying that Hart is a racy writer. Here he gives us, from a storehouse of observations and experiences in the Levant, four hundred large pages of text, and illustration which are as near satisfying as anything in their line can be, short of the writing of one long resident in the Orient. We are enabled in this book to see things visible to the author's eye exactly as they were; and when Mr. Hart says "Jerusalem is the filthiest city ever inhabited by white men," although we can not recall that any one else ever said this, we rest assured that it is as he says. These accounts are informal and blunt, yet they appear to be mature impressions. We doubt, however, if Mr. Hart can judge of the value of Christian missions among the Mohammedans, which he tries to do; a specialist long on the ground is to be preferred to him.

FROM THE MOBILE REGISTER.

A travel-book of rare charm is Jerome Hart's "A Levantine Log-Book." Mr. Hart does not give the greater part of his attention to the things done in foreign lands with which we are all acquainted, but he writes so entertainingly and vividly of quaint nooks and random impressions that his book makes delightful reading.

FROM THE LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC.

A book of travel to attract attention nowadays must be far out of the ordinary. Jerome Hart's "A Levantine Log-Book" is as entertaining a volume as could well be found. In it there is nothing stereotyped, nothing of the guide-book order. Mr. Hart supplies something else. . . . There is a series of extremely entertaining chapters on modern Egypt, and the book closes with a vigorous defense of the English policy in Egypt, Mr. Hart first stating that his opinions on English occupation were once diametrically opposite to those he now holds. We can cordially commend "A Levantine Log-Book."

FROM THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

Jerome Hart's "Levantine Log-Book" is a delightfully interesting and informative book of travel. The author's wanderings took him to Stamboul, Cairo, Smyrna, Jaffa, Jerusalem, up the Nile, and back again. He writes about all these places entertainingly, with many a halt by the way to tell of the incidents and humors of Levantine travel. The volume is filled with interesting matter, which is presented in gossipy and readable style. It gives numerous word-pictures of the daily life and customs of the people, which pictures, by reason of their vividness, stand out clearly, and will be remembered.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY JOURNAL.

Jerome Hart's "Levantine Log-Book" is particularly interesting. It is a book of travel that is neither a guide-book nor a rhapsody. Mr. Hart is a clever descriptive chronicler. His characterizations of the various places visited are very apt.

FROM OUT WEST, LOS ANGELES.

Of works of travel, by far the most entertaining to hand is "A Levantine Log-Book" (Longmans; \$2.00 net). This is by Jerome Hart, editor of the *Argonaut*, who declares: "I believe in telling the truth about travel. It may not much matter what a traveler thinks, but it does matter that he should, if he tells it, tell it truthfully. Most travelers rave to order." Mr. Hart assuredly does no raving; and the truth as he sees it is usually dashed with a touch of cynical wit in the telling that does not easily become tiresome.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER.

Not since the publication of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" has there been placed before the public such an entertaining and accurate book of foreign travel as Jerome Hart's "A Levantine Log-Book." It is written in so delightful a style that it is difficult to drop it when once picked up. It is full of anecdotes, humorous situations, and bits of interesting history that are rarely to be found elsewhere.

The reviewer, having spent a longer time in the Levant than the author, feels competent to state that the descriptions of the places and peoples visited during Mr. Hart's trip are remarkably accurate. One who reads "A Levantine Log-Book" will read of the Levant as it actually is, seen by the observant American tourist. It is far from being the conventional book of travel.

FROM THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

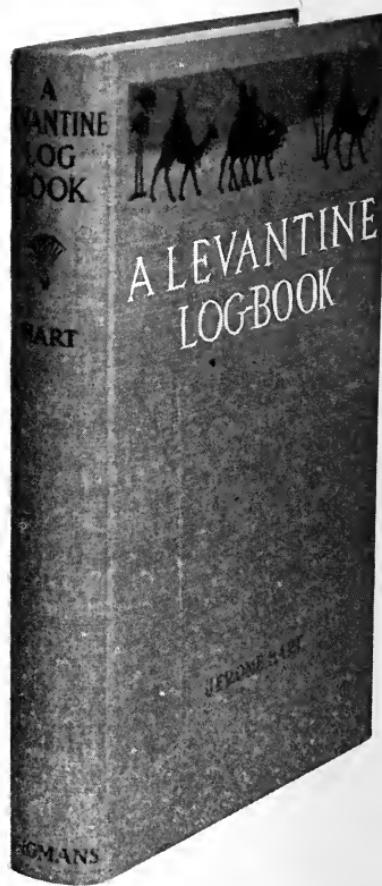
The fireside traveler will find Jerome Hart's new work, "A Levantine Log-Book," a delightful volume of descriptive chronicles. It is written out of two years' sojourn in the Levant, and is a charming volume about the East. Stripped of sentiment and glamour, Mr. Hart lays the Levant before us as it really is. He writes very entertainingly as well as truthfully, and his book is very handsomely illustrated.

FROM THE ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS.

“A Levantine Log-Book,” by Jerome Hart, is the result of a stay of two seasons in the Levant. The book begins with a discussion as to the boundaries of the Levant. The writer’s definition of the Levant includes practically all that portion of the Mediterranean coasts where Mohammedan supremacy has left its marks. In a chapter entitled “Disappointments of Palestine,” the writer makes some striking comparisons in size between the Holy Land and other parts of the world. The book contains over forty hand-some half-tone pictures.

FROM THE SACRAMENTO UNION.

There has just come from the press a third volume of Jerome Hart’s travel series, under the title “A Levantine Log-Book.” Nominally and primarily this book is a record of travels in Eastern countries, but it is very much more than this. Upon the basis of a traveler’s observations, Mr. Hart has given us a book in which the historical and social studies of a lifetime are embodied with the reflections of a mind at once alert and disciplined. With respect to the places and things which have passed under Mr. Hart’s observation, we have not merely a report, but what the lawyers would call a report with findings—the findings, indeed, making the larger and better part of the product. It may be said of this latest—and best—of Mr. Hart’s books that in itself it almost marks a revival of a fashion in literature which had all but gone out. Now and then in late years we have had a notable book of observation such as Mr. Froude’s “Oceana,” or Mr. Freeman’s “Notes”; but, generally speaking, the literary energy of the time has gone into other forms of writing. The field of travel, with its infinite range of interests, has largely been abandoned to the unseasoned amateur or the outworn superannuate. In a field thus neglected, Mr. Hart has discovered an amazing wealth of suggestion, and has found in his own knowledge and in his own imagination power to make the most of it. And he makes all the more of it because his work is wholly lacking at the point of pretension. One who reads the “Levantine Log-Book” finds himself instructed and charmed as by the easy chat of a cultivated talker. So informal are the literary manners of the writer that it is only at the end one discovers that the performance is an extraordinary one—extraordinary in the clearness of its observation, in its interpretation of historical sequences, in its grasp of the inner meanings of things, and in its winnowing of essential from collateral interests. Mr. Hart has found a field admirably suited to his gifts and to his training. It is one in which he will find small competition, since the spirit and skill which it requires are not commonly found in those who go knocking about the world—or, for that matter, among those who bide at home. Rare, indeed, is the eye to see and the wit to interpret which make the character of this book; and rarer still are the refined humor and the polished literary art which makes its charm.



Selling Agents

The Argonaut Publishing Co.

246 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TO

A. C. H.



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I

TOWARD THE LEVANT





I

TOWARD THE LEVANT



QUESTION often heard among Mediterranean travellers is, "Where does the Levant begin?" This is not unlike the old paradox, "Where does the sky begin?" The reply may be according to the temperament of the questioner, but the Levant seems always to be farther east. The Italians look toward Greece; the Greeks toward European Turkey; the Turks toward Asia Minor. What, then, is the Levant, and what comprises it? Possibly Sicily and Crete, certainly Cyprus; probably Malta; beyond question, the coast of Turkey.

"Beginning at Naples," some would say, "the Levant runs east." But how far east? And where does the return line begin? At Alexandria? But at Alexandria the line of the Levant has already curved west of Syria. Shall the line continue west of Alexandria? And if so, where shall it stop? Shall it include the Barbary States?

It seems paradoxical, but the southern shore of the Mediterranean is more Levantine — which means eastern — than the northern shore. Are Tunis, Tri-

Toward the Levant

poli, and Morocco, therefore, Levantine? Some people would say, yes. But if they are, why not Algiers? It is Moorish like Tripoli, Mohammedan like Morocco; why, then, is it not Levantine? But here most people would grow doubtful, for Algiers is nearer to the Straits of Gibraltar than to the Golden Horn. Malta is Christian; is it therefore to be considered as not Levantine? But Egypt is certainly Levantine, yet there were four Christian bishoprics there seventeen hundred years ago, and the Egyptian Copts were Christians when our ancestors in Britain were offering up human sacrifices on druidical altars to pagan gods and goddesses. Palestine is unmistakably Levantine; yet there are more Catholic sects in Palestine than in Italy; more non-conformists than in Great Britain; more Christian schismatics than in that land of religious freedom, the United States. Palestine is Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan; yet so is it Levantine. So Greece is Christian, but Western nations look on it as Levantine. Therefore, "Levantine" does not mean a matter of latitude; therefore, to a Roman pontiff "Levantine" might mean "latitudinarian," as he is forced to allow some Catholic priests to marry in the Levant. Nor does it depend on longitude, for Tunis lies just south of Sardinia, yet Tunis is distinctly Levantine in flavor, while Sardinia is distinctly Occidental. Morocco, although Occidental, is Mohammedan, while Palestine, although Levantine, is mainly Christian and Jewish. Nor yet does "Levantine" mean race, for the Ottoman Turks, the Syrians, the Cretans, the Cypriotes, the

The Levant not Continental

Maltese, the Palestine Jews, are all Levantine, are all of the great Aryan race, and are all white, while the natives of Tunis, of Tripoli, of Morocco, of Algiers, are all Occidental, are all of the Afro-Asiatic type, and are all dark.

Nor is the Levant to be sharply defined by the flags which seem ascendant there, whether Christian or Mohammedan, for the blue and white cross of Greece is seen all through Levantine waters. Another flag with the Christian cross, the flame-colored ensign of England, is seen on every hand, — on merchant ships, on passenger liners, on ships of war. It floats over Malta. In Egypt it is almost as frequent as the crescent and star, and much more potent. It floats beside the Egyptian flag in the Soudan, where the two governments have equal control.

The Levant's boundaries cannot be continental, for all writers treat the coast of Asia Minor as Levantine. If Scutari, in Asia Minor, is Levantine, can its sister city, Stamboul, across the Bosphorus, be called Occidental? Surely Constantinople is Levantine, but it is European. If Constantinople is Levantine, why not Greece? Out of the Hellenic peoples sprang the great Eastern Empire; out of Hellas grew Byzantium. What is now the kingdom of the Hellenes, or Modern Greece, was at that epoch the westernmost part of the Empire of the East; then it surely is Levantine, yet it is European. Certainly no one would deny that Egypt is of the Levant. Alexandria has been for centuries one of the greatest of Levantine cities. It was once the capital

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of Grecian letters, art, and trade. It was once the seat of a primitive Christian diocese. Over this bishopric ruled St. Cyril, one of the fathers of the early Christian Church. Yet Alexandria is in the Egyptian Delta, the Delta is in Africa, and both are unmistakably Levantine. Thus we find that the Levant is not defined by continents, for it is divided between Europe, Asia, and Africa.

It is evident that the Levant may not be defined by latitude or longitude, by nations or flags, by continental boundaries, by race or religion. What, then, are its boundaries? The Italians are the only people who even hint at a definition. They treat Genoa as a central point — probably of “*Italia Irredenta*” — calling what is west of there *Riviera di Ponente*, “Western Coast,” east of there *Riviera di Levante*, “Eastern Coast.” In default of any other definition, we may take the Italian one, supplementing it by individual preference guided by color and atmosphere. Thus influenced, the non-technical traveller would include Naples in the Levant because Naples once was part of Greater Greece; because its people are Oriental in many ways; because Naples once had temples where the Neapolitans worshipped Egyptian deities. Sicily would be called Levantine for similar reasons, and because of the strong Arabic tinge to the Sicilian dialect. Malta would be placed in the Levant for her Oriental dialect, her Arab blood, and her geologic identity with Africa. Because of Oriental heredity, race, color, atmosphere, or religion, the same non-

France in the Levant

technical traveller would in the Levant include these: Crete; Cyprus; the kingdom of the Hellenes; all of the coasts of the Ionian and Ægean seas; parts of the Balkan peninsula; those parts of European Turkey on the Sea of Marmora, the Ægean, and the Bosphorus; the coasts of Asiatic Turkey, including Syria and Palestine; finally, the Levantine African coast, including Egypt, and possibly Tripoli and Tunis. Few would include Morocco and Algiers, but no one can deny that the fringe of Far Eastern life and color struggles to Far Western points along the northern shores of Africa, even to points almost as far distant as the Pillars of Hercules.

Probably "The Levant" may mean those parts of the Mediterranean coast which were Phœnician in the ancient times or Mohammedan in the later times. Geographically, and in point of longitude, Spain is certainly Occidental and European; yet the long rule of the Moors has left much Oriental color there, and the southern coasts of Spain — not the Catalan coasts — certainly seem Levantine.

An interesting confirmation of the elasticity of the term "Levant" is furnished by the official nomenclature used by France. That country in its consular documents denominates the following points as "Echelles du Levant": Constantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, Cyprus, Cairo, Alexandria, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers. The word *Echelle*—in Turkish, *Iskele*—may be a corruption of the Italian, *Scala*, which is closely allied to the French, *escalier*; the term is applied, all along the Levant, to the piers or jetties built on piles, with steps,

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stairs, or ladders running down to the water level, principally for the handling of merchandise. At each of these points known as "Echelles" France has for more than two centuries had consuls clothed with certain powers and vested with certain pecuniary and other privileges. For example, in a "Grande Echelle du Levant" the French consul would not only receive a large salary, but also a fixed sum per year to pay the *bakshish* due to the pasha and to his officers, the wages of the dragoman or kavass, those of the almoner, and to maintain a Christian chapel. These terms and usages are still kept up by official France, which is interesting as showing that the elastic boundaries of the Levant extend far to the West, commercially speaking.



There are many ways of reaching the Levant, these, of course, depending on your point of departure. If from England, the "long-sea" route is preferred by those who are fond of ocean travel. This route crosses the Bay of Biscay, passes through the Straits of Gibraltar, touches at various ports, the principal ones being Marseilles, Naples, Brindisi, Malta, and Port Saïd, which is the last Levantine port, most of the steamers then going on to the Far East. The "short-sea" route is across France by rail to Marseilles, or across Europe by rail to Brindisi, where passengers are picked up by the "long-sea" steamers. These routes are followed by the Peninsular and Oriental and the Orient Pacific lines.

New Levantine Lines

The P. and O. leave London via Gibraltar and Marseilles, or via Gibraltar and Malta, or via Brindisi, for Port Saïd. The Orient Pacific leave London and Plymouth via Gibraltar, Marseilles, and Naples, for Port Saïd and Ismaïlia. The North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American sail from American, British, French, or German ports on varying schedules. The White Star line sails from New York and Boston for Mediterranean ports. From Liverpool the Moss, Ellerman, and Papayanni lines sail for Alexandria; the Bibby, Hall, and Anchor lines for Port Saïd. From Marseilles the Messageries Maritimes line sails for Alexandria; their India and China ships touch at Port Saïd. From Genoa, Naples, Venice, and Brindisi, the Navigazione Generale Italiana line sails for Alexandria. From Brindisi and Trieste the Austrian Lloyd line sails for Alexandria.

The foregoing list gives the initial points of departure, but Levantine passengers may book at many ports where the ships call.

Travel to Egypt has so much increased of late years that new lines have been added to the old ones, and new steamers added to the old lines. In the winter of 1905 the North German Lloyd put on a special line of fast steamers between Marseilles and Alexandria — this service being in addition to its two lines, Asian and Australasian, which call at Egyptian ports. The P. and O. Company also added a special service between Marseilles and Alexandria, in addition to its two far-Eastern services, calling at Port Saïd. The White

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Star Company purchased the old Commonwealth steamers, and put them on as a direct line from Egypt to the United States. Thus there are now giving passenger transportation between Egypt and the Western World five German services, two first-class English, two Italian, one French, one Austrian, one Turkish, one Greek, and a number of miscellaneous lines of mixed freight and passenger service, such as the Moss line of Liverpool, the Anchor line, and the Papayanni line. The highest priced of all is the new North German line from Marseilles to Alexandria.

The most convenient for Americans is the new White Star service from Alexandria to New York and Boston, touching at sundry cities en route. These ports of call are varied, differing on the New York and Boston services, and differing again on the inward and outward bound ships. The steamers are stanch and reasonably fast; the discipline is not quite so good nor is the table fare so choice as on the North Atlantic White Star steamers, but both are good enough. The White Star Mediterranean steamers carry Italian crews, which prevents their captains from flying the flag of the Royal Naval Reserve. I asked one of the officers why they carried Italian crews. He replied briefly: "We carried English crews at first, but they used to get drunk at every port, lick the dagoes, get into jail, and leave us short-handed. So now we ship Italians." A disagreeable feature of these west-bound White Star steamers is that at Naples, Genoa, and Ponta Delgada they ship fifteen hundred or two thousand emigrants for the

Cruising Steamers

United States. These steerage passengers are allowed all around the main deck on the space between the superstructure and the bulwarks. As a result, those first-class passengers who pay high prices for the best rooms on the ship get the poorest; for the loud talk, concertinas, quarrels, cigarettes, and odors under their cabin windows poison the air, and render life a burden.

Passengers sailing from the United States may choose between a Hamburg-American, a North German Lloyd, or a White Star steamer; these run to Naples and Genoa, where passengers can trans-ship for Alexandria or other Levantine ports. These three lines run a few ships in the winter direct from the United States to Alexandria. A pleasant way to go is by one of the cruising steamers of the White Star, or either of the German lines; these cruising steamers touch for one, two, or three days, according to importance, at such ports as Genoa, Naples, Algiers, Palermo, Messina, Tripoli, and Malta.

But nearly every traveller will find that his ship goes to Naples, and he will also find that city worth a stay of a few days, whether or not he has been there before, once or many times.

II

BY THE WAY





II

BY THE WAY

IT was five o'clock in the morning. Our ship was steaming up the Bay of Naples, under a slow bell. A matinal mist wrapped the shore.

Suddenly objects on land began to pierce the mist. "Look!" said the Old Traveller, "there is the Naples quay, and there is that celebrated mediæval fortress, the Castel del Ovo."

"Nonsense!" cried the Man-Who-Had-Been-To-Naples-Before, "that building is not on the water-front, but up on the hill — it's the convent of San Martino."

The rest of us, who were hanging over the rail, were also hanging on their words. We were perplexed at this difference between our oracles. The first officer happened along, so we appealed to him.

"That building?" said he, squinting at it with one eye as sailor men do; "no, that is not the Castel del Ovo, it is a macaroni factory; and those houses are not Naples, that is Pozzuoli; Naples is on the other side of the point."

Our two oracles looked abashed, but only for a few

By the Way

moments. We had rounded the point, and were coming to anchor under the lee of the mole.

"Ah," said the Old Traveller, sentimentally, "what a pity that you have got in so early! Now, if you had only arrived in the evening," he went on, with his *vox-humana* stop, "the ship would be surrounded with boats full of picturesque Neapolitans singing 'Santa Lucia.' I tell you what, you're not in luck. Now when *I* arrived at Naples before, we had 'Santa Lucia' the moment the anchor touched bottom. I tell *you*, it was grand!" And the Old Traveller gazed at us in a superior and compassionate manner.

At this moment a twang sounded from the water. It came from mandolins, guitars, and harps; it was followed by squeaks from fiddles; and speedily, from port and starboard sides, there arose "Santa Lucia" in nine or ten different keys and in nineteen or twenty different voices — risotto tenors, spaghetti sopranos, macaroni baritones. It was rather early, and quite a cool morning, but it has to be a very cold day at Naples and very early when "Santa Lucia" gets left unsung.



It is difficult to write anything new about Naples. Its routine sights have all been described so many times that it would be wearisome to go over them again. But there are some new developments in governmental, official, and social circles there, if not in guide-book sights. Official corruption is probably not new in Naples, but reform apparently is. There has been a

A Boom in Naples

reform movement going on in Naples now for some time, led by a Senator Saredo, who has conducted an investigation. Saredo has been supported by the king, and all manner of thievery has been uncovered. A system of sale of municipal positions was exposed; supplies purchased for the city were diverted into private hands; when a municipal loan was floated hundreds of thousands of lire stuck to official fingers; large sums were paid to municipal officials to secure gas, water, and street-railway franchises. At the very time when we were in Naples a famous novelist, whose books have been translated into many languages, was exposed as having acted as a go-between in the sale of positions on the police force and fire department. The newspapers were full of all manner of accusations, not only attacking prominent officials, but also smirching private persons high in rank. Some two score were under indictment, and all Naples was buzzing with excitement.

It sounded like an American city in the throes of a "municipal reform investigation." Does not all this seem as if Naples were up to date?

While there are few or no changes in the sights of Naples, there are many changes in its life. The venerable Magna-Grecian city is becoming modernized. It has a "boom." And the Naples "boom" is largely due to tourist travel. Every now and again you see a man with the legend "Pro Napoli" on his cap. He is not a guide, but the paid agent of a "boom" society started in Naples within the last year or so. Its ends

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are to encourage travel, to look out for tourists, to direct them to hotels, theatres, public buildings, and other places of interest, and generally to see that they are not robbed by the cabmen, guides, touts, and other accomplished crooks with whom Naples swarms. I never saw a city which needed such a society more. It is well managed, its officers being some of the best people in Naples. They are highly appreciative of the tourist boom, and of the vast amount of money it is bringing them. Naples at one time had almost no American travel. In former years most Americans went to Europe by the northern route; if they travelled southward, and got as far as northern Italy, they either grew homesick, or went broke, and were obliged to return. In the old days, many Americans who had often been abroad had never visited Italy at all. Now the Mediterranean steamers take so many Americans to Europe that Naples is often their first stopping place. As a result, it has greatly changed in the last ten years. Now many cab-drivers speak English, practically all waiters do, and you find many little boys on the streets, selling flowers and other trifles, who speak English fairly well, having learned it in the night schools. The tourist boom has brought much money to Naples, and the effect is seen in the city. There are many new hotels and pensions there, as well as other new buildings.

People may smile at the idea of changes in so ancient a city as Naples, but even old cities change. The rapid movement of our time is shown by this incident of street

Numerous Motor Vehicles

traffic: A few years ago, when the stream of vehicles was returning from the races, the police divided the Toledo into two zones, for vehicles bound north and south. This time we noticed a change. The police had divided the street into three zones, a wide zone in the middle, and a narrow one on either hand. We drove out to meet the returning race-goers. As the brilliant line came in from the races the carriages entered the Toledo near the Museum, thence descending the hill on the west side of the street. At the foot of the hill they turned and went up the other side, which round they continued for an hour or two in the child-like Italian fashion. We soon discovered the reason for the wide zone in the centre of the street. Within three years automobiles had become numerous in Naples. The other vehicles went at a walk, but the motor cars were not restricted to such a slow pace. Therefore, the wide zone was left for them, as well as for four-in-hands, tandems, and vehicles whose drivers wished to return at a rapid rate of speed.



When you are travelling, always do things while you can. Never wait. Is it a fair day? Go and do the out-door things. Is it a rainy day? Do the in-door things — the churches, the galleries. Do you see in a shop window some trifle you want? Stop and buy it. Don't put it off — you may never see it again. You will always want that trifle, and you will always be

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sorry you didn't get it. If your first day at Naples is a rainy day, go to the Museum immediately; if the first day is a fine day, go up Vesuvius at once. The next day the Museum may be closed, or there may be an eruption on the mountain, or you may drop dead.

On our last visit to Naples I had intended to secure a collection of the Naples newspapers and pictorials, which are numerous. I have rather a fancy for collecting newspapers. A newsboy sold papers at our hotel, but all he had were two Italian dailies and the Paris *Herald*. To secure the pictorials I had to go to some of the little news-stands in the centre of the city. I put it off from day to day, thinking I would have plenty of time. But the days passed. We barely succeeded, the third day before our departure, in going up Vesuvius. The day after this we had allotted to the Museum. True, we had been there before, but it is one of the great sights of Europe, and a visit there is never time wasted. But when we alighted at the door, they had just installed a force of workmen to begin repairs and renovations; visitors were not allowed to enter; they had begun only that morning; we were just one day late.

We determined to walk back to the hotel, so that I could stop on the way and buy my pictorials, but it began to rain, and we took a cab. As the cabman was hired by the course, he returned by the shortest route, which did not pass the piazza where the pictorials were for sale.

The next day we were out all day at Baia, leaving

New Hotels of Naples

the hotel just after breakfast, and returning about sunset. We were to sail at midnight. We had intended to leave our hotel, go aboard with our luggage, "get settled," and then return on shore to dine at the café. It was agreed that, after dining comfortably, we should sit outside the café, hear the band play, and watch the shifting, picturesque, Neapolitan crowd on the Chiaia and the Toledo. Then I was to buy my pictorials, and we would go on board. It was an excellent programme. But none of these things took place. When we took our luggage on board, darkness was falling. Dinner was ready on the ship. It had a savory aroma. We wavered. We looked at the distance between ship and shore. We reflected on the wrangling boatmen with their demands for tips. It began to rain. So we remained aboard, and I never got my pictorials.



Another change in Naples is the number of new hotels. Several of them are situated in an elevated quarter, through which runs the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Some of these new hotels command much finer views than those down on the bay shore. Still, both quarters have their good points. Up on the hill the new hotels have finer view, better air, and less noise; down on the bay shore, on the Villa Nazionale, the Via Partenope, the Via Caracciolo, and similar localities, one is surrounded with the life of the Neapolitan people — likewise their noises and their smells. Still, the

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scenes there are interesting — so, too, are the sights and sounds of the sea. On the bay shore you may from your hotel windows see the fishermen drawing their seines full of silvery fish. The fish repertoire at Naples is superb.

To sum up the merits of the two localities: if you make a short stay in Naples, get quarters down in the city; it is amusing and interesting for a little while. But if you make a long stay, go up on the hill; otherwise the noise and bustle will weary you.

It is from this elevated quarter, where the new hotels are found, that the Posillipo drive begins. The road to Pozzuoli and Baia runs over the crest of the Posillipo hill. At its top you pass a lift which descends to the level of the Piedigrotta tunnels, nearly five hundred feet below. Instead of going over the hill, you may drive through the grotto, if you wish, simply as a new sensation. The old tunnel, which dates from the reign of Augustus Cæsar, is now closed to traffic. A new tunnel, bored some years ago, is three quarters of a mile long. All manner of legends cling around the old tunnel, some coming from the Roman times, some from the superstitious middle ages. The tradition that Virgil practised the black art is linked with this tunnel. His "tomb" is not far away. There is certainly food for ghost stories here — I wonder how many foul crimes have been committed in those dark and gloomy vaults?

The village of Fuorigrotta is at the mouth of the tunnel, and the carriage road runs from there to the

Alluring Amphitheatres

lake of Agnano, an ancient crater. Here is found the famous choke-damp Dog Grotto, where the natives will asphyxiate a dog for you while you wait. From here the drive runs to Bagnoli, to Cumæ, to Pozzuoli, near which is a *solfaterra*, the crater of a half-extinct volcano. Many cracks in the earth are to be seen, from which sulphurous gases ascend. A hungry-looking volcano guide tried to inveigle me into walking over this crater, but after having nearly burned my shoes off at Vesuvius, I could not be tempted by a ten-centime crater like this. I entertained the same attitude toward the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli; when we reached the wire-barred gateway (admission, one franc), and another guide tried to allure me with the story of its beauties, I remarked: "Nay, nay, young man, nay, nay! Within a short time I have been dragged by guides around the Colosseum, the Stadium, the Pompeian Amphitheatre Within The Walls, the Pompeian Amphitheatre Without The Walls, and a perfect job-lot of small assorted amphitheatres, even the names of which I can not remember. I have reached my limit in amphitheatres. This is the limit here — see? It would take a derrick to get me out of this carriage. Go chase yourself! Allez-vous en! Scat!"

The guide was not fluent in English, but he understood my winged words. So did our coachman, who grinned broadly as he touched up his horses. I did not know why he grinned, but when we drove around a corner, up a slight ascent, and then saw the amphitheatre spread out before us — without a guide, without

By the Way

money, and without price — I understood why the coachman grinned. All we had to do was to look down the hill. There are many such small swindles to be found abroad.

Apropos of amphitheatres, I once in Rome encountered in the Colosseum a fellow-tourist who was seated like Marius on a broken column which looked like the sawed-off section of a redwood tree. He was trying to get his bearings with an Italian map of Rome. He had a look of such profound bewilderment that I stopped and asked him if I could be of any help to him. His countenance lighted up immediately at the familiar sound of American English, and he replied:

“Why, yes, sir, you can, for a fact. Here’s a map I bought from a pedler up street, and it’s all in Eyetalian. I asked him to show me the Colosseum, and he said that this was it all right. But on the feller’s map I see this place has another name — A-N-F-I-T-E-A-T-R-O F-L-A-V-I-A-N-O. Now what does that mean? Is this the Colosseum or ain’t it?”

“Yes,” I replied, “you are in the Colosseum. But I believe the Italian map-makers generally call it the Flavian Amphitheatre.”

“The h— they do!” replied my aggrieved compatriot; “why don’t they call it by its c’rect name?”

I had just been on the point of adding: “Don’t you remember Macaulay’s famous line about the gladiatorial combats and wild-beast shows here — ‘*when camelopardis bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre?*’ But after this blast, I concluded that my friend would

Stone Walls and Roads

not recall the line, so instead I said "good-day." Ten minutes afterward I saw him trying to climb over the locked iron gateway which shuts off the public from the dark vaults under the arena, which are "forbidden." When I left he was threatening the police officer who restrained him, with the vengeance of the United States.



To return to the Pozzuoli amphitheatre. One of the curiosities of Southern Europe — to a Western American — is the amount of stone-work one sees. Among the Italian immigrants there are large numbers classed as *muratori* — "wall-builders"; they are forced to seek some new calling in the United States. Numerous as are wall-builders in Italy, thrifty proprietors are all the time utilizing old walls. Often you will see an ancient wall of Roman masonry used for one side of a house; the other walls will be modern, and of concrete. A small farmer with five or ten acres of vines and olives will have his dwelling of stone, his stable of stone, his olive-press and wine-press house of stone, his out-houses of stone, and his wall or enclosure of stone. You drive for miles between walls of stone, and often over a roadway of solid slabs of stone.

Sometimes these labors in stone are appalling to us dwellers in a land where labor is high. For example, in driving over the steep roads around Naples, you will often wind up a hillside. The villas are terraced, the roads circuitous, and, of course, there are many "short-

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cuts" or "goat-paths," as in all countries. But in this land of cheap labor and many stone-cutters, these "short-cuts" are nearly all elaborately executed steps in stone. Imagine our American short-cuts and goat-paths with stone steps! In the United States we generally carve out our goat-paths with our own hoofs. Sometimes a progressive farmer or an irritated commuter, who has slipped on a slide and nearly broken his neck, will sally forth with a spade and cut a few rude steps in the bank. Then his neighbors will jeer, although they do not scruple to use his primitive stair.

In Italy, you may even see stone lips where streams fall over roadside banks; stone basins receive the waters at the bottom of the fall; stone conduits carry them all the way, if the bank slopes instead of being perpendicular; stone culverts lead the waters under the roadways. In the Old World they do not seem to build, as we do, for a few years. They build for posterity. In so many generations all manner of solid improvements have remained, like the famous Roman roads. The Appian Way to-day is nearly as good as it was two thousand years ago. We modern men say: "This is all due to slave labor." In the old days they did have slave labor in the Old World, but they left colossal ruins behind them. They left gigantic tombs, like the Pyramids; they left useful monuments, like the Appian Way. In the New World we had slave labor for a hundred years, but what permanent thing did it leave behind? Slavery left us a good many things, but certainly not a roadway. I do not believe there is a good and

Cosmopolitan Villa-Owners

durable road in all the Southern United States, with the exception of a few miles of "shell-road," like those at Mobile and New Orleans, used principally by people with fat purses and fine horses.

I have sometimes thought that the ruin of roadways by electric car lines was peculiar to the United States. But Europe shows me that I am mistaken. They are ruining roads here with their electric trams, just as we do at home. Along the fine Corniche Road you find electric tramways running for many miles. So on the beautiful Posilippo Road around the Bay of Naples, the electric car line makes driving difficult and at times dangerous. A tourist agency is building an electric tram line from Naples to Vesuvius, but they have bought a private right of way, and do not use the public roadway. All electric lines should be forced to do the same. Some day the people of this and other countries will wake up and find that they have given away their birthright — their highways — and have received little in return.



In driving out of Naples toward Posilippo you pass all manner of beautiful villas. One with very handsome grounds about it attracting my attention, I asked the coachman who owned it, supposing it was some Neapolitan nobleman. He told me that a German-Swiss, ex-manager of the Grand Hotel in Naples, retiring from business some years before, had purchased this beautiful villa across the hill from his old hotel.

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The coachman added that he had begun life as a waiter. From that to occupying a Posilippo villa on the shores of the most beautiful bay in the world is quite a transition. It gives one an idea of the profits of hotel-keeping in southern Europe. Another beautiful villa is the property, so the coachman told us, of the "Duke" of Monaco. Probably he meant the prince. That royal person makes so much money out of his Monte Carlo gambling-hell that he owns palaces all over Europe. Next to this villa is the property of the Marchese Patrizi, a tract of several acres of land, enclosed by a high wall. This wall is surmounted by a tall paling or fence, on top of which is a network of wires with electric bells. The whole must be at least fifty feet high. Our coachman said that all this elaborate contrivance was merely a protection against thieves. Near this villa is a still larger tract — over twenty acres — covered with vines, olives, oranges, lemons, mandarins, and bearing every evidence of thrifty husbandry. Our coachman nearly dislocated his jaw trying to pronounce the owner's name. I subsequently found it belonged to a Yorkshire man named Strickland, and had been in his family for some generations. The foregoing apparently unimportant details are noted here to show how cosmopolitan are the villa-owners around Naples. Many of the modern villas are erected on the ruins of those once occupied by such famous persons of antiquity as Julius Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero. But in these our degenerate days the villas are not occupied by great warriors, great statesmen, or great poets.

Italy's Clever Beggars

They are nearly all owned by millionnaires whose sole distinction is their money. They come from all over Europe, and the most notable among the villa-owners is his highness, Albert, by the grace of God reigning prince of Monaco and lord of the Monte Carlo gambling-hell. Other times, other manners. In the early Roman days, the peoples' heroes were warriors, and out of them they made demi-gods. In these times our only demi-god is the millionaire.

The neighborboood around Baia is so thickly sown with ruined villas, ancient Roman tombs, and ruins of even more ancient Etruscan tombs, antedating the prehistoric Roman times, that this must be indeed a ghost-haunted coast. One ruin here was the villa where Nero planned the murder of his mother, Agrippina; in another lived Lucullus; still another belonged to Tiberius.



At Baia we stopped and had an excellent *al fresco* luncheon at the Hotel Vittoria, from the terrace of which we could gaze across the beautiful bay toward the islands of Procida and Ischia, and the opposite headland, on which are Sorrento and Castellamare. When we were ready to leave Baia and resume our drive, I hailed our driver from the balcony, and bade him "hitch up." I was startled by the crashing chorus of Echoes which arose from the stone-walled courtyard below. But the Echoes soon became visible as well as audible — they came from half a score of small boys

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who had rushed to call our coachman, and thus to acquire a lien upon me for a fee. Unfortunately they hailed the wrong coachman. Our own man, hearing the noise, came forth from a corner of the courtyard where he was sleeping in the sun, and proceeded quietly to harness up his horses, unnoticed by the voluble young Echoes. When, with much fracas, they had got their equipage all ready it turned out to belong to another party, who were not yet prepared to go. Result — individual and aggregate perplexity of the coachman and the Echoes. When we descended to take our own carriage, the Echoes discovered their error, and immediately surrounded us in a serried phalanx. But they were doomed to disappointment. From the beginning, I had noticed one silent small boy who was busily engaged in helping the coachman to harness the horses. Doubtless he expected something, but if so he said nothing, and was still putting straps into buckles as we approached. I took a handful of coppers from my pocket, and bade the Echoes stand in a row. They had crowded in a little girl by this time. I counted the noses carefully, methodically laid out one copper for each nose, and then, when their eyes were sparkling with greed, I suddenly turned and presented the whole handful of coppers to the industrious youth who was just putting the last buckle-tongue into the last strap. He was dazed by his good fortune, but his companions were indignant. We drove away covered with execrations from the Echoes.

But it is hard to beat the beggar game in Italy. A

Road to Pompeii

fleet-footed urchin grabbed the girl, and bounded like a chamois over an intervening short-cut, heading us off at the next turn. He and his maiden fell into a fox-trot by the side of the carriage.

"Look, noble gentleman!" he began, "look, beautiful lady! See the little *ragazza* — the poor girl — have pity on her! See, noble signor — you can not refuse to give her something — your heart is too good — you are too generous, too noble, too handsome, to refuse. Have pity on her dreadful state, for look — *she has one gray eye and one black one!*"

We stopped the carriage. It was true. The maiden had indeed parti-colored eyes, in addition to which she rejoiced in a most appalling squint. I gave her one copper. Hereupon her escort set up a howl at being ignored.

"But why should you have anything?" I asked.

"You ought to give me two coppers," he replied, with a twinkle, "for I have two black eyes, and she has only one."

I was vanquished. I gave him his two coppers. I don't believe in beggars, but I think he earned them.



Among the many drives around Naples, the one next in interest to the Posilippo drive is that at the other or eastern end of the city, leading toward the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. This drive passes through a poorer quarter of the city, where the natives live largely

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out of doors, and indulge in various functions of life usually conducted not only in-doors but behind doors. These sights do not cease with the limits of Naples, for the high-road is like a city street many miles long. In fact, all the way to Pompeii, a distance of eighteen miles, there are houses and shops on both sides of the road for nearly every rod of the way. When going up Vesuvius by the funicular railway, you leave the main road at Resina, which is not far from Naples. When going to Pompeii, you follow quite closely the curving shore of the bay.

At the boundary of Naples is the Octroi barrier, a point where the tax must be paid on foods, liquors, and other dutiable goods. Everybody is stopped, including tourists. But this morning we noted an exception to the usual rigid examination when we saw a herd of goats being driven into Naples, and a herd of soldiers being driven out. Although the goats carried milk for sale, it was not yet in such shape that the government could tax it, so they were allowed to proceed. As for the soldiers, they were not going in the taxable direction, so they, too, were not stopped. I was struck by some points of resemblance as the herd of goats and the herd of soldiers met at the Octroi barrier. Neither knew where they were going, but the goats knew what for — they did not know they were going to Naples, but they knew they were going to be milked. The soldiers neither knew where they were going, nor what for.

All along the road the walls were covered with elec-



Pompeii and Vesuvius



Macaroni along the Pompeii Road



Election Placards

tion placards. As we passed through the village of San Giovanni, everywhere we saw copies of a staring poster addressed, "To The San Giovanni Electors!" It was a bitter denunciation of the doings of the local town council concerning sewers. It was signed by a number of gentlemen who professed the purest, most elevated, and entirely disinterested motives, but who apparently wished to be town councillors themselves. When we entered the town of Resina, we saw many copies of a placard headed "To The Resina Electors!" This denunciation concerned the delinquencies of the Resina officials, who control the roads up the mountain, the guides, the horses, and the tourists' fees. Mount Vesuvius is in the Commune of Resina, and these officials evidently have choice pickings. Another placard was a personal one. It was signed by a certain Cavalier Luigi Montanari. The cavalier, it seems, was a candidate for office, and some election slanders had been set afloat concerning his birth. We drove by so rapidly that I did not quite get the gist of these slanders, as they were printed in small type, but the cavalier, in order to refute them, had printed a notarial copy of his birth certificate in large poster type. This momentous event dated from 1841. Surely the Cavalier Luigi is old enough not to get excited over election slanders.

It is curious when one enters Pompeii, after reading these election placards all the way from Naples, to find exactly similar addresses to the populace, concerning the merits and demerits of Pompeian ediles, cut into the stuccoed walls two thousand years ago.

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The drive from Naples toward Pompeii, as already noted, is almost a continuous street. The first village is San Giovanni. Next comes Portici, a town of over ten thousand inhabitants; it touches the confines of Resina, a place of some thirteen thousand population. Resina is built on the lava beds which cover Herculaneum. Few tourists visit Herculaneum — it is dark, damp, and gloomy. The doorway which leads to the ruins is on the main street of Resina. Over it is the sign “Scavi di Ercolano” — “Excavations of Herculaneum.” We stopped to gaze, and the gaunt and hungry Herculaneum custodians looked at us eagerly. They scented a centime or two, but we shook our heads, and they sank back again. Few people visit Herculaneum, and those who do so rarely return. It is underground, and as Herculaneum was buried under “lava de acqua,” a kind of mud, as well as ashes, it is difficult to excavate. It is now maintained that the city was not covered with igneous lava, or solid rock, as many believe. But Herculaneum is cold, dark, damp, and subterranean, while Pompeii is light, bright, and in the open air. Furthermore, Herculaneum has always been rather a disappointment. It was first discovered through a deep well or shaft, which was being sunk for water; this shaft tapped the theatre, and the bottom of the shaft dropped into the auditorium. Naturally, the first finds were very rich — the theatre, its lobbies, and its annexes were crowded with interesting material. Adjoining this, too, was the villa of Calpurnius Piso, evidently a wealthy collector, for his villa was full of

To Excavate Herculaneum

objects of great artistic interest and value. Here a number of charred rolls of papyri were found, and the learned world grew excited; visions rose before them of the lost love-lyrics of Sappho, the lost decades of Livy's books, the lost epics of Callimachus, Apollonius, and the other Greek poets of Alexandria's golden age. But the charred papyri were almost charcoal. An ingenious Italian priest invented a method of unrolling them, however, and they were slowly deciphered. The first turned out to be a dull treatise on algebra, the second a duller attack on music, so the excitement of the learned world abated. Since then interest in Herculaneum has languished.

It is now reviving, and an attempt is being made to raise funds all over the world to continue the excavations. Italy is too poor to attempt the work alone. The projectors of the scheme say that Herculaneum is infinitely richer than Pompeii in works of art, libraries, and buildings of architectural interest, and that the difficulties of excavating have been much exaggerated.

Even in Pompeii, only about one half of the city has been brought to the light of day. When tourists from other lands complain of this, they should remember that United Italy is new and not rich, and that she has enough to do looking out for living interests rather than dead ones. Besides, if foreign tourists want Pompeii excavated more rapidly, they can have it done by paying for it. Only about forty thousand francs a year come in for admission fees at Pompeii. At Herculaneum the annual admission fees amount to almost nothing.

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Beyond Resina is Torre del Greco, which contains over twenty-five thousand people. This town has been destroyed by the lava streams half a dozen times in the last three centuries. The next town is Torre Annunziata, with seventeen thousand inhabitants. Next we reach Pompeii.

I have spoken of the changes in new Naples. There are few changes in Pompeii, but there are some on the road. When I drove from Naples to Pompeii, some ten years ago, I remember that macaroni drying in the sun lined the way for most of the distance; little dogs frisked back and forth between the swaying curtains of macaroni, and occasionally a yellow pup would poise his head on one side and coyly gaze at us with the macaroni portière hanging on either side of his shoulders. There and then I lost my taste for macaroni. Previously, I had been rather fond of it. But never again in Italy did I touch that agreeable food.

Travelling is paradoxical: this trivial thing impressed me more than some picturesque sights — the mighty mountain Vesuvius, with its black cone and its other peak, Mount Somma; the buried cities over which we were driving; the sweep of the beautiful bay, with Capri, Ischia, and Procida, and the headland of Posilippo — true, I remembered all of these things, but it seemed to me that I remembered more vividly the miles of macaroni and the little dogs. This time I saw very little macaroni and no dogs at all. Could I have dreamed my previous experience?

These questions vastly puzzled me until I interrogated

Choo-Choo Charley

our driver. His answers relieved me extremely: of recent years, he said, it has been found more profitable to manufacture macaroni by machinery. Hence it has largely disappeared from the dwellings of the poor, who used to hang it in the backyard to dry along with the family wash.



Among the new things we noted in Naples, there was a newly arrived American family. We met them in the winter garden of the Grand Hotel. They had just reached town the day before, and were leaving the day after. Choo-Choo Charley (let us call him) had been dragging his "women folks" up and down and around the hills of Naples till poor Mrs. Choo-Choo was as limp as a rag. But Choo-Choo Charley himself was in fine fettle. I asked him what he thought of Naples.

"Naples," he replied oracularly, "is a fine town. We have not had time to do it as thoroughly as I could wish, for one day is scarcely enough, even for a small city. Still, we have been to Pompeii, went up the mountain far enough to say we had done Vesuvius, drove rapidly to Sorrento, spent ten minutes there, ten minutes at Castellamare, caught the little steamer *Nixie*, and got back just in time for dinner. The madam is a little tired" — indicating Mrs. Choo-Choo, who smiled faintly — "but the girly here is all right, and so is yours truly."

"May I ask," said I, "what your movements are, after having explored Naples so thoroughly?"

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"I propose," said Choo-Choo, "after we have done Greece, the archipelago, the blue Ægean Sea, the Ionian Isles, and that sort of thing, to which I have allotted four days — I propose to go to Egypt. We stop at Alexandria for four hours, and then go to Cairo, remaining there over night. We shall go up the Nile as far as the third cataract — three days up, one day there, and three days down. I have allotted a day and a half for doing Cairo, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Boulak Museum, and old Cairo, leaving half a day for travelling to Port Saïd to catch the post-office boat *Osiris*. I take her because she is much faster than the ordinary P. and O. boats. We shall arrive at Brindisi at 4:25 P.M., March steenth, and I intend to do the Italian peninsula in about seven days. Skip Naples — one day and a half for Rome — one day for Florence — half a day for Milan — a day for the Italian lakes — the rest for train-time, loafing, sleeping, meals, etc., winding up with half a day for Venice, where we shall sail for Trieste. We then do the Balkan peninsula in about four days, reaching Vienna by March the umpty-umpt. Here," said Choo-Choo Charley gravely — "here we may consider that we have got fairly started, and we shall take up continental Europe."

Mrs. Choo-Choo looked at him, sighed, and closed her eyes.

"From Vienna we go north," said he; "Munich, Nuremberg, Dresden, Hamburg — a day in each of the capitals, half a day in lesser towns. I think we can knock out continental Europe in about four weeks,

Lightning Tourists

and then I intend to tackle the Land of the Midnight Sun."

At this moment a bell rang. Some gorgeous German funkeys and the plainer hotel lackeys lined up along the grand staircase; the porters rapidly unrolled a strip of crimson carpet from the staircase to the street. Down the staircase came the short and stumpy but majestic form of his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Pumpernickel, who was going forth in his chariot to take the air.

Choo-Choo Charley rapidly coupled on the girly and Mrs. Choo-Choo, blew a grade-crossing blast on his nasal whistle, threw the throttle wide open, and, with full steam on, dashed through the crowd to see the sight.

I tried to flag him to say good-by, but my farewells were lost in the Choo-Choo whirl.



To visit Naples does not always mean that one may visit Vesuvius. Although Vesuvius is generally at home, one may "visit" the volcano without being always received. I say "generally" at home, for when the volcanic monster comes forth from his igneous caverns, and goes calling on the cities and towns around the base of the mountain, I suppose he may be said to be "out." But that is a subtle point in volcano etiquette.

Yes, one may visit Vesuvius without being received. Such has been our experience. On our first visit to

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Naples, the mountain was not receiving. A mild eruption had just taken place. As a result, the authorities had forbidden the ascent of the volcano. Soldiers and constabulary surrounded the base of the mountain. It is true that daring young tourists, American and English, were trying to break through the cordon, and were daily getting jailed. But as I had an imperfect appreciation of the delights of Italian prisons, it required little persuasion from the police to keep me from ascending the mountain.

When next we were at Naples, the weather in sunny Italy was not so sunny as it might have been. Clouds encircled the mighty mountain, and up above them the vast cone was covered with a cap of snow. For many days a cold, raw rain poured down upon sunny Naples. Occasionally the rain ceased for a few minutes, when it hailed. This time the authorities again forbade the ascent of the mountain — at least above the Observatory, down to which the snow-cap ran; below the Observatory nobody cared to go. Thus it happened that it was only possible for us to visit Vesuvius after having visited Naples several times.

The road out of Naples toward Vesuvius is the same route that one follows to reach Pompeii. When intending to go up the mountain the tourist leaves the Pompeii road at Resina, the modern city which overlies Herculaneum. Apropos of these two ancient towns, it is remarkable how many people seem to think them the only buried cities in the vicinity. In fact, there are many. Next to these two familiar ones, the one whose

Many Buried Cities

name is most frequently heard is Stabiæ. Then there is Cumæ, the oldest Greek colony in Italy; Baia, a watering-place resort of the Roman swells in the first year of our Lord; Parthenope, Palæopolis, and Neapolis, three buried cities lying under modern Naples, from the last of which it took its name; Dikearkia (later called Puteoli, now Pozzuoli), another Greek city of large wealth and with much commerce; Capua, one of the great military posts of ancient Rome, now covered by a modern city, also a garrison; and Suessola, whose medicinal springs held high repute among the gouty epicures of the Roman time.

Cataclysmic have been the earth's throes around that laboring monster, Vesuvius, for some of these buried cities, which were great seaports two thousand years ago, are now far inland. On the other hand, off shore at Baia, you may look down from a boat when in smooth water, and discover ancient houses and streets far below you at the bottom of the sea. Some of these buried cities were much larger and more important places than either Pompeii or Herculaneum. Yet to many travellers their names seem unfamiliar.

We quit the Pompeii road at Resina, just over the entrance to the gloomy ruins of Herculaneum. We soon leave the town of Resina behind us, but not its officials, for the communal authority extends clear up to the crater. We wind up the mountain side, amid vineyards and olive orchards, and at every vineyard gate a hard-featured peasant woman, with an unpleasant smile, offers us the "genuine" Lacrimæ Cristi wine.

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Experienced mountain-climbers are said to avoid it when going up, or they never "get there." I should avoid it coming down, for similar reasons. It is very fiery, strong, and heady; a Montague intending to stab a Capulet might find it useful as a stimulant, but I should scarcely recommend it as a table wine.

Our road repeatedly crosses the great lava stream of 1872. The government road ends at a point about 2,400 feet above the sea, a quarter of a mile beyond the Observatory. Here a private road begins, running for about two miles to the lower station of the funicular railway; this road was built in 1880 by the French company which constructed the wire railway. Since 1888, both this carriage road and the wire railway have belonged to the Cook tourist agency. The lower end of the railway is 2,600 feet above the sea. The railway itself is 2,600 feet long, and the upper end is 1,300 feet higher than the lower. The altitude of the highest point on the cone of Mount Vesuvius varies. Up to a recent period it was 4,300 feet, but since the eruption of eight years ago the cone has been slowly sinking. It is now some 200 feet lower than in 1895.

There is a good deal of grumbling among tourists over the "carriage-road monopoly," but I confess I do not see why. There can be no "monopoly" on a mountain the size of Vesuvius. Besides, this turnpike is like any other private road—one must pay toll. The landlords of the Hotel Suisse and the Hotel Diomède at Pompeii have both constructed private bridle-paths up the mountain, for using which paths people have to

Vesuvian Toll-Roads

pay. If the tourist does not like to pay toll on these private roads, he can blaze a trail of his own; there is certainly a good deal of mountain there for him to select from—it is about thirty miles around. The tourist agency takes a traveller from Naples to the top of the cone and back (carriage and railway fare and guide fees included) for 21 francs. If the tourist does not come in their carriages, they charge him 18 francs for the railway fare alone, and 5 francs toll for the use of the carriage road; this makes 23 francs to the tourist agency, in addition to what he pays for his non-agency carriage; this latter conveyance will cost him say 25 francs, or a total of 48 francs. The tourist agency also charges pedestrians 5 francs toll over its carriage road. The mountain-climbers who are footing it, and are confronted with this toll, are thereby plunged into a state of frenzy. But if I were an ardent mountain-climber (which I am not), I think I would climb "across lots," instead of taking the easy way of a tourist turnpike.

Lest this be construed as sneering at the ardent mountain-climber, I may explain that the Vesuvius ascent is probably fatiguing, but it is neither dangerous nor difficult. For that matter, it is fatiguing even to ascend the mountain in a carriage, for it is a long, dusty, and tiresome trip. Lest some one should cry out upon me for a Vesuvian vandal, let me add that I do not forget the view. The view from Vesuvius is indeed magnificent, but to crawl up a steep and dusty mountain road for several hours behind two horses at a slow walk

By the Way

does not strike me as exhilarating. The descent is infinitely more pleasurable; the winding turns are made more rapidly, the view of mountains and islands, cities and sea, changes at every minute. In short, the ascent is not an unalloyed pleasure, but the descent is pure joy.

In this matter of mountain-climbing I will admit that I am a non-climber without shame. I have such low tastes that I am glad there is a funicular railway up the volcano, or I never should have got to the top. If I were to go again, I would expect to travel the whole distance in forty minutes by an electric railway for a moderate sum, instead of spending four or five hours, paying thirty or forty francs, and crawling in a carriage behind two tired horses up the mountain side. When I was there last, the tourist agency people were building an electric railway all the way from Naples to the foot of the funicular railway, which they already own. It was to be completed for the next season of tourist travel; it is, I believe, in operation now. Those horrified people who cry out in indignation at going all the way up Vesuvius by rail need not get excited: there are roads and trails there still. If you do not like the railway, you can drive on the turnpike. If you do not want to pay toll on the turnpike, you can travel by trail. If that is too easy, you can hoof it across the lava beds.

It must not be supposed that I advise tourists to join the "personally conducted" parties who are taken from Naples up to the crater, four in a carriage, at a fixed price. I have no doubt that they get good value for their money. Personally, I object to being jammed

Tourist Agencies

into a carriage with job-lots of total strangers all day. Many people do not object to this, and with them I have no quarrel. I would rather pay more and have a whole carriage — less company and more room. Bad taste possibly, but I can't help it. But I do advise tourists to hire their carriages from the tourist agency. They will give you whatever you choose to pay for — from a one-horse victoria to a six-in-hand wagonette. Furthermore, they have the pick of the Naples horses and vehicles; if the tourist doubts this, and tries to hire something on "his own hook," he either falls heir to the agency's leavings, or gets hold of drivers whom they have dropped for extortion.

There is a good deal of cheap depreciation of tourist agencies. But I observe that those who sneer most loudly at them, when in London or Paris, are the most dependent on the agencies when in out-of-the-way places. And with reason, for it would be almost impossible for the average tourist to make his way about at all in some Oriental countries without the aid of the agencies. In Palestine, even William the War Lord was obliged to rely for saddle-animals, and transportation facilities generally, on a tourist agency. The British War Office also used them to transport troops from Lower Egypt to the Soudan.

At Vesuvius the agency owning the funicular have completely revolutionized the conditions which previously rendered the ascent intolerable. Not only have they also built a new electric railway, but they have shown great enterprise in operating the funicular rail-

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way, subject as it is to many accidents of various kinds. Three times when I have been at Naples the road has been temporarily stopped: once it had been buried by the drifting cinders, another time it was covered with snow, and on the third occasion the upper end had been wrecked by an eruption. In addition to providing mechanical means for aiding travellers, the tourist agency has also shielded them from the attacks of the natives. The various communes around and upon the mountain have always lived on the travellers. For generations they have despoiled tourists at their own sweet will, and they now resent their being protected. But the tourist agency has brought them into some sort of order, so that it is possible to ascend the mountain without being robbed.



All the way up the mountain side we were haunted by mysterious music. Whenever we approached a bend in the road, there would arise from behind a wall the sounds of "Santa Lucia," or sometimes "Funiculæ, funicula." When we got round the corner of the wall we would find a band of wandering minstrels, energetically scraping fiddles, plucking on harps, or blowing on brass horns; sometimes even the humble piano-organ was lying in wait for us behind great blocks of lava, and would suddenly burst forth into volumes of more or less sweet sound. But whenever I shook my head and waved a negative finger, saying, "Niente, niente" (Italian for "nit"), there would be a sudden silence,

Orpheus on Vesuvius

and the musicians would disappear. The number of times I terminated the strains of "Santa Lucia" between Resina and the Observatory would be almost beyond belief were I to enumerate them. So numerous were these mountain musicians that I had my arm in the air nearly all the time. I began to feel like an orchestra conductor. In fact, considering my destination, my orchestral occupation, and that I was bound toward the sulphur-and-brimstone hole on top of Vesuvius, I might have been likened to Orpheus on the road to Hades. But on second thoughts the comparison would not hold, for while Orpheus was moving the very rocks to music, I was moving the music back to the rocks again.

At the top of the long drive up the mountain is an inn where an excellent luncheon can be obtained. There, are the usual photographs for sale, and the usual register, or "album," in which nobodies have written nothings — "Thoughts on first seeing Vesuvius, by Mrs. Lemuel Aminidab Doolittle, Moosatockmaguntic, Maine, U. S. A.," or, "Pensées sur la baie de Naples, par Jeanne Groseille Poirier, en voyage de noces avec son cher mari, Hector Achille Poirier, epicier en gros, Pont-à-Mousson, France."

The funicular railway is like all mountain railways, and when you reach its top you are at the base of the cone. Here all must walk. Did I say all? Then I was wrong. Among the many queer things you see while travelling, not the least queer is the number of imperfect people you see doing things. It is not un-

By the Way

common to see a rich blind man being led around and the sights described to him. As for the rich halt and the wealthy lame, they are legion. You see people carried in chairs by stalwart chair-men in all sorts of places abroad. You see old people and invalids in shoulder-slings hoisted around gigantic ruins in Egypt. You see them continually being borne about Pompeii. But I must admit I was surprised to see such people bolstered in chairs up to the very brink of the crater of Vesuvius.

At the upper station of the funicular railway, at the base of the cone, the first obligatory charge for guides is made: you are forced to take a guide to the mouth of the crater at the fixed price of 3.50 lire per person — about 70 cents. This fee must be paid — the volcano is within the jurisdiction of the Commune of Resina, and the guides are authorized officials and wear commune badges. The tax is a little higher than it need be, but the Commune can scarcely be blamed for making the taking of guides obligatory. Many tourists would dodge the tax if they could — some through economy, some through bravado. But at times guides are beyond question necessary. Many lives would be lost every year were people to attempt ascending to the crater without guides. The cone is often covered with snow; at other times the smoke from the crater is blinding; the wind frequently fills the air with fine cinders, so that one can not see. It would be an easy matter for a stranger to lose his way, and even to fall into the crater. A ticket issued by the Commune of Resina,

Pushed, Pulled, or Carried

authorizing two travellers to visit the crater of Vesuvius with guide, reads as follows:

Dalla Stazione Superiore

al

Cono Attivo

Per comitiva di 2 Viaggiatori L. 7.00

*Tariffa per le guide del Vesuvio, giusta il
regolamento approvato con decreto dell' Ill.*

mo. Signor Prefetto della Provincia di Napoli

Even here the tourist agency has an inspector to keep the guides in order.

When I had paid for our tickets and chosen our guides, we began the ascent of the cone. It is only a fifteen-minute climb, but it is pretty hard work while it lasts. The loose cinders under foot make walking very difficult. You seem to slide back two feet for every one that you take forward. You can go in a chair; or you can hire two guides to take either arm, with a third to push you from behind; or you can cling to a stout strap hooked to the belt of a single guide; or you can go it alone. Most people start out to go it alone, and wind up by hiring assistance.

The day we went to the crater a fierce gale was howling around the top of the mountain. About two hundred yards to windward of us a group of men were climbing the cone by the Resina trail; from them, the wind blew clouds of ashes, which filled our eyes, our ears, our noses, which stung and blinded us. But at

By the Way

last we reached the top, we stood panting on the brink of the crater, we looked into the awful depths below.

How did it look? Well, there are many disillusionments in travelling. It is, of course, an interesting thing to go to the top of one of the great volcanic mountains of the world. It is a revelation to look into its crater. "How did it look?" you ask. Well, it looked exactly like a dump of a mine or a smelting-works. I have seen many such dumps, where masses of heated cinders and slag lie at the bottom of a big pit. In these mine-dumps one may see smoke and steam pouring up in vast volumes from the heated cinders and slag. So was it at the crater of Vesuvius. The smoke was sulphurous and suffocating. It finished the work of blinding our eyes, already half-blinded with ashes. Soon we could see nothing at all. Yet in the midst of our cinder tears, we had the satisfaction of saying to ourselves that we had seen the crater of Vesuvius. Further to complete the parallel between the volcano's crater and a mine-dump, the crater looked as if it had been made by man — it was an irregular rectangle with sloping sides. Of course, this conformation was due to the talus falling down from the embankments of slag, lava, and old cinders on which we stood. The shape of the pit is continually changing. This particular crater was only a few days old, and was already approaching perilously near to the guardian's hut.

We found the guides civil enough, but there is not a little grumbling among the tourists whom they halt, forbidding the ascent of the crater without a guide.

A Battle of Guides

But it is the law. When the crater is enveloped in smoke or steam, it is easy for strangers to lose their way and tumble into either the main crater or some of the baby craters which lie around incubating. While a tourist or two would not greatly matter to the world, the Italian Government appears reluctant to lose one. Hence its loving care.

Not only the Commune of Resina, but all the Communes jealously guard their privileges. How jealously is shown by this curious scene, which took place under our eyes while we were at the base of the cone. It was so absorbing that our own guides kept us waiting, and did not start to climb the cone until the incident was ended. This was what interested them: a tourist suddenly hove in sight, who did not come from the direction of the railway route. The Resina guides immediately spied him, for he was accompanied by two strange guides. Like birds of prey, all the guides gathered around. The wrangling which at once broke out was not unlike the clangor of contending gulls over a bit of offal. The tourist, it turned out, was accompanied by guides from Pompeii. The Resina guides fiercely resented their appearance, and ordered them to depart. The Pompeian guides with equal fierceness refused. Around the poor tourist the battle raged. He spoke no language save his own. Heaven knows what that was — Bulgarian, mayhap, or possibly Polish — but he would gaze dumbly from time to time at the circle of scowling faces around him, as though he would very much like to know what it was all about.

By the Way

Just as the guides were on the point of coming to blows over their prey, two carabineers — rural police officers — appeared, of whom there are many on the mountain. With a magisterial air they restored peace if not silence, and then ordered the contending factions to state their case. It was done at great length and in vociferous Sicilian, Neapolitan, and Italian. When the carabineers had heard the case in full, they advanced gravely to a certain monument on the mountain, a stone cairn. Here one of them drew a line with his toe in the shifting, drifting cinders, just such a line as we boys used to draw when we had jumping contests or ran foot-races.

“Here,” said he, oracularly, to the Pompeian guides, “here is your limit. You can come up this far with your tourist — beyond that you cannot go. Thus says the law.” The other carabineer nodded with owlish gravity.

With yells of joy the Resina guides fell upon the hapless tourist who came up the Pompeii trail. Two of them grabbed him by either arm, a third hooked a strap into his belt and pulled him from in front, a fourth pushed him from behind, and in the twinkling of an eye they hustled him up the trail toward the crater, while the baffled Pompeian guides remained behind on the fatal line, gnashing their teeth.

When this took place, our own guides, who had been interested spectators, acting as a very noisy gallery, also took up their line of march, and we, too, went up to the crater.

Her Old and New Shoes

When we left our guides on the descent, and reached the funicular railway, a sharp-faced young woman, accompanied by a guide, got on to the same car with us. The cars are small ones, holding about six people. Noticing that we were speaking English, she asked whether we were Americans or English people, and being told that we were Americans, at once became extremely confidential. She had climbed the crater in a pair of shabby, high-heeled slippers, which she proceeded to remove. She volunteered the remark that she had been advised not to wear her best shoes on the cone, as the hot ashes would certainly ruin them, hence she had worn these old ones. The guide was carrying her hand-bag, which she bade him open. Out of it she produced a pair of new and natty shoes; then she began to unbutton a long pair of cloth gaiters, knee high; when she had removed these she began to button her shiny shoes — all this on the open car, with the fierce wind blowing her skirts about her shanks — to the amazement of the guide; who gazed at her in open-mouthed wonder. I must confess I shared his surprise. I have seen some odd things, but the spectacle of a young woman on Vesuvius taking off a pair of knee-high gaiters in a high wind in the presence of a Neapolitan guide and some total strangers was certainly surprising.



On our way down the mountain a beautiful Italian boy approached, put his hand on our carriage, and

By the Way

gave us a sunny smile (25 centesimi). He walked along a few yards, and then went forward and patted the near horse's flank (10 centesimi). He stooped down and presented to Madama a small piece of lava (15 centesimi). I purposely put the price low, as Vesuvius is entirely composed of lava and is thirty miles around. Again he walked along in silence a few yards, and then remarked "Fine day" (10 centesimi). He saw a yellow flower by the side of the road, which he gathered and presented to Madama with another sunny smile (35 centesimi).

Here I interfered. "Fair youth," said I, "waste not thy time upon heedless and unappreciative travellers like ourselves. We need no little pieces of lava; our horses care not for caresses; we have no use for sunny Italian smiles. Here is a coin, fair boy; it is the smallest I have; had I a smaller it would be yours, but take it with my blessing," and here I handed him a *soldo*, which is about a penny.

There used to be a small coin current in Italy which I have not seen of late years. It was worth about a fifth of a cent, and was called, I believe, a *baioccho*. I have had the habit, when returning home after a trip, of keeping my uncirculated coin as souvenirs. The experienced traveller always endeavors to cross a frontier with as little as possible of the coin of the land he is leaving. In this he is actively seconded by the natives, who do not confine their efforts to their own coin — they endeavor to relieve him of his own as well. They are generally quite successful. However that may be, the

Uncurrent Coins for Beggars

seasoned traveller knows he will lose heavily in dealing with the money-changers on the frontier, so at his last stop — in France, let us say — he usually secures just enough French money to carry him to the German line. But there he may have a few *sous* left; correspondingly, when he leaves Germany, a few *pfennig*; when he leaves Austria, a few *kreutzer*; when he leaves Turkey, a few nickel *piastres*, or *metallik*. On returning home I have always deposited these uncurred coins in the extended basket of a beautiful flower-girl in my room — a porcelain girl, by the way, with turquoise eyes and a dazzling Dresden-china smile. She has a most remarkable collection in her basket, and among the coins I recalled distinctly several of these *baiocchi*, some bearing the head of Pio Nono, some the features of King Bomba of Naples, and all worth, as I said, about a fifth of a cent. How I yearned for one of them! It would have filled my soul with joy had I been able to present a *baiocco* to my Vesuvian youth with the sunny smile. But I gave him the smallest I had.

The handsome boy gazed at the copper coin with the expression of a man who has just bitten into a bad oyster. He protested that he did not want it, and tried to give it back to me. He said he was not seeking money — that he desired to walk with us, partly for the pleasure of the promenade, and partly for the pleasure of our society.

"Hark ye, good youth," quoth I, "waste not your time on us. The coin which I have presented to you is all you will get. Far down the dusty road behold

By the Way

yon carriage. In it there is a Chicago millionaire with his wife, his mother-in-law, and eke his wife's sister. He is rich and generous. I am poor and mean. Go — fly to the Chicago millionaire. Give the ladies yellow flowers. Give them of the priceless lava of which the mighty mountain is composed. Give them your sunny smile, and then touch the Chicago man — I mean, touch the Chicago man's heart."

The youth with the sunny smile understood me. He did not like my largesse, but he followed my advice, and over the lava blocks he bounded, like the mountain chamois, making a short-cut to the Chicago man's carriage. During the drive down the mountain I noticed how assiduous he was in his attentions, and that the Chicago ladies' laps were covered with beautiful wild flowers, gathered by the roadside, and that the very air was perfumed with sunny Italian smiles.

But when the Chicago man's carriage was at the foot of the toll-road, I heard a violent altercation going on, and stopped to see what was the matter. The youth with the sunny smile was demanding of the Chicago millionaire the sum of five francs. He said he had been hired by that gentleman to walk along by the carriage, push it down hill, pick flowers, gather lava, and generally to make himself useless. The bystanders all agreed with him — they were all guides, carriage-drivers, and hotel-touts, and therefore utterly unprejudiced. They showed the Chicago man that he was wrong in grinding the face of the poor, so he reluctantly

The Beautiful Boy

dug up five francs, and presented it to the youth with the sunny smile.

Ah, he was indeed a beautiful boy, with his jet-black eyes, his curling hair, and his bright and sunny smile. But I am glad I passed him up to the Chicago man.



III

ENGLAND'S LEVANTINE FORTRESS

III

ENGLAND'S LEVANTINE FORTRESS

HEN your steamer touches at Malta and you view the harbor of Valetta the effect of the terraced buildings rising on rocks out of the sea is almost like a scene painter's fantasy. In the temple scene from "Salammbô" at the Paris Opera, stair on stair rises from the water-gates to the lofty temple summits — perfect vistas of staircases, seemingly from sea to sky. The view of Valetta at once brought this scene to my mind. The effect of human figures against this marvellous skyline at sunset was most picturesque. Standing high up above us were groups of British redcoats, sharply outlined against the evening sky. They were on the lofty parapet among the great guns, yet they could easily toss a biscuit upon the big steamer's deck below.

The appearance of Valetta, as seen from a ship, impresses one as more Oriental than European. True, the prevailing style of architecture is Italian as well as Moorish. But the flat-roofed houses and their color irresistibly suggest the Moorish cities like Algiers. As we entered the harbor the town was flooded with sun-

England's Levantine Fortress

shine, and the rich coloring of sea and sky made a brilliant setting to the unique city; another color effect came from the bright yellow hue of the buildings, which lent a golden tinge to the landscape. Out of all the picturesque cities around the Mediterranean, Valetta and Algiers stick most in the memory.

The city of Valetta lies on a small peninsula, at the head of which is the Fort of St. Elmo. To the right, between the mainland and the peninsula, is the Grand Harbor, at the entrance to which is Fort Ricasoli. To the left of the peninsula lies Quarantine Harbor, the head of which is guarded by Fort Manoel. Opening off of these two harbors are ten bays or basins, which have been turned into docks, or small harbors; heavy fortifications surround them on every side. Where the peninsula of Valetta joins the land begin the massive fortifications of the suburb, Floriana.

Numerous institutions are grouped in and around the peninsula, such as the army hospital, naval hospital, invalids' hospital, infants' hospital, central hospital, navy prison, army prison, civil prison, barracks, factories for military stores, and warehouses for government stores; here also are the shooting-ranges for musketry practice, while in the offing may be seen the floating targets for naval gunnery. Valetta is thus a combination of an Oriental city, an English garrison town, and English naval station. There is room in its harbor for over six hundred naval vessels. It is a port of call for many lines, and often ten large steamships arrive and depart in a single day.

Malta's Many Harbors

The highest points in Valetta are the Strada Reale, near the Palace Square, and the garden with arcaded promenades called the Upper Baracca. Here you may look down into the enormous fosse cut out of the solid rock by the labor of thousands of Mohammedan slaves. Beyond are the heights of Citta Vecchia; at your feet lie the many harbors, crowded with battleships, cruisers, troop-ships, torpedo-boats, destroyers, yachts, passenger liners, merchantmen, and hundreds of native craft; looking across the Lower Baracca, you see the entrance to the harbor. The open arched ranges called "Baraccas" once were roofed, but a knot of conspirators having been discovered there, the Grand Master ordered the roofs removed.

Looking down from the heights of Valetta to the two harbors on either side of the peninsula, the flat roofs rise step by step from the sea to the tops of the arches of the two picturesque Baraccas. The streets are very picturesque — narrow, steep, and, like the houses, rising step by step. In the times of the Knights, the main streets were forbidden to women; now the women are so numerous that they outnumber the men, who emigrate largely. The Maltese women almost all wear in the street a curious black hood called the *fal detta*, which is probably a survival of the Oriental veil. It is in the shape of a skirt turned up over the head, kept stiff by an arched piece of whalebone which can be managed by the hand. Ladies of position wear the *fal detta* at certain religious festivals.

The migration of the Maltese men is necessary. The

England's Levantine Fortress

population of Malta is very dense; a few years ago it was some fifteen hundred to the square mile. As the island has little or no soil the population cannot be supported from the land. The English government keeps enormous stores of grain on the island to provide for the wants of both garrison and people in case of war or other emergency.

The Maltese climate is not agreeable. The wind which blows from the African desert, and which on the Riviera is somewhat mitigated by the Mediterranean, is in Malta a hot and humid wind, very trying to men and animals. Another unpleasant feature at Malta is the prevalence of a fine and disagreeable dust. While the wind at Malta is more trying than on the Riviera, the climatic alterations are not so great; usually, there is a difference of only three or four degrees in temperature between night and day.

Although Malta is only sixty miles from the Sicilian coast, it looks more like Africa than Europe. Geological indications seem to show that the Maltese group of islands once connected Italy with Africa. But all question as to Malta's continental allegiance is settled by law, for Great Britain has declared by act of parliament that Malta is a part of Europe, to whichever continent it belongs. But some day it will belong to neither: the island is slowly subsiding; in smooth rocky ways leading to the seashore wheeltracks are found disappearing under the water.

When we were in Malta the Carnival was in progress. The population is a childish one, and the Maltese

The Maltese Language

derive greater pleasure from hurling strings of colored paper at one another than their colder brethren of the north. Throwing strings of colored paper all over buildings, trees, telegraph-poles, and telephone-wires, where they hang limply through the day and night, to be collected next morning by scavengers, is a pastime pursued in Paris, the City of Light, as well as in semi-African Malta. Personally, I have never been able to see why this curious proceeding should be supposed to add to the gayety of nations.

Sailing westward from Alexandria, traces of the Orient may be seen at Malta. Dates, for example, are for sale there on every hand. Once I used to like dates. But since I have visited Oriental ports I never eat dates. Never mind why. The things that happen to them have cured me. I have nothing to say. I cast no imputations on their fair fame. I do not wish to disquiet any person who is fond of them. But I never eat dates.

If the Maltese seem volatile in their carnival customs, they are not fickle in their love of their language. The English have held Malta for a hundred years — they will doubtless hold it as long as their empire stands. But powerful as is the English nation, they have not succeeded in making the Maltese speak the English language. The masses of the people still speak the Maltese dialect, a mixture of Italian and Arabic. Italian is the official language of the law courts. There is a local parliament at Valetta, where the language used is Italian, as in the courts. When we were there

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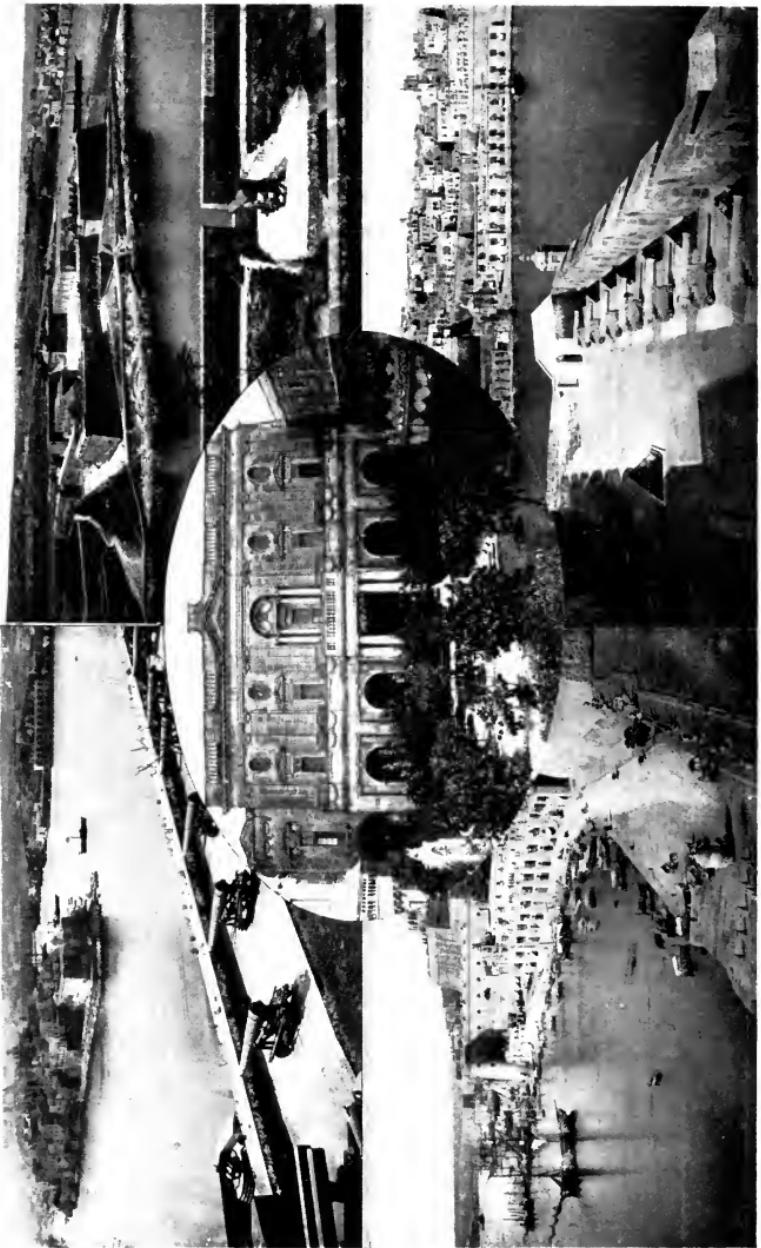
the English were endeavoring to displace Italian in courts and schools, but not with much success. The press and the populace were arrayed in organized opposition to English speech. The people of the upper classes generally teach their children English, Maltese, and Italian.

To show us around the fortifications we had an English-speaking guide. He told us that English is by no means generally spoken among the lower orders. There are, however, many English sign-boards. On a roadside tavern I saw the sign "WINES AND SPIRITS — WELCOME TO ALL — ENGLAND FOREVER." But this Maltese mixture of thrift and patriotism was evidently concocted for the British tar.

Very proud of his Anglo-Saxon speech was our English-speaking guide. But his English was better in intent than in syntax, for he told us that "Malta is heavily fortificated," and also that "Malta produces much of rock." This was very evident. Never in my life have I seen so much rock to the acre. One of Bret Harte's stories begins in the Sierra, with the words: "Snow. Snow. Everywhere snow." These words rose to my mind as I gazed around me in Malta, and I mentally modified them to "Stone. Stone. Everywhere stone." I used to be surprised at the enormous stone-walls to be found in Southern Europe, but I have never seen anything on the Continent to equal Malta. The ordinary roadways running from Valetta to Citta Vecchia are lined with miles and miles of stone colonnades made up of Roman arches. The openings in



Fortifications and Library Building, Malta



Gigantic Fortifications

these arches have subsequently been filled in with rubble masonry, for what purpose heaven only knows. The wild efflorescence of stone-work on every hand in Malta leads one to believe that when the natives had nothing to do they put up these long stone colonnades along the roadway, and when they ran out of a job again they went to work and filled up the arches with rough stone to keep themselves out of mischief.

How rich is Malta in stone is shown by the gigantic fortifications around Valetta. They were constructed of enormous blocks of stone by the slaves of the Knights of Malta, and have been modernized by the British. These masses of stone-work are not so impregnable as in the ancient days, and the modern cannon which crown them are probably better defences than the stone walls. But the labyrinth of outworks, the maze of moats and trenches cut out of the solid rock, with the magazine chambers and modern bomb-proofs which supplement them, are by no means to be sneered at. Some English officers say that as a fortress Gibraltar does not compare with Malta, and they laugh at the Russians' claim that Kronstadt and the Neva fortifications render St. Petersburg more impregnable than Valetta.

Although it contains so much, the city of Valetta is small. Including the suburb of Floriana, it is a mile wide and two miles long. This suburb, by the way, was named after Pietro Paulo Floriane, the engineer who designed the elaborate fortifications, the demi-

England's Levantine Fortress

lunes, the curtains, ditches, ravelins, and bastions which surround the city. The colossal fosse which shuts off Valetta from Floriana is intended to stop any invasion from the land side. It is almost three fifths of a mile long, sixty feet deep, thirty feet wide, and cut out of the solid rock.

Floriane's fortifications were proof against siege, but not against treachery. While Napoleon was yet General Bonaparte, Malta fell into the hands of the French. It was then Napoleon boasted that when he had subdued England he would erect his palace in Malta between Europe and the Orient.

During the stay of Bonaparte's troops they robbed the Maltese churches of whatever came handy and was easy to carry. From the church of St. John they stole the twelve life-size silver statues of the Apostles. There still remains a solid silver balustrade, or chancel-rail, which the French did not steal, for the reason that a foxy priest of the period painted the silver black. Probably the most petty theft ever committed by Bonaparte was when he robbed the Monte di Pietà, the government pawn shop of Valetta. From this institution he stole watches, chains, rings, and other gold and silver trinkets belonging to the poor of Malta, to the value of nearly a million francs. That Bonaparte was a brigand is generally admitted, but this is the first time I ever had it borne in upon me that he was a petty-larceny thief. Another of Napoleon's peculations was the abstraction of the jewel from the "Hand of St. John." This relic was enclosed in a splendid gauntlet of gold;

Napoleon's Thefts

with it was a heavy gold ring set with a large diamond, which ring Napoleon transferred to his own finger. Although the painted chancel-rail escaped Bonaparte's troops, they stole from the Chapel of Notre Dame a sanctuary lamp and chain of solid gold, weighing nearly two thousand ounces.

It was in Napoleon's time that the last Grand Master of the Knights treacherously delivered up the fortress to the French. Thus, after some hundreds of years, the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of Malta, came to an end. It was from their functions as hospital attendants that the Knights took their title, "hospitallers." Before the First Crusade a hospital or hospice for pilgrims was established in Jerusalem, which was dedicated to St. John. The Hospitallers were organized into a semi-military, semi-monastic society. After the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem fell and the Hospital-lers were driven out, they settled at Acre. Years later they were again driven out by the Moslems, and retired to Cyprus. This island they held for several centuries, largely controlling the Mediterranean. When they captured the Island of Rhodes, they moved their headquarters thither, receiving much of the forfeited property of the suppressed order of Templar Knights. When Sultan Solyman besieged and drove out the Knights they wandered from place to place, finally settling at Malta, which was given them by the Emperor Charles V. That crafty sovereign doubtless gave them this post as an advance guard of Western Christianity. The Turks, so believing, made endless efforts

England's Levantine Fortress

to destroy them. The story of that time is a record of stubborn sieges and bloody battles.

The character of the warfare between the Knights and the Turks is shown by these incidents: When Mustapha Pasha was besieging Valetta, Knight Viperan in his chronicle spoke enthusiastically of the Christian Knights' success in poisoning the spring at Marsa, the main Turkish camp, by which clever device eight hundred Turks died horribly. Thereupon Mustapha beheaded all his prisoner Knights; crucifying their mutilated trunks on planks, they were thrown into the harbor, and floated with the tide to the Fort of St. Angelo. In retaliation, the Knights decapitated all the Turkish prisoners, and fired into the Turkish camp their bleeding heads as cannon-balls.

Although the Knights were a monastic order, they lived anything but a pious life. Their piratical raids on land and sea — for they were both land and water pirates — gave them constantly prize-money to divide. Of their large numbers of prisoners, they set the men to hard labor as slaves, and kept the women as their "house-keepers." Having nothing to do between raids, they spent most of their time in gambling and debauchery. In one expedition against the Turks, we find in the books, carefully set down in the list of their booty, eight hundred Turkish women and girls, whom they divided up.

The character of the Knights is pithily indicated in this anecdote of the time: When Richard Cœur de Lion was in France, Fulco, a priest, bade him beware

The Knights' Auberges

how he bestowed his daughters in marriage. "I have no daughters," said the king. "Nay, nay," replied Fulco, "all the world knows that you have three—Pride, Covetousness, and Lechery." "If these be my daughters," retorted the king, "I know how to bestow them where they will be well cherished. My eldest I give to the Bishops, my second to the priests, and my third to the Knights of Malta."

The Knights, ruled over Malta for some centuries. As they were made up of recruits from different countries, they were classified by *langues*, or "tongues," of which there were six: English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German. Subsequently, Auvergne, Provence, and Castile were added. Hence the odd names of the fine old palaces one sees in Valetta to-day. Among them are the "Auberge d'Italie," now the quarters of the officers of the Royal Engineers; the "Auberge de Castile," now the quarters of the officers of the Royal Artillery; the "Auberge de Provence," now the Union Club, which has a ballroom with one of the only two wooden floors in the city; the "Auberge d'Auvergne," now the Courts of Justice; the "Auberge d'Arragon," residence of the general commanding. These *auberges* are all imposing palaces of the Italianesque order. They are naturally all built of stone, as are all Maltese houses.

It was not until the French Revolution came that the rule of the Knights of Malta came to an end. By its workings they were deprived of nearly all their vast revenues. The Grand Master tried every expedient

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to raise money, such as melting down gold and silver plate and ornaments. But they had reached the end of their resources. It was at this time that the French were treacherously admitted within the city, and Valetta fell. Malta remained in the possession of the French for only a short time. The betrayal of the fortress to the French by the last Grand Master, Von Hompesch, so irritated the Maltese that they rose against the French, and were joined by the English, whose fleet had just arrived at Malta from its victory at Aboukir. The French took refuge behind the walls of the great fortifications, where they held out for two years. On September 5, 1800, however, they were starved out, and the English took possession of Malta, which they have ever since retained.



As we sailed out of the harbor, past the fort, again did the view of Valetta with its artificial beauty recall to me the higher flights of scenic artists in the great theatres of the world. If there be those who may smile at likening reality to simulacrum, let me assure them that some of the architectural compositions of draughtsmen are so grand, yet so impossible, that they bring an involuntary sigh to the architect that they cannot be realized. What are the colossal plans for great groups of buildings, universities, governmental palaces, or exposition structures, drawn by students at great architectural schools — such as the prize plans of those architectural students in the Ecole des Beaux Arts who

Picturesque Valetta

win the Prix de Rome — what is their work but grandiose scene-painting? Such sketches are very beautiful, if impracticable; would they could be realized, and instead of scene-painting in wash and distemper, be carried out in steel and stone. What was the Court of Honor in the Chicago Fair of 1893 but glorified stage-setting and scene-painting? Yet fragile and ephemeral as was that creation of lath, plaster, and staff, it was one of the most beautiful sights at night my eyes ever rested upon.

I had always considered Malta a barren rock—a grim and forbidding fortress. It is much more than that. It is a picture. The setting and the coloring are due to nature — the rest is due to the hand of man. It is very artificial. But it is very beautiful as well.



IV

**THE CITY OF THE VIOLET
CROWN**

IV

THE CITY OF THE VIOLET CROWN

HEN I was a boy I used to tantalize myself with the poetic names of the foreign cities that some day I hoped to see. There was "The City by the Golden Horn," Stamboul; "The Eternal City," Rome; "The City of Palms," Jericho; "The City of the Sun," Baalbec; and "The City of the Violet Crown," Athens. This last always appealed most vividly to my imagination. It had color, melody, and rhythm; and while the city of Athens, *quâ* Athens, did not appeal to me perhaps so strongly as did Rome, its sobriquet was even more fascinating. For there is an intrinsic magic in the *sound* of words. There is a sound-meaning as well as a verbal meaning. "Onomatopœia" rhetoricians call it. There is much of this sound-meaning in our Saxon speech — the "buzzing" of bees, the "hissing" of serpents, the "booming" of cannon — do not these words express their meanings by their sounds? So with names; so with sobriquets; so with epithets.

So whenever I thought of Athens I did not think of Phidias, of Lycurgus, of Pericles, of Aspasia — I used

The City of the Violet Crown

to think of the sobriquet "The City of the Violet Crown." Naturally, the meaning of this poetic sobriquet will readily occur to the reader — it comes from the purple and amethystine haze with which sunrise and sunset crown the Acropolis.

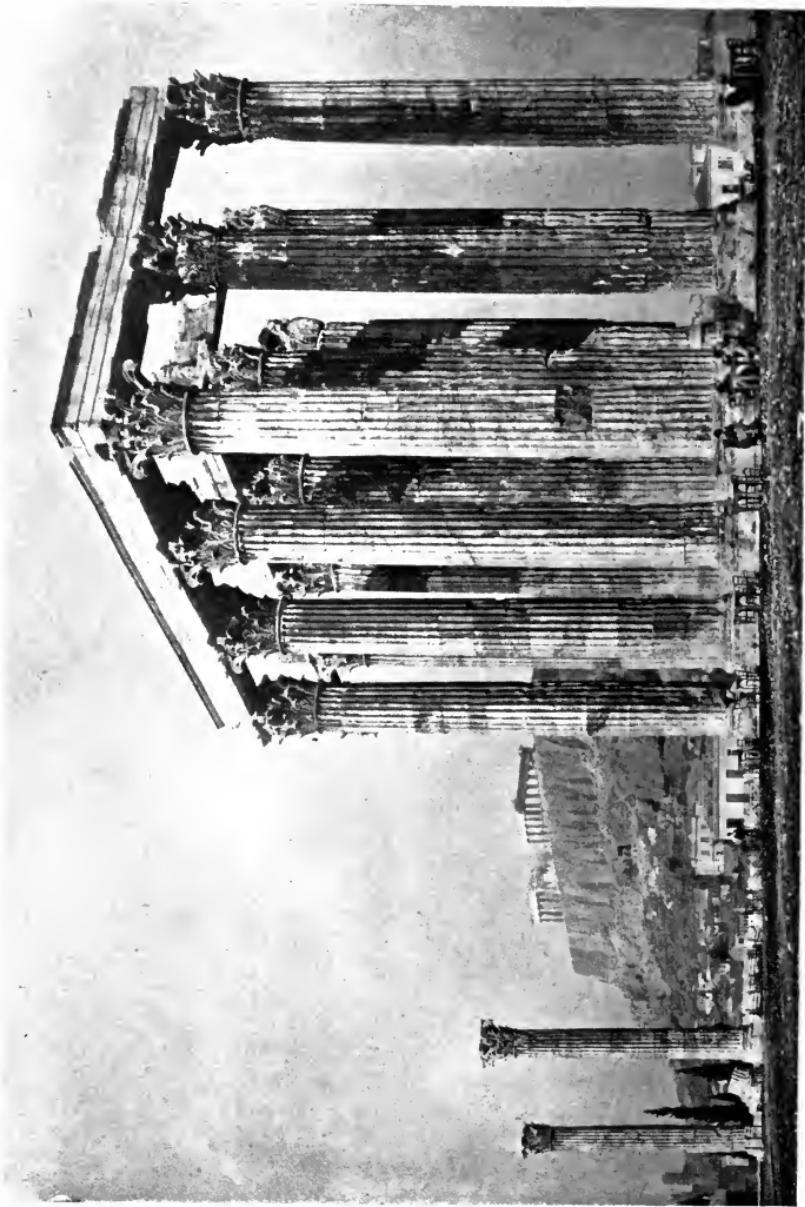
Did we see the violet crown around the heaven-kissing hill? Well, no. It was morning when we ascended the Acropolis — a cold gray morn — for it is the fashion in Europe to ascend many high places to see the sun rise. Thousands every year go up the Swiss peaks to see the sun rise; it is nearly always foggy or cloudy on Pilatus and the Rigi; when it is not foggy it is raining. Therefore the thousands of Swiss tourists rarely see the sun rise, but when they come down, they always lie about it, and say they did.

So on the Acropolis. We saw no sunrise; we saw a fog, but it was not violet; it was a dingy gray, and it was not shaped like a crown, but in large, shapeless gobs.

There were other disillusionments about our ascent to the Parthenon. As we drove up the road that winds around the Acropolis, we encountered a large drum-corps practising in one place and a bugle-corps executing fantasies in another. These signs of modern militarism were our first impressions in approaching the Acropolis. The next most notable sight was the number of goats browsing at the base of the famous hill. Scattered among the goats were shabby gentlemen of leisure, some in petticoats, some in trousers; they were seated at scattered tables on the hillside. Not a few were bent forward, with their heads pillow'd in their arms, repos-



Ruins of the Temple of Olympus, Athens



Solitary Tipplers

ing on the little tables — asleep, although it was yet early in the forenoon. The sight of a number of gentlemen, slightly intoxicated, and asleep in the morning hours, seated, with table and chair, far from any visible house, and surrounded by nothing more companionable than goats — such a sight was certainly peculiar, even in Greece. As we wound our way up the road, however, a turn over one of the flanks of the hill revealed a little roadside grog-shop. This was a “café,” and scattered in various directions for two or three hundred yards were other café tables with solitary drinkers. This fashion of scattering café tipplers over an acre or two of ground seems peculiar to Greece. We even saw one man seated at such a café table in the middle of the dusty road. What a remarkable place, time, and manner in which to be convivial!

These remarks must not be construed as limiting intoxication to set hours. In a free country every free man has an inalienable right to get drunk at the hour and in the way which best pleases him. Still, even in convivial countries, there has always existed a slight prejudice against a gentleman showing up early in the morning with a jag. If it lasts over from the night before, it is not considered so bad. If, however, the joyous gentleman gathered it in the morning hours, it is frowned upon. If I am not mistaken, the fixing of the legal marriage-hours in England before twelve noon was because so many young gentlemen of good family were apt to be intoxicated in the afternoon. While in this condition they were apt to marry *bona*

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robas, bar-maids, beggar-maids, and thieves. This gave pain to Benedict's lady-mamma, and eke to papa. As the most convivial of young Britons would generally have sobered up from last night by eight of the next day, it was deemed safe to fix the hour of tying the knot before twelve. But even with this paternal law, careful drunkards in Britain have often succeeded in evading the statute, and in enriching the thin blue blood of a hundred earls with a blend of the choicest gutter-blood from Whitechapel or Seven Dials.

It is for a similar reason that the hour for courts-martial in Great Britain was fixed. In the good old days officers and gentlemen were usually drunk after dinner, which was the mid-day meal. But it was considered inadvisable for a board of drunken officers to judge and condemn a sober private.

I remember once in Honolulu being present when a court was adjourned to view the premises in a case on trial. They were received in the hospitable island fashion — at eleven o'clock in the morning they were given large "high balls" of Scotch and soda. This alcoholic juridical procedure shocked us colder-blooded northerners; we never before saw a court judicially taking a drink so early in the morning.



From a mediæval hamlet, Athens has grown to a modern city of over one hundred thousand. It was laid out by a German engineer, and is proud of its straight streets and its Occidental aspect. The main thoroughfares are

Newness of Athens

Hermes Street and Æolus Street, both of which start from Constitution Square. This is the centre of the city, and on one of its sides is the royal palace.

Athens itself, as a city, is insufferable. It is raw, garish, new, staring, crude. It smells of paint. It reeks of varnish. It is redolent of last week. It is the newest city one sees in the Levant — or even in southern Europe. It is dusty, it is noisy, it is vulgar. Everything in it is imitation. The palaces are imitation. The hotels are imitation. The army is imitation. The city is a sham. It is a joy to leave the commonplace streets, to quit the insufferable city, and to climb the Acropolis. There, everything is calm and peaceful, and the magnificent ruins are restful. There only, in all Athens, do you find a spot which is not oppressively new and raw.

The royal palace is one of the newest and the rawest of all the raw, new buildings. It is a plain structure on the packing-case order of architecture. It looks very much as if the upper three stories of one of Chicago's plain sky-scrappers had been sawed off by some Enceladus and set down in Athens. This royal palace has in front of it two acres of dusty gravel, with not a blade of grass or a solitary tree. Diagonally across this gravel-patch there run two intersecting X-like paths, where the natives "cross lots" to save time in going home. In front of this royal park runs the roadway. On the other side of it is a scanty line of forlorn and dust-covered pepper-trees. These form the boundary of Constitution Square, the main plaza of Athens.

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This square is also mainly made up of gravel. There are no grass lawns, and only a few trees. It is beautified with iron café chairs and iron gas-pipe arches, which doubtless burst forth into loyal flame on King George's birthday.

When King George drove through the streets of his loyal city of Athens, little excitement was to be discerned; the lounging officers saluted, and an occasional civilian took off his hat. But most of the throng remained indifferent. I could not but be struck by the difference between republican France and monarchical Greece. In monarchical Greece the King of the Hellenes moved to and fro almost unnoticed, like any other gentleman. Yet in Aix-les-Bains — the famous watering-place in Savoy, whither he goes annually to take the waters — King George is received with regal splendor. At the Casino a part of the terrace is railed off for him and his suite. So on the terrace of the Hotel Splendide the royal apartments open through the low French windows on the terrace, and within a railed space the king and his courtiers sit, smoke cigarettes, lounge, and chat; on the non-royal parts of the veranda Pierpont Morgan and other American millionnaires gaze enviously at Grecian royalty. Probably Pierpont Morgan could buy up Athens and not feel at all pocket-pinched. But at Aix-les-Bains he must keep off the Grecian grass.



The antiquities, the historic spots, the venerable ruins, in and around Athens, are innumerable. Start-

The Modern Stadion

ing from the centre of the city, one of the first you see is the Arch of Hadrian, near the royal palace. It formerly cut off the old Greek city from the Roman town of Hadrian. Not far away rise some sixteen gigantic Corinthian columns, all that remains of the Olympieion, also completed under Hadrian. Within its precincts, there once stood one hundred Corinthian columns; even the few that remain are imposing in their lofty grandeur. A short distance from the Olympieion is the Stadion, scene of centuries of athletic games. The Stadion was laid out by Lycurgus in a natural hollow, which was enlarged and made symmetrical by the hand of man. Part of the ancient walls remain, but the entire Stadion is now practically reconstructed in white marble. The work was still going on while we were there. In fact, it is already in use, and served in the recent great revival of the Olympian games, to which were bidden athletes from all over the world. The reconstruction is not the work of the state, but of a private individual, Mr. Averof, of Alexandria, who has already expended on the work over two millions of francs. Not far from the Arch of Hadrian there is a small, circular, temple-like building called the Monument of Lysicrates; the victors in the great games of ancient Greece were in the habit of exhibiting on these monuments the prizes won by them at the Stadion.

Leaving the lower ground of the city proper, one takes the winding roadway which climbs the Acropolis hill. First is encountered the Theatre of Dyonsius, which was brought to light from under heaps of rub-

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bish some two score years ago. It is the typical ancient Greek theatre, consisting of stage, orchestra, auditorium, and proscenium. The marble seats rise up in rows and tiers like those of the Stadion, or the Roman amphitheatres — or a modern tent-circus to be understood of the small boy. The seats are in the form of a semi-circle, facing the stage. This Theatre of Dionysius — sometimes called the Theatre of Bacchus — seated thirty thousand spectators. On sitting down, one notes that the theatrical syndicates of ancient Greece provided plenty of room for the spectators' legs and feet. Would that the modern managers would be as generous.

The next most conspicuous sight at the base of the Acropolis is the Odeion of Herod Atticus. It seems once to have been a roofed theatre, and bears every indication of having been partially destroyed by fire. Going up the winding road, it branches off here to the Theseion. This is supposed to be a temple to Theseus, although some ascribe it to Hercules. It is a very beautiful building, and so well preserved that one finds it difficult to believe that it is two thousand years old. In this regard it is the finest ruin of ancient Greece. Looking down upon it from the Acropolis heights it looks like a modern imitation of an ancient building.

Continuing our climb, we soon reach the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars. It is here that the ancient court held its sittings. Soon we are at the top of the Acropolis, which is a rocky plateau about five hundred feet high. Pisistratus built here a temple to Athena, but it was

The Acropolis Top

under Pericles that the splendor of the Acropolis began. The temple of Athena Nike is a beautiful little ruin constructed entirely of Pentelic marble. The name comes from the famous Nike fastening her sandal, which belonged to the frieze of which Lord Elgin "conveyed" four panels to Great Britain with the other Elgin marbles. Few of the originals remain; they have been replaced by terra-cotta reproductions. The Nike tying her sandal is in the Acropolis Museum.

From the Temple of Nike the view is magnificent — one sees the Bay of Phaleron, the peninsula, the harbor and town of Piræus, with Salamis, and other islands lying off the harbor, while around are seen many pinnacle-like hills, and farther away the mountains of Argolis.

A magnificent ruin is the Propylæa; it occupies the west side of the plateau. From here a footway climbs to the inner precincts of the Acropolis. At the right rise the ruins of the Parthenon; to the left the Erechtheion. Not far from here we see a large platform cut out of the rock, on which once stood a colossal statue of Athena, the work of Phidias. The statue was in bronze, sixty-six feet high, in full armor, and leaning on a lance. The gilded lance-point formed a landmark to mariners.

Nobody ever saw this statue, as it was melted down about two thousand years ago. But the exact height is accurately known — or imagined.

The Parthenon stands on the highest point of the Acropolis hill. Ictinos and Callicrates were the archi-

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tects, Phidias was the sculptor, and the promoter was Pericles, for he was the man who raised the money. It was open for business about 438 B.C., when the chryselephantine statue of Athena was erected. The gigantic columns of the Parthenon are even more imposing as they lie in segments on the ground than as they stand. If you walk up to one of these broken pillars and measure your height against it you will find that its diameter will be several inches greater than your height, even if you are a tall man. The drums of these columns were so perfectly finished that they were fitted together without cement.

While attending a class, as a youth, where we listened to lectures on architecture, I remember my surprise on learning of the necessity for convex columns, for swollen rectangles, for diverging parallels, and for distorted right lines generally in classic architecture, and of course in modern as well. These eye-puzzlers are plainly apparent in these gigantic Greek ruins. If you sight along the stylobate, or platform on which the columns stand, you can see how markedly it diverges from the horizontal. So with the steps — they are not exactly horizontal. So with the columns — they swell in the middle. All the pillars lean a little toward the centre of the building. These apparent errors — except the last — are made to correct the inaccuracy of the human eye.

In the ruins of the Parthenon the keen-eyed see color. The triglyphs are said to have been blue and the metopes red, while the drops below the triglyphs were probably gilded. It may be interesting to note



Portico of the Erechtheion, Acropolis, Athens

Models of the Parthenon

that the Parthenon has Doric, the Erechtheion Ionic, and the Olympieion Corinthian columns.

In the central aisle of the Parthenon is a dark quadrangle of pavement, on which stood the statue of Athena Parthenos, also the work of Phidias. It was thirty-nine feet high, and is said to have been made of gold and ivory, and to have cost forty-four talents of gold, or about three quarters of a million dollars.

Near the north margin of the Acropolis lies the Erechtheion, which contains the shrines of Athena and other deities. The Portico of the Caryatides is famous — six figures of maidens larger than life support the roof on their heads ; one of these is in terra-cotta, the original having been removed to London by Lord Elgin.

After a visit to these magnificent ruins one can have some idea of what the Acropolis hill must have looked like in the days of “the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.”

Many Americans have seen the beautiful colored model of the Parthenon in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. There are several such models to be found in the museums of European cities. I do not know whether any model exists in colors of all the Acropolis ruins, but after seeing the colored Parthenon model one can readily imagine what must have been the view of the Acropolis hill. Imagine passing through the Propylæa, seeing the Erechtheion on the left, the Parthenon on the right, and the colossal statue of Athena in gold and ivory. Think of gazing upon these magnificent buildings in white and black and colored

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marbles, bearing the masterpieces of such sculptors as Phidias, and all ablaze with colors and with gold. It must have been a very different sight from our modern ideas of cold marble buildings and statuary.



There was a time when I believed that all ancient statuary was without color. True, at times I read or heard that there were fanatics who believed that the ancient Greeks used color on their marbles. But I looked upon these as heterodox persons, like the believers in the Bacon-Shakespeare theory. I had so often heard the words "cold, calm, colorless marble" that I had come to believe the idea of colored statues to be barbaric. But on visiting Athens and viewing the many marbles in the Acropolis Museum, the Theseion, and the Erechtheion, no one can doubt that the old Greek sculptors rioted in color.

I have since looked the matter up, and I find that I have lagged far behind the times. The art critics in but a few years have had a change of heart. Their fluctuating opinion might thus be summed up:

THESES — THE ANCIENTS DID NOT USE COLOR IN MARBLE STATUARY

FIRST AXIOM

Circa 1883 — "It is preposterous to suppose that the great plastic works of antiquity were other than pure white marble."

Color on Ancient Statuary

SECOND AXIOM

Circa 1884 — “If the works of the ancient sculptors had any color, it was nothing more than creamy or ivory tints.”

THIRD AXIOM

Circa 1885 — “If it be admitted that the ancients used color in statuary, they must have confined themselves to flesh tints.”

FOURTH AXIOM

Circa 1886 — “If, as is probable, flesh tints were used by the ancients in their statuary, no other color than metal was permitted, which would be needed for armor and weapons — probably gold and bronze.”

FIFTH AXIOM

Circa 1887 — “If colors other than flesh tints and metallic hues were used by the ancient sculptors, they must have been neutral tints, such as dull reds, buffs, and browns.”

SIXTH AXIOM

Circa 1888 — “No one to-day can refuse to admit that the colors used by the ancient sculptors were vivid ones.”

SEVENTH AXIOM

Circa 1890 — “It is preposterous to deny that the ancient sculptors colored their statues. To state that they confined themselves to neutral tints is equally

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preposterous. Vivid color would have been needed fitly to complement the great works of Phidias and to enable them to harmonize with the azure skies, the sapphire seas, the intense reds, the cobalt blues, the emerald greens of Greece."

ERGO — TO THE ANCIENTS, MARBLE STATUARY WITHOUT COLOR WAS UNKNOWN

This seems to me a condensed table of the change in critical opinion on this color question. I frankly admit that I was behind the times. Now I am up-to-date. Now I am inclined to think that when the Acropolis was in all its glory, and when the great statue of Pallas Athena stood upon that famous hill, there must have been fully as much color on these magnificent marbles as one now sees at the Eden Musée or at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works.

It occurs to me, however, that some readers may look upon the preceding paragraphs as being entirely whimsical. It is true that they are not verbatim quotations from critics of standing. But they might easily be — they typify a tendency. To show that they have a very substantial foundation I append two genuine paragraphs from well-known writers on art, separated by forty years.

From "A Handbook of Sculpture" by Richard Westmacott, Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy (1856):

"The rich quality of surface that appears more or less in works of marble . . . the ancients appear to have completed by a process

Chromatic Recantation

which may mean not only rubbing or polishing, but applying some composition, such as hot wax, to give a soft, glowing color to the surface. Many of the ancient statues certainly exhibit the appearance of some foreign substance having slightly penetrated the surface of the work to about one eighth of an inch, and its color is of a warmer tint than the marble below it. Its object, probably, with the ancients, as with modern sculptors, has been simply to get rid of the glare and freshness of appearance that is sometimes objected to in a recently finished work, by giving a general warmth to the color of the marble, a process, be it observed, quite distinct from . . . painting sculpture with various tints, in imitation of the natural color of the complexion, hair, and eyes."

From "Ancient Athens" (1902) by Professor Ernest A. Gardner, formerly Director of the British School at Athens, and Yates Professor of Archæology in University College, London:

"The rich and lively effect produced by these statues [from the Temple of Athena] is in great measure due to the good preservation of their colouring, which has for the first time given us a clear notion of the application of colour to sculpture in early Greece. No garment is covered with a complete coat of paint, . . . but they have richly coloured borders, and are sprigged with finely drawn decorations, the colours used being mostly rich and dark ones — dark green, . . . dark blue, purple, or red. The effect of this colouring, whether on face or garments, is to set off and enhance by contrast the beautiful tint and texture of the marble. Those who have only seen white marble statues without any touches of colour to give definition to the modelling and variety to the tone can have no notion of the beauty, life, and vigour of which the material is capable."



Not the least remarkable thing about the Acropolis is the vast amount of rubbish to be found there. Where did it come from? The propensity of the race to

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“dump rubbish” in all sorts of odd places is well known. This propensity has brought about the great disparity between ancient and modern city levels. The Forum, for example, is far below the level of the modern Roman street. Ancient Jerusalem is over one hundred feet below most of the modern level. But whence came the rubbish in the Acropolis? The hill is a high one; the climb fatiguing. Why lug rubbish to its top? If the race is prone to indiscriminate dumping of rubbish, it is more prone to laziness. How then account for the Acropolis rubbish?

The Acropolis is almost a solid mass of rock. There is a sparse covering of soil, out of which the rock crops at every turn. Remembering Bret Harte’s happy title for the select verses of California’s poets in the early quartz-mining days, I thought that the phrase “Acropolis Outcroppings” would make an excellent title for the sentimental musings of the many tourists who climb that famous hill. In listening to them as they rave over the surroundings, it is easily to be seen that they rave to order. They are ready to admire everything, whatever it may be. One day I noted a particularly sentimental lady who was gushing over every object visible in the landscape. When she was shown the hideous modern building called the “royal palace,” she gushed over that. When she was shown the other hideous building inhabited by the prince royal, she gushed over that too.

“And what is that other large building — that one there on the hill? Is that another palace?”

Acropolis Outcroppings

"Dat? No — dat no palace — dat de lunatic asylum," replied the guide.

But the sentimental lady was not to be squelched. "Just look at that lovely circular building in the plain," she said to her companion; "it reminds me of the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Roman Campagna. What is that round structure, guide — is that a tomb?"

"Dat round ting?" replied the guide, following her finger. "Dat not a tomb — dat de gas-works."

But the view from the Acropolis is magnificent enough to inspire even the most stolid, not to speak of sentimental female tourists. So beautiful is the view that you always see loungers on the crest of the hill. It is a high, stiff climb, and it is surprising to find that these loungers are neither guides nor pedlers, but simply idlers, such as soldiers and other thinking men. It must be the beautiful view which takes them there, for the drinking-shops are all around the base of the hill.

Above I have spoken of the absent panels in some of the Acropolis friezes. There has always been much difference of opinion as to Lord Elgin's rape of the famous marbles now in the British Museum. For a generation Græcophiles have roared over his "vandalism." But in London the marbles may be seen by hundreds of thousands, while in Greece they would be seen only by scores. Then, too, had he left them in Greece, they would probably all have been stolen by private thieves. There is much to be said for Elgin. His chief crime would seem to be that he left any marbles at all. It was very careless of him — he

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neglected to take much which he might easily have secured. Just think of that beautiful figure of Nike adjusting her sandal — he left that behind. For this neglect his memory should be covered with ignominy by a discriminating British populace.



What was the most striking scene I witnessed in Athens — the city of Pericles, of Phidias, of Aspasia, the City of the Violet Crown? It was this. A gang of mountebanks drove their wagon into the main square in front of the royal palace. Two of them in grotesque garb, with red noses, painted faces, and wigs, mounted a wagon and began their horse-play; other mountebanks beat the brass drum and rattled the tambourine. The two mountebanks in the wagon went through all manner of clownish tricks, one feigning to pull the other's teeth, to vaccinate him, and to set a broken shoulder, which he did by putting his foot in the other's arm-pit and pulling strenuously on the injured arm. This was interspersed by violent quarrels between doctor and patient, and belaborings with stuffed clubs, to the great delight of the assembled crowd, who were probably descendants of the men of Thermopylæ. It is only fair to say that the crowd was made up of the lower orders, although more than once I noticed dapper army officers approaching the outskirts of the crowd and listening for a few moments under the pretence of doubting in which direction to go.

Warriors and Tramps

By the way, you will have noticed that in our busy American cities the hurrying pedestrians never hesitate as to where they intend to turn. When they reach a corner, they turn sharply to the right or to the left. When you see a man reach a corner and stop — looking up and down doubtfully, as who should say “which way shall I wander?” — he is usually a tramp. All corners are alike to him. In Greece, the army officers remind me irresistibly of our tramps. They seem to have nothing to do. They spend their time sitting in front of cafés, or aimlessly wandering about the streets, and when they reach a corner they pause, hesitate, scan both directions, and finally drift doubtfully in one, exactly like our American tramps.

This is another scene I saw under the windows of the royal palace. Into Constitution Square, one day, there flounced and flaunted a gang of merry maskers. It was, I believe, carnival day according to the Greek calendar. These mummers wore shabby, well-worn costumes, that had evidently done duty many times. They carried with them a pole mounted on an iron base; from the top of the pole depended multicolored ribbons. Soon they were whirling through the mazes of the merry May-pole dance, to the music of a barrel-organ, its crank turned by a masker. This was all done so quickly that for a moment it seemed spontaneous — if masks and maskers ever are; even the May-pole with its practicable iron feet might have been forgotten. But when a masker, made up as a white-faced clown, suddenly assailed the spectators with a

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rattling money-box, the crowd melted away, and the merry masquerade became perfunctory and mechanical. Well, masquerades sometimes are in other places than Athens.

The money of Athens is a little difficult for strangers to understand. The country is not yet on a coin basis, and most of the money is paper. The principal denominations are "drachmas" and "leptas." All kinds of European money are apparently current, but the natives do not seem to be quite certain what they are worth. At a *café* one day three Americans were seated next to us. They ordered two chocolates and one ice. After an animated pantomime they decided that the bill was sixty cents, which they translated into three francs.

They gave the waiter an English half-crown, and he brought them back three Greek sixpences in change. He then modestly (and expectantly) drew aside. The trio then discussed whether they would give him a whole sixpence for his tip. As they did not know how to change it, they concluded to give him the sixpence. But presently the waiter returned in much excitement. He gathered up the three sixpences which still remained on the tray, and informed them that these coins made up the exact amount of their bill. The entire *café* then gathered and debated the question in seventeen or eighteen languages. The waiter turned out to be right — the half-crown was apparently about three Greek drachmæ. But both parties to the transaction withdrew with injured feelings — the waiter because he got no tip, and the Americans because they got no change.

V

STAMBOUL SEEN FROM THE SEA

V

STAMBOUL SEEN FROM THE SEA

IT was a beautiful morning, and we were bound from the Piræus to Constantinople, steaming along the waterway between Europe and Asia. We had left the Ægean Sea behind us, and were in the Dardanelles. There flashed into my mind the old joke about the new-rich family, who, on their return from Europe, were asked, "When you were abroad did you see the Dardanelles?" The family looked puzzled for a moment, but Materfamilias, with great presence of mind, promptly replied, "Oh, yes; we met them in Rome." I thought of springing this aged story on my fellow-passengers, but it was so venerable that I refrained. At luncheon, however, I heard the story told by the ship's wit; it was greeted with roars of laughter, and was received by all hands as perfectly new.

Beside me, on the ship's deck, stood a European dragoman — one of those queer mongrels one meets in the Orient, the son of an English father and a Greek mother — speaking heaven knows how many tongues

Stamboul Seen from the Sea

with equal fluency. His English, by the way, was flavored with a strong cockney accent. Him I asked, "What is the name of that town on the Asiatic side?" indicating a city on the starboard hand.

"Better call it Dardanelles," briefly replied the drago-man.

At this I took some umbrage. Quoth I to myself, "Evidently this fellow thinks I cannot pronounce it, so he gives me the name of the waterway instead of the town." I determined to look it up, and did so when I went below. In the great atlas on the cabin table I found this pleasing variety of names, "*Sultaniyeh-Kalesi*, or *Chanak-Kalesi*, generally called by Europeans *Dardanelles*." I did not wonder at the drago-man's laconicism.

I noticed that some of my fellow-passengers pronounced the name "Dardaneels," while their favorite pronunciation of "Bosphorus" did not rhyme with "phosphorus," but rather with "before us."

Before being permitted to land at a Turkish port it is necessary to secure a "tezkereh"; otherwise you may land, but you may not leave. We already had passports viséed by a Turkish consul in America, but "tezkerehs" were necessary in addition — ten francs apiece. The blank forms issued for filling out these documents were in French on one side, Turkish on the other. One passenger went to the purser with his French form, and pointing to the phrase *couleur des cheveux*, asked: "What does that mean?"

"That?" said the purser; "that means *color of hair*."

Constantinople's Ideal Site

"The h— it does," replied the passenger. "I s'posed it meant *color of eyes*, and I wrote *blue*."

The city of the Sultan looks much better from the water than it does when viewed ashore. The tourist who touches at the port, who remains on board, and who sees the city only from the sea, retains an entirely different impression from that of him who goes ashore. Seen from the water, Constantinople is very beautiful. Seen from the shore, it is the apotheosis of everything that is filthy and foul. He who stays on board will take away a much more picturesque impression.

The site of Constantinople is ideal. There is probably no finer site for a city in the world. It is situated on the Bosphorus, between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea; it lies between Europe and Asia, for Scutari is a part of Constantinople, and Scutari is on the Asiatic shore; it is cut off by natural boundaries into municipal divisions, for the Golden Horn divides Stamboul, the Mohammedan, from Galata, the Christian city; so the Bosphorus divides Scutari, the Asiatic, from Constantinople, the European city. Yet all of these places make one great city under the general name "Constantinople." And this great city is guarded also by nature: it has the Sea of Marmora close at hand, with fortifications at either end of this great water highway, rendering the city unassailable by sea; it has a peninsular conformation which also renders it, when properly fortified, impregnable by land as well as by sea. With all these factors in its favor, no wonder that Constantinople has always been looked upon as an ideal site for a city.

Stamboul Seen from the Sea

That so many races should have battled over Byzantium for so many hundreds of years is not surprising.

Beautiful, picturesque, though she may be, seen from the sea, Constantinople is unlovely from the land. What God has done at this meeting of the waters is entirely admirable. But the handiwork of man as there set forth excites sometimes pity, and sometimes scorn.

The bridges across the Golden Horn are such venerable, patched-up wrecks that one wonders why the Turks use them so freely. One day, not long ago, a piece of the lower bridge fell into the water, carrying with it three or four dozen Turks, who went to the Mohammedan heaven sooner than they had intended.

In the Golden Horn there lie rows of Turkish warships. These grim black monsters look formidable, but I was told that some of them had not been to sea for twelve years, and that their engineers do not dare to get up steam.

It is said that in the old days the Turks extended a huge chain across the mouth of the Golden Horn, to prevent war vessels from entering. No such barrier is there nowadays; probably the Turks consider the Golden Horn bridges to be sufficient barriers against hostile ships. But they are such trumpery structures that a fleet of modern battleships could probably steam through them with very little jar.

One of the striking features of Constantinople is its gigantic wall, parts of which date from the time of Constantine the Great. There are numerous towers along the walls, and the triumphal arch still stands, through

Harem or Hospital

which the Byzantine emperors made state entries. A view of the massive walls is interesting, but the way around them is through the filthiest and most dangerous quarters of Constantinople. The street boys are in the habit of hurling stones at visitors, and often have to be driven away by the dragomans. In the great embrasures and niches of the walls all sorts of huts and hovels have been built, and even some houses of a higher grade—for Stamboul. When asked, our dragoman assured us that the dwellers were by no means destitute of title to their ground, for they had acquired “permits” to build their houses there. Fancy holding real estate in fee-simple in a hole in a city’s mediæval wall. Probably these “permits” were given by minor officials, from the viziers down; that they received good *bakshish* for them is also probable.

The wall of Constantine extends across the neck of the peninsula, and not along the sea-shore; it was intended as a defence against invasion from the land side. There is a wall along the water’s edge, but it is called the “Harbor Wall,” and extends from about the point where the Byzantine wall begins, to the Old Seraglio. This “Harem” on Seraglio Point is inhabited principally by the wives and favorites of former Sultans. According to rumor, many of these ladies are extremely old; this rumor is probably true, as some of the inmates date back to periods before Sultan Abdul Aziz. Here is another illusion gone! According to the poets and the romancers the chief seraglio in the capital city of the Grand Turk would mean a collection of beautiful

Stamboul Seen from the Sea

Circassians and voluptuous odalisques. In reality, it seems to be a cross between a hospital and an Old Ladies' Home, and the Grand Turk never goes there.

Within the Seraglio grounds is the new Museum, erected in 1891 to house the sarcophagi of Sidon. Here may be seen one of the most beautiful productions of Greek art — the so-called "Tomb of Alexander," of Pentelic marble, unearthed with twenty-one other sarcophagi at Sidon, in 1887. Its form is that of a Greek temple and its carving and coloring are exquisite. Among its polychrome sculptures in relief, representing scenes of battle and the chase, there is a portrait head of Alexander the Great — hence the name, "Tomb of Alexander."

In Stamboul, there are miles of markets in the streets. I do not mean the great bazaars, most of which are covered. But along the open streets are booths containing all manner of articles. Food and wearing apparel are the most common, and of these, bread, dates, and figs seem to be the staple articles. These eatables are exposed in the open, and considering the awful filth of the streets, it makes one shudder at the thought of eating them. I suppose the foreigners' hotels of Pera, the European quarter, get their supplies from other sources. As we put up in Pera, I sincerely hope so.

There are markets of different nationalities in Stamboul. The city is divided into various quarters — the Greek quarter, the Jewish quarter, etc. — and each quarter seems to have its own market. On the out-



Tomb of Alexander (so-called), Constantinople



Crowded and Filthy Streets

lying streets, up toward the Sweet Waters of Europe, there are spaces of ground where other markets are held on certain days of the week. Among them you see old-clothes markets, like the "rag fairs" of England, and other markets in which are sold old kettles, worn-out pots, ancient pans, rusty ironmongery, decrepit tongs, broken-winded bellows, toothless curry-combs — objects that the poorest beggar in our land would not take the trouble to carry away.

In some of these crowded market streets you often see a cobbler seated in a hole in the sidewalk, only his head protruding from the hole; behind him is a lifted trap-door, fastened to the wall. There are many of these cobbler-shops, and the cobbler shuts up shop by letting down the trap-door. Often I saw these cobblers working in their dens in filthy streets, where gutters filled with sewage trickled under their very noses.

One of the peculiarities of Stamboul is the insolent demeanor of the horseman to the footman. Many times daily you will see some rascal of a cabman trying to drive down a well-dressed man on the street. The drivers rarely take the trouble to shout as they approach pedestrians. I was often filled with wonder at observing the meekness with which well-dressed Turks on foot submitted to such treatment from shabby Turks on carriage-boxes. Even when no injury was done to such a pedestrian, he was often bespattered with mud. Stamboul must be an unpleasant place in which to live. Were cabmen in our country to treat pedestrians so recklessly, there would be many cases of

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assault and battery, and I think some mortality among the Jehus.

One day I saw a uniformed Turk picking his way across the street, using his sabre as a walking-stick. A carriage suddenly dashed down on him, and its driver, after nearly running over him, hurled at him a volley of what sounded like choice Turkish abuse. The uniformed Turk retorted not; he scraped the mud off his uniform, stuck his sabre under his arm, and waded ashore. In our country a man with a sabre would have used it on the driver's back. By this I do not mean that the Turks are lacking in spirit — far from it. But apparently it would seem to be the custom of the country that the man on foot, as against the man on horseback, has no rights.

Generally speaking, the native populace obey the police with much more meekness than is the case in Occidental cities. They seem to fear the dreaded police magistrate even more than they do the police officer.

The police in the Orient are frequently provided with whips with which they correct boys, and even men when necessary. These whips seem to be extremely useful. It is odd that in America, a civilized and presumably peaceful country, police officers are armed with deadly weapons, while in the turbulent Orient the police seem able to control the populace with whips instead of pistols.

In the streets of Oriental cities there are many rows. In Syrian and Egyptian cities I have often seen the

Flimsy Tinder Houses

natives burst into violent abuse, and clutch at each other's garments. But they did not often seem to strike — a great deal of abuse resulted, but rarely more. In Stamboul I did not see any such encounters among the Turks; there were continual quarrels there between drivers and footmen, in which a vast amount of Billingsgate was exchanged, but these also were generally verbal rows. There and elsewhere ragged drivers often abused well-dressed pedestrians, which attracts little attention in the Orient. It must not be supposed that there are no bloody affrays in the streets of Oriental cities, for there are many. From my limited observation they seem to be principally between Levantines. The Turkish police do not always display enthusiasm in separating belligerents who are not true believers. I have seen a couple of Turkish police officers gazing with apparent indifference on a bloody fight between two Greeks.

The streets of Stamboul are made up almost entirely of little wooden houses, most of them one story high. Poor as they are, the Turkish houses can always be identified by their latticed windows. Galata and Pera, the Christian quarters of Constantinople, are largely built of stone, stucco-covered; in fact, the buildings are much like those of southern Europe. There are, of course, many wooden houses in Galata inhabited by the poorer classes. But all of Stamboul is built of wood — in the Turkish city one sees mile after mile of shabby wooden houses. They might be workmen's cottages, such as one sees in manufacturing towns in America,

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but they are much inferior to the workmen's houses in most of the large towns of Europe. In European cities wood is little used for building houses: in fact, I can recall no city in Occidental Europe where its use is common. Constantinople, in that respect, is much like the cities of western America. Like them, too, vast amounts of money are made — and lost — in fire insurance. As you drive through the streets of Stamboul you will notice that all the trumpery little houses have trumpery little tin insurance labels. I observed that these labels nearly all bore the names of French insurance companies. From the frequency of fires in Constantinople, the inefficiency of the firemen, and the fact that the fires nearly always result in total loss, the stockholders in these insurance companies must be desperate gamblers.

In the insurance business there is said to be a "moral risk" as well as a "fire risk"; certain communities in western America are looked at askance by insurance companies, who charge them high rates for their low morals and frequent fires. The risk from fire in Stamboul is certainly very great — I wondered whether there is a moral hazard as well.

The Turkish women of Constantinople go about in squads. The better class often go out to the Sweet Waters or to points on the Bosphorus in groups like large picnic-parties; the poorer seem to use the cemeteries as their pleasure-grounds. This habit of going about in large bodies they extend to business as well as pleasure. On the street one day I saw a rabble of

Sleep in the Orient

women yelling and weeping in front of a large building. I asked an explanation, and was told that they were the wives of government employés, and that they were demanding their husbands' salaries which had remained unpaid for months. This ingenious expedient will frequently bring a skinflint minister to terms when nothing else will. The sympathy the stranger feels for these unfortunate women is somewhat mitigated when he learns that they are not always the injured wives, but that they are women who hire themselves out as such to any squad of unpaid employés.

The dogs of Constantinople are by no means the fierce animals they are often reported to be. They are poor, mangy, shambling, yellow curs, unlike the smart and perky dogs of our western lands. They have an apologetic and masterless air, and slink around the streets as if in constant fear of the passers-by. They need not fear, for the Turks treat them very gently, and when they lie in the middle of the roadway, footmen step over them and drivers go around them. In fact, the drivers in Constantinople are more careful of a sleeping dog than of a waking man.

But the drivers sometimes find sleeping men in the roadways as well as sleeping dogs. When first visiting the Orient I used to wonder at the number of sleepers to be seen everywhere. One sees men and boys asleep on the footway, on the roadway, in doorways, on tops of narrow walls, in carts, in boats, and on the backs of camels and asses. I have finally come to believe that the reason one sees so many daytime sleepers in the

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Orient is because they have so little chance to sleep at night. After trying to sleep for a number of nights in Constantinople I concluded that in the Orient one has to scatter his sleep over the twenty-four hours, and take it when he can. The dogs of Constantinople yelp, bark, and howl under your windows all night long. The Constantinople paviers, although the streets are the worst paved in Europe, seem also to be the most industrious in Europe, and apparently carry on their noisy occupation all night. Belated Europeans meet in the streets under your windows, and stop to talk things over loudly and at length. Turkish early risers meet each other at three or four o'clock, and stop to talk things over even more loudly and at greater length. To crown it all, dreadful piano-organs patrol the streets, beginning their blasts of sound before daybreak. After a short stay in Constantinople I no longer wondered why the Orientals sleep in the daytime or at any other time. They sleep in the daytime to even up. I had to do it myself.



In Marion Crawford's cosmopolitan Constantinopolitan story, "Paul Patoff," he says, "I know of no fairer and sweeter resting-place in life's journey than the Valley of the Sweet Waters above the Golden Horn." When at Constantinople I was surprised at the slight foundation for much of the gushing of Gautier and De Amicis. Marion Crawford's book in other respects is a striking story of Stamboul, but in my opinion there

Unlovely Sweet Waters

is nothing unusual about the Valley of the Sweet Waters except its name, and that merely means "fresh" water as opposed to "salt." Going up the Stamboul side toward the Golden Horn you pass through the filthiest, most malodorous, and most repulsive quarters of Constantinople. Starting from the Galata side of the Golden Horn to reach the Sweet Waters you drive through a desolate country and over bare brown hills. The view is not particularly attractive and the road is monotonous. Occasionally one may see a Turkish patrol pricking over the hills, and that is all. On Friday afternoons the Turkish ladies repair there in their carriages, but it is not etiquette to look at Turkish ladies, and they are not, as a rule, worth looking at anyway; they may be beautiful in their boudoirs, but these shapeless, balloon-like houris as seen in public are not attractive. On the banks of the Sweet Waters (a sluggish stream running into the Golden Horn) the Sultan has a kiosk in the valley, dignified with the term "Palace." It is a very commonplace wooden building, looking as if it might be a large boarding-school. A somewhat marshy looking pond is near it, around which are grouped a stable and a little mosque with a little minaret and doubtless a little muezzin to call the Sultan to prayer. Thus it will be seen that all the modern Turkish conveniences are to be found there.

As I gazed up the unattractive valley, at the bare brown hills and the dusty road over which we had come, at this very commonplace group of buildings, at the sluggish stream and marshy pond, I repeated to my-

Stamboul Seen from the Sea

self mechanically Marion Crawford's words, "I know of no fairer and sweeter resting-place in life's journey than the Valley of the Sweet Waters above the Golden Horn."

But I don't think so.



Pera and Galata are the so-called Christian quarters of Constantinople. Galata, which was once a Genoese suburb of Byzantium, was even ruled by a Genoese syndic under the Byzantine protectorate. That the Genoese had their city strongly fortified is shown by what remains of the massive walls. Their tall tower is the most conspicuous object in Galata, and is now used as a watch-tower by the Turks to spy out Constantinople's numerous fires.

Pera is the quarter largely given up to the foreign embassies, the consular offices, and the residences of rich foreigners. Here are the shops frequented by foreigners, as also by the Turkish ladies, for we are told that one of the factors most fatal to polygamy is the taste of the harem ladies for costly silks, satins, laces, and jewels from Paris and Vienna. Apropos of this, it is said that Constantinople is a favorite rubbish-heap or "dump" for dealers to dispose of their unmarketable goods in the shape of last season's fashions. Occasionally — so the story runs — the modistes, couturières, and milliners of Paris and Vienna fail to hit off the feminine taste. Like Beau Brummel with his white ties, they say "these are our failures,"

Foreigners in Pera

and at once ship them to Constantinople. From the appearance of the Turkish ladies there I am inclined to think this story is true.

In Pera is to be found the only comfortable hotel in all Constantinople, the Palace Hotel. Its front looks out on the crowded Grande Rue de Péra, its rear on vacant ground with a Turkish cemetery in sight. But so it is in Constantinople: filth, squalor, and open drains may be found side by side with palaces. An archaic survival may be seen on looking out from the windows of the Palace Hotel — it is a row of sedan chairs along the street. They are used by old ladies, invalids, and some old men, for many of the streets are impassable except to the young and active.

Foreigners living in Pera must resign themselves to semi-isolation. If their walls are high, their neighbors' walls speedily become higher. When a foreign family establishes itself on one of the hills of Pera the Turks around immediately erect tall wooden palings or lattices shutting off the view. This is partly on account of the Turkish idea of seclusion, partly on account of the extremely informal déshabille affected by Turkish ladies in the intimacy of their grounds and gardens.

Pera, as I have said, is largely made up of the residences of rich foreigners. Why any one should desire to live in Constantinople, except diplomats and others obliged to do so, seems a mystery. Still, this story, told of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe when he was Ambassador at Constantinople, shows that there are peculiar people who reside there: An English widow,

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who lived at Pera, one day grew dissatisfied with her English maid. Following the fashion of the faithful, instead of scolding the maid she had the woman sewed up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. When this came to Lord Stratford's ears he at once made complaint. But the Sultan replied that he "never interfered in domestic affairs, and this was entirely a domestic affair." Without discussing the right of Turks to regulate their domestic affairs by drowning, Lord Stratford insisted on punishment, and the Sultan at last reluctantly consented to exile the English widow to Crete.

Of the amusements in Constantinople, it might be said, like the snakes in Ireland — there are no amusements in Constantinople. True, one often sees sketches of brilliant cafés filled with picturesque people such as one reads about in "Paul Patoff." But the reality is disappointing. The Constantinople cafés are frequented chiefly by the cheaper order of Levantines, male and female. As for the performance, it consists mainly of ballads chanted by sharp sopranos and raucous contraltos. There is an occasional dramatic performance by a travelling company — Italian opera, French comedy, or Greek farce.

While we were in the Levant, French artists were playing in some of the principal cities — Coquelin, for example, in Athens, and Sarah Bernhardt in Constantinople. Sarah brought with her six plays, three of which were by Sardou. To her amazement she found that all were prohibited by the Turkish authori-

Turkish Play-censorship

ties; the reasons given were eminently Turkish and eminently peculiar. "La Tosca" was prohibited because a prefect of police is killed in the play. "Fé-dora," because it hinges on Nihilism and the overthrow of government. "La Sorcière," because the Koran is mentioned in the text. Of the other three plays, Racine's "Phèdre" was tabooed because it is a Greek drama, and the Greeks are notoriously the most rebellious subjects of the Sultan. Rostand's "L'Aiglon" was forbidden because it satirized the treatment of Napoleon's son by Austria, and therefore was calculated to give offence to a friendly government. Thus of the six only one piece passed the Turkish censors, and that, oddly enough, was Dumas's "La Dame aux Camélias," which for years the Lord Chamberlain has forbidden in England on account of its immorality!

VI

THE SULTAN AND THE
SELAMLIK

VI

THE SULTAN AND THE SELAMLIK

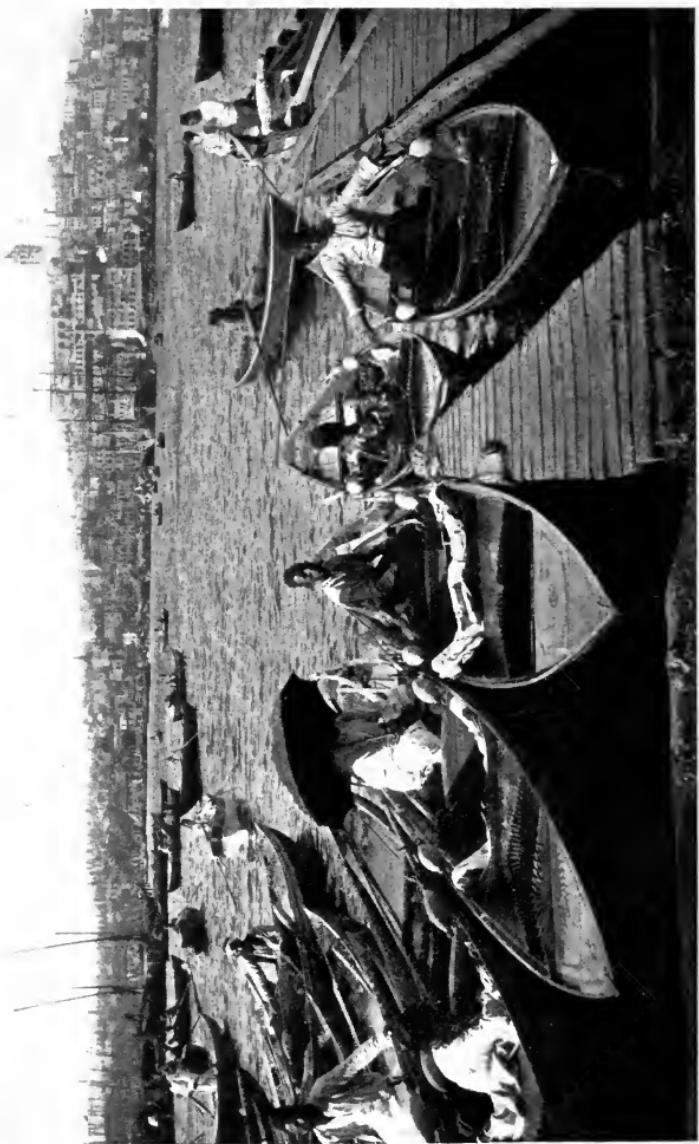
HE palace and grounds inhabited by Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, were begun in 1832 by his grandfather, who built on a hill by the Bosphorus a small kiosk which he called "Yildez," meaning "star." By an odd coincidence this was afterward replaced by a larger kiosk inhabited by a Circassian favorite of Sultan Medjid, whose name was "Yildez." The place was successively enlarged, and, finally, about the time when the present Sultan grew too timorous to live longer in Dolmabagtche Palace, he removed to the Yildez estate. This he entrenched as if it were a fortress. It is an immense park, scattered over which are palaces, kiosks, pavilions, cottages, and watch-towers. New structures are continually added, for the Sultan has the building superstition so common in the Orient. Surrounding the estate is an immense wall, which a few years ago the Sultan raised some thirty feet. Sentry boxes and barracks are found all along this wall. Within the main enclosure is a smaller wall some twelve feet thick, with iron doors; inside of this again is the Sultan's

The Sultan and the Selamlik

private residence and his harem. It is said that he has underground communication from his residence to other buildings on the estate. At Yildez there is a subterranean structure built of concrete, ostensibly constructed to be earthquake-proof, although skeptics say that it was designed to be bomb-proof. There is a magnificent view of the Bosphorus from the hill where the Sultan's residence stands, and near his kiosk he has a small artificial lake on which he rows. For his boating he has confined himself to this sheet of water for some years, fearing to go to the larger lake in the outer enclosure. For a long time he has not gone aboard his yachts, of which there are several, so-called, on the Bosphorus. Although presumably pleasure craft, I observed that the guns they carried were not the usual simple saluting battery, but business-like, quick-firing cannon, forward, amidships, and in the stern.

Yildez is more than a palace and its grounds: it is a small city, for it contains farms, vegetable-gardens, a porcelain factory, a saw-mill, a foundry, a machine-shop, a repair-shop, and an arsenal. There are several stables, a small one in the Sultan's private enclosure, and others in different parts of the estate. Near the Sultan's private stable there is a fine riding-school, where the young princes are carefully trained in horsemanship. The Sultan was once very fond of riding, and up to a few years ago rode daily around his immense parks. He is fond of animals generally, and there are many wild animals in cages at Yildez; there is a deer-park there, many deer and gazelles, several





Boatmen in the Golden Horn

His Private Mosque

aviaries, numerous pigeon-houses, flower-gardens, and hot-houses containing rare orchids and other plants.

According to Mohammedan law the Sultan, as head of the church, must make his formal prayer weekly. Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, is the day he goes to prayer. At one time the Sultan was in the habit of crossing the Golden Horn to the mosque at the Old Seraglio. But fear of assassination has caused Abdul Hamid to remain within the precincts of his own domain, Yildez Kiosk. Here he has had constructed a little mosque of his own, called after him, the Hamid-yeh Mosque. It stands within the enclosure of the Yildez Kiosk grounds, and is visible from several places near at hand. One of these is a large parade ground for the troops. On this parade ground the Mohammedan faithful are permitted to stand, and pilgrims from all over Turkey assemble there in crowds every Friday. There is another piece of rising ground whence a good view may be had; this is accessible to European travellers who are properly accredited with passports or recommendations from their legations or consulates, and therefore may not be bomb-throwers. At one time there was a large pavilion for members of the diplomatic corps, their guests, and travellers provided with invitations. But the assassinations of royal and governmental persons of late years so terrified the Sultan that this privilege ceased.

The most interesting phase of the Selamlik is the display of troops. There is a large garrison at Constantinople, from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand

The Sultan and the Selamlik

picked soldiers of the Turkish army. Their brilliant uniforms are of every kind and color, and they come from Trebizond, Smyrna, Angora, Erzeroum, Bagdad, Bassorah, Aleppo, Beirut, Lebanon, Damascus, Turkish Armenia, Albania, Salonica, Roumelia, Koordistan, and Mesopotamia. They nearly all wear the fez, as does the Sultan himself. Every man of them is a Mohammedan. Although the Sultan has many Christian subjects, no Christian is allowed to serve as a soldier; Christian subjects are required to pay a special annual military tax, about equivalent to the cost of a substitute. The troopers of the cavalry squadrons are very well mounted. The officers bestrode the most handsome horses we saw in the Levantine cities of Europe, Africa, or Asia. The foot-troops wear the red fez; most of the cavalry wear a black fez; the zouaves of the guard corps and some artillery officers wear the green turban; while the firemen, who also are represented at the Selamlik parade, wear a red helmet with a white crescent on the front. Among the various uniforms seen were those of generals of division; brigade adjutants; aides-de-camp; staff officers; zouave, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and uhlans officers of the guard; engineer, infantry, artillery, and cavalry officers of the line; mountain artillery; fortress artillery; light artillery; foot artillery; cadets of the military academy; officers and men of the marine and light cavalry. Among the light cavalry there are some striking looking squadrons; five of these (about sixty-five regiments) which are recruited from certain nomad tribes of Asia, are called the Hamidyeh cavalry, from

Impressing Military Display

the name of the Sultan (Abdul Hamid) who organized this corps. On a peace footing Turkey has about 255,000 men of whom 21,000 are officers; this does not include the militia, the gendarmerie, the sanitary, the veterinary, the clerical, or the transportation corps. The number of troops that Turkey can mobilize is 1,180,000 with 1,700 cannon. The infantry are armed with a Mauser rifle, model 1890; the cavalry with a carbine of the same model. The mountain artillery are equipped with rapid fire Krupp cannon.



It is the day of the Selamlik. We are in a large enclosure overlooking the Palace grounds and the gardens of the Mosque. Around us are large numbers of tourists in carriages. They while away the time of their long wait by looking at the baskets of hucksters who go from carriage to carriage noisily hawking their wares. Scattered among the crowd are "secret police"—that is, they are not in uniform, but very evidently of the detective class. They move about among the carriages, looking for cameras, opera-glasses, and lorgnons, and warning the owners against their use.

A vast amount of vapid talk goes on among the tourists. But for vacuity and vapidity the talk between the tourists and their dragomans is astounding. Here is a sample dialogue:

"Does the Sultan pray every day?" asks a sharp-faced female tourist of her dragoman.

"Once a week, lady."

The Sultan and the Selamlik

“Not oftener?”

“No, not more.”

“Why not?”

Dragoman gives it up. A pause.

The sharp-faced tourist points her opera-glass at the Palace.

“Must not use opera-glass, lady,” mildly hints the dragoman.

“Why not?”

“It is forbid.”

“But why is it forbid?”

“I not know, lady.”

“But I don’t see why I can’t use it.”

“Yes — no — I not see, but must not,” monotonously drones the dragoman.

“But what will they do if I use it?”

“Police officer make very much trouble, lady.”

“But won’t you ask the officer if I can’t use mine?”

“No use, lady, he not permit.”

“But I can’t see the Sultan without my opera-glass.”

“Yes, but it is not permit, lady.”

“But I don’t see why not.”

Thus the aggrieved lady continues her moan. She considers the restriction unreasonable, and takes it out of her dragoman, who probably chalks up his sympathy as labor performed, and takes it out of her bill. Yet all around her the detectives are alert, watching for levelled cameras and opera-glasses, perhaps for other things that might be levelled at the Sultan — who knows?

Magnificent Troops

They even peer under the seats of carriages, and if there is a particularly suspicious-looking elderly lady who looks as if she might have a bomb concealed, they make her rise while they examine her many rugs.

Occasionally spans of handsome horses dash by, attached to fine carriages containing red-fezzed officials. Every few minutes troops of lancers and dragoons trot past, with mounted bands. They are fine-looking troops, and better mounted than any cavalry we have seen in Europe, except the crack corps in London. Still these are scarcely fair samples by which to judge the Turkish Army; they are hardly troops of the line, but special corps belonging to the garrison, of which there are some twenty thousand at Constantinople, although no such number of troops are present at this Selamlik. That the magnificent troops seen at the Selamlik are not typical of the Turkish army is plainly evident in the smaller cities of Syria; there one sees filthy, frowsy, ragged soldiers, utterly unlike the dashing troopers and trim foot-soldiers at Stamboul.

The troops take their positions, and form a hollow square; they completely surround the mosque and the roadway leading from the Palace portal to the doorway of the mosque. His majesty is about to fare forth to pray; on his way he will be entirely circled by steel. The roadway runs from the imperial palace entrance down a slight hill to the entrance of the mosque. A gang of men appear, who carefully sweep and sprinkle this roadway. At exactly twelve o'clock a high-pitched musical voice rings through the air. It is the muezzin

The Sultan and the Selamlik

calling the Sultan to prayer. Simultaneously with his call a trumpeter sounds a blast, and the thousands of troops shoulder arms.

Down the hillside from the Palace starts the advance of the Sultan's procession. This is made up of the leading ladies of the harem, all in handsome broughams. On both sides of their carriages ride coal-black eunuchs; they wear long black frock coats, red fezzes, and are mounted on magnificent Arabian horses. First of these ladies is the Valideh Sultana, the Sultan's step-mother; she is followed by various wives and daughters of the Sultan. Behind the ladies of the harem rides the Chief Eunuch, an old and fat Abyssinian negro. Next come the Sultan's sons, seven, eleven, and fourteen years of age, wearing officers' uniforms, and handsomely mounted. The escort of the princes is made up of gray-bearded cavalry officers. Behind them comes the cavalry escort of the Sultan, picked soldiers on selected mounts. Several Arabian horses, blanketed and hooded, led by grooms, are next in the line; these are the Sultan's saddle-horses. Sometimes, when the whim seizes him, he rides to the mosque; sometimes he drives there and returns on horseback. He is fond of riding and driving, and used to be an active horseman before he shut himself up in Yildez Kiosk.

Following the saddle-horses is an open space. There is a pause. Presently a carriage appears which is greeted with a continuous and curious cry from the people gathered there, soldiers and populace. This cry, we are told, is "Long live our Padishah!" As he

The Sultan at Prayer

descends the gentle slope, Abdul Hamid's face and figure are plainly to be seen in his open and roomy victoria. This day he does not drive to the mosque himself, but is driven. He is simply clad in a black frock coat and a red fez. His jet-black beard owes its color, of course, to dye. Amid the continuous roar of the cheering, the Sultan's carriage turns into the gates of the mosque enclosure. It pauses at the stairs, up which the Sultan presently mounts with a vigorous step. As soon as he has entered, the crowd of courtiers, pashas, and other uniformed officers press into the narrow doorway, and for a time the brilliant suite is invisible.

The Sultan remains less than half an hour at his devotions. When he emerges, the word of command runs around the thousands of troops, and with a sharp slap they shoulder their muskets. As the Sultan steps into his carriage he speaks a few words to the gold-laced group bowing low before him. He returns to the Palace by a different carriage, a phaeton, to which two beautiful white Arabian stallions are attached. He takes the reins himself, grasps the whip, and with a word his impetuous horses start up the incline.

Now comes a curious sight. As his horses ascend the hill at a quick trot his generals, his pashas, his colonels, and his ministers keep pace with his horses. The courtiers are clad in scarlet and bullion, in blue and silver, in green and gold; they are gray, grizzled, and old, but they run like so many school-boys behind and on either side of the imperial carriage. Fortu-

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nately the run is not a long one, for many of the pashas are fat and scant of breath. But no matter how old or how fat, all who are not absolutely disabled run by their master's carriage. Obesity is not an exemption; age is not a release. There is no apology but partial paralysis; no excuse but locomotor ataxia. This is perhaps the Oriental courtiers' way of indicating enthusiastic loyalty. Courtiers have always had to do humiliating things, with joyful faces, in monarchies. Perhaps they do still — perhaps even in republics. But what a fantastic spectacle — a lot of uniformed and elderly dignitaries running up a hill on a hot day — a troop of perspiring and pot-bellied pashas sprinting after their padishah!

VII

THE BREEKS OF THE TURKS

VII

THE BREEKS OF THE TURKS

IBELIEVE in telling the truth about travel. It may not much matter what a traveller thinks, but it does matter that he should, if he tells it, tell it truthfully. Most travellers are apt to rave to order. Like the sheep of Panurge, they follow one another's tales. If they have been told that in Paris they should rave over the tomb of Napoleon, they rave over Napoleon's tomb. If tourists think it is the thing in London to gush over St. Paul's, they gush. Yet many tourists pass St. Paul's without noticing it at all; still, when stopped, they always obediently rave.

The truthful traveller will often admit his disappointment. When I first visited London I drove in a hansom for miles across that dreary desert of bricks and mortar, that forest of chimney-pots, between Euston Station and Piccadilly. I never dreamed there were so many dull, dingy, ugly brick houses in the world. Needless to say, I was disappointed in London. When I first visited Paris I drove from the Eastern Station

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down that long and stupid street, the Rue Lafayette, for what seemed miles, until we reached the criss-cross composer-named streets back of the Opéra. The Rue Lafayette, in some respects, suggests New York's Seventh Avenue; in others, it resembles London's Tottenham Court Road; but there was nothing about it to bring up before me the Paris of which I had read — the Paris of which I had dreamed. Paris was a disappointment — I was frank enough to admit it, even to myself. Later I saw other quarters of London, other parts of Paris, which more than compensated me for the Rue Lafayette and Bloomsbury.

What most struck me at Stamboul? What were my first impressions of Constantinople, the famous city seated on the Bosphorus and divided by the Golden Horn? Did I think of the Byzantine emperors? Of the many dynasties who occupied the thrones of the Empire of the East? Of Constantine? Of Helena? Of Justinian? Of Theodora? Did I think of the many dithyrambic word-paintings I had read? Of the many mosques? Of the countless minarets? Of the summer palaces which line the Bosphorus, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea?

No: to be frank, I did not think of any of these things. I did not weep, like Lamartine; nor did I rave, like Gautier; nor did I "turn hot and cold," as did De Amicis. I first gazed in wonder at the famous bridge across the Golden Horn — a bridge reposing on rotting pontoons, and apparently fastened together with rusty wire, pieces of tin-roofing, old hoops, bed-

Umbrella and Sabre

slats, and weather-worn rope. Then what first struck me as I stepped ashore was the nether garment of the Ottoman. The first man I saw was an elderly Turk, attired in a rich gold-laced uniform; girt by his side was a gold-hilted sabre with beautifully enamelled scabbard; as far as his knees he was trim, elegant, and point-devise; but below the knees, his uniform trousers were frowsy and filthy. His feet were clad in aged "congress gaiters," or "side-spring shoes," with gaping side-elastics; these gaping gaiters were thrust into still more aged rubber galoshes, which bore even more evident traces of the filth of Stamboul's streets.

As I gazed at this gorgeous person, gold-laced above, frowsy and filthy below, a bulbous umbrella in his right hand, his left holding a gold-hilted sabre, he seemed to me to typify the Ottoman Turk. Peace and war, glitter and foulness. His umbrella symbolized peace, for your umbrella is the least lethal of weapons, and your Turk is peaceful if let alone. But his sabre meant war, for the Turk is a fighter, and is always ready to fight if he be attacked. His beard was gray — your Turkish soldier has no age-limit. Every male from sixteen to sixty is eligible as a recruit, and therefore potential food for powder. He was uniformed, and therefore an officer or official. He was either unpaid or poor, for he had to walk through the filthy streets, as was shown by his umbrella, his frowsy trousers, his galoshes, and his lack of a cab.

Another point that struck me was that these same trousers were unlike any other trousers in sight. Every

The Breeks of the Turks

man on the street wore a different kind of breeks. This showed the lack of unity, the absence of homogeneity in the Turkish Empire.

In the Occident we all wear the same kind of trousers. In London one may see, of a fine spring morning, several hundred thousand men in sleek silk hats, frock coats, and dark striped trousers — about three fourths of them going “to the city” in hansoms, and the remaining one fourth not city men, but idlers lounging along Piccadilly, Bond Street, or Pall Mall, but all in dark striped trousers. The only break to this monotony in England is the cyclist in stockings or the equestrian in boots and breeches.

So in America. When President Roosevelt made his tour of our vast country, he wore exactly the same kind of trousers as every man he met. All were cut about nineteen inches over the knee, and about seventeen inches over the instep. This was true even of the President’s favorite cowboys, with the purely superficial difference that they rolled their trousers up, or, as they would express it, “wore their pants in their boots.”

How different the variegated trousers of Turkey from the uniformly creased trousers of respectable Britain. How different the multiform breeks of the Turks from the neat pantings and trouserings of respectable America. Wherever I turned my eyes I saw a different kind of breeks. I saw the Montenegrin galligaskins — tight-fitting around the ankle and calf, looser around the knee, voluminous around the hip. I saw the Albanian breeks — tighter even than the Montenegrin

The Breeks of the Greeks

breeks below, more voluminous above. I saw the Bulgarian breeks — so redundant that the wearer might easily carry a bushel of wheat in the seat. I saw the Roumelian pantaloon-like breeks — breeks much resembling the pantaloons of our great-grandsires, some of whose great-grandsons erroneously call their trousers "pantaloons." I saw young officers of the Sultan's guard in smart riding-breeks, looking as if they came from West End London tailors, which, perhaps, they did. I saw the cheap hand-me-down breeks of scowling, sour-faced, fanatic old Turks — Christian breeks, made in the sweat-shops of Germany, as evidenced by tags upon these trousers — baggy brands of breeks made up specially in Christendom for the breek-wearers of Islam. I saw the smart creased breeks of the Greek clerks going to their Pera offices. I saw also the genuine Greek breeks, which are voluminous pantalooned petticoats, or petticoated pantaloons. I saw officers in all kinds of handsome uniform breeks, sandwiched in with the coarse breeks of the common soldier. I saw the gorgeous gold-laced breeks of the kavasses or dragomans of legations. I saw all manner of laced, embroidered, and braided breeks, which had strutted their brief hour on wealthy Turkish legs, thence to descend to porters, to beggars, to donkey-drivers. And I even saw one poor Turk clad in ex-grain bags bearing a stencilled stamp in English on the dome.

All of these remarks, be it understood, apply to the breeks of the Turks. As to the breeks of the Turkesses, I will say little. But the same indifference to their

The Greeks of the Turks

nether-wear exists among the women as among the men. You will see a Turkish woman richly clad so far as concerns her *yashmak* and her silk *jeridjee*, but declining in elegance and cleanliness as she descends. Below the knee all elegance disappears, and a pair of sleazy, alpaca, balloon-like trousers, ungartered socks, and old yellow slippers down at heel, shabbily finish off the lady who started so elegantly at the other end. Another peculiarity of the Turkish woman, with her shabby trousers and slipshod foot-gear, is her indifference as to exposing that end of her. While she is extremely careful to keep her face covered, she is equally careless about her legs. It is not uncommon to see a group of Turkish women sunning themselves in a cemetery — they apparently affect graveyards as pleasure resorts; as they lie a-basking in the sun in these cheerful places, they have an infantile fashion of pulling up their trousers and scratching one bare leg with the hoof of the other.

One day, while on the Grande Rue de Péra — a busy street with European shops — I saw every now and again veiled ladies whose attire seemed to demolish my theory. They were bold, black-eyed beauties; they wore very thin veils, which they kept continually dropping; they were clad in the same black and white garments as all the Turkish ladies. But in one respect they differed — they were very trim about their foot-gear. Most of them wore natty buttoned boots, with extremely high heels, evidently of French make, while their hosiery, of which they made a lavish display, was



A Mohammedan Cemetery

Imitation Turkish Ladies

of costly silk. Here was a divergence from the shabby yellow slippers and the ungartered socks. My theory seemed in danger. I made haste to confer with Demetrius Arghyropulos, our dragoman.

"Demetri," said I, "are those ladies yonder Turkish ladies?"

"Dose ladies?" he replied, following my finger; "oh! no — dose ladies not Turkish. Dose ladies sometimes Franch, sometimes Ingleez, sometimes Cherman, sometimes Bulgarian — dat kind of lady is anyt'ing — but always Christian — never Turkish."

From Demetri's manner, it was evident that these trimly shod damsels constituted a distinct class, and I made no further queries. But it was also evident that my theories about the Turkish women's neglect of their nether-gear were as well founded as my observations on the breeks of the Turks.

VIII

OF SMYRNA AND OF BUYING THINGS

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OF SMYRNA AND OF BUYING THINGS



F all Levantine cities Smyrna is probably the most prosperous but certainly the least interesting. Not that points of archæologic interest are non-existent there — they fairly swarm. Enthusiastic dragomans point out to agitated tourists the place where the ancient Greek city used to be when it was destroyed by the Lydians six hundred years before Christ; the place where Alexander the Great stood when he determined to rebuild the Greek city; the place out in the water where the ancient harbor used to be; the river which enthusiastic Smyrniotes believe to be the river Meles, which Homer used to love; the cave near the river where he used to compose his poems; the spot on the river bank where his temple, the Homerium, used to stand. Over-scrupulous pundits point out that “the stream” shown to tourists is a dry bed of boulders, except when torrential rain falls, and that the ancient **Meles** was a mild-mannered river and not a torrential stream; but your resolute tourist pays little heed to a hypercritical antiquary. Another famous and better

Of Smyrna and of Buying Things

identified river not far from Smyrna is the Meander, whose crooked course has given a word for the windings of countless rivers all over the world.

If the enthusiastic tourist has not been chilled by his view of these exciting sights, he may take a railway trip of a few hours to see the ruins of ancient Ephesus. If when there he cannot see the ruins, he may look at the site. If he is unsatisfied with the site, I have no more to say to him. True, the Ephesian ruins are difficult to find, and when found hard to see. True, the traces of the Temple of Diana are visible only to the trained eye of the archæologist or the telescopic eye of the dragoman. But no one can deny that you are shown a large tract of ground on which there are many pieces of stone and not a little brick. To the tourist who still retains his enthusiasm there will be shown the site of the prison where St. Paul was shut up; the place where the great theatre used to be, and the place where the mob gathered and shouted "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" He will also be shown the Cave of the Seven Sleepers. The mystic number figures in other ways concerning Smyrna: it was one of the Seven Cities addressed in Revelation by the fiery evangelist John and one of the Seven Cities claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. Probably had it been made in his lifetime the poet would have repudiated the charge.

Of the modern city it may be said that it has two hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom one half are Europeans, principally Greeks. The Smyrniotes, both





Paradise Aqueduct, Smyrna

Bazaar Disillusions

men and women, seem to be very good-looking, and many of them are remarkably handsome. The city is picturesque when seen from the water, rising up on its amphitheatre of hills with lofty Mount Pagus in the background. There are some fine views in the vicinity, and the Paradise Aqueduct traverses a beautiful landscape. But the city proper is not picturesque or attractive in any way. The streets are narrow, and very muddy after the frequent rainstorms. The bazaars, the sole attraction, are in the most unpleasant quarter of the city. The principal articles one finds there are carpets, cotton, sponges, figs, raisins, opium, and other drugs, for Smyrna is the headquarters of the drug trade of the world.

The mere mention of the Smyrna bazaars will make many people think that Smyrna has at least the redeeming point of being an excellent place in which to buy a few things. When asked "what things"? they would reply, "Why rugs and — and figs, I suppose." It may be that they are right. Many beautiful Oriental carpets and nearly all choice Levantine figs purport to come from Smyrna. But I doubt whether they all do. There are finer exhibits of Oriental carpets to be seen in Occidental cities than in Smyrna. Sometimes I fear that communities which have acquired a wide and century-old fame for certain things do not always "make good," to use our picturesque American slang.

Are there not enthusiastic travellers who dream of drinking genuine curaçao in the little island where grow

Of Smyrna and of Buying Things

the orange groves of Curaçao? Of sipping the real Turkish coffee in Turkey? Of smoking the authentic Egyptian cigarettes in Egypt? Of eating rich, melting, luscious Smyrna figs in Smyrna? Of washing one's hands with the only original Castile soap castiled in fair Castile?

In what wise do these travellers' dreams materialize? Alas and alack! They are but clouds and shadows. They don't come true.

For, on the beautiful islet in the Leeward Island group where grew the groves of Curaçao orange-trees in the aforetime, there are now none. But the world, being used to the flavor of the Curaçao oranges in its curaçao, will tolerate no other. So the world has its way. The liqueur curaçao is still made in large quantities, but it is not a Curaçao liqueur. It is compounded out of everything — as it is an orange liqueur, it is even made of oranges sometimes; but the Amsterdam houses that handle it largely are said to make it principally out of potato alcohol and prune juice.

How about the delicious Egyptian cigarettes? — the delicate Egyptian tobacco? Alas again! The native Egyptian tobacco is so bad that nobody smokes it but the natives, and not even they when they can get anything else. In Egypt, as in so many places, the tobacco comes from Somewhere Else. The highest grade of tobacco there is apparently imported from Europe — from Roumelia. The next best comes from Northern Syria — the best-known grade of this tobacco being known to Europeans as "Latakia," although not so

Turkish Coffee Dreams

called in Egypt. Persian tobacco is also imported into Egypt. In short, Egypt imports the tobacco, the wrappers, the boxes, and the smokers, and then you have the Egyptian cigarette.

"But still," contends the enthusiast, "there can be no coffee like the genuine Turkish coffee. Ah, think of the Arabian Nights! And Scheherezade! And Lady What's-Her-Name, the English peeress who wore Turkish trousers, lived in Turkey for years, and sipped Turkish coffee with Turkish pashas. And of the bearded sheiks in the desert — with bubble-bubble pipes — and harems of beautiful black-eyed houris — all sitting on divans — and all sipping coffee — with all the comforts of a home — out in the desert! Come, now! You must give in on the Turkish coffee."

To this I can only reply that they may have had good coffee in Turkey in the time when Sultan Haroun-al-Raschid walked his city's streets incognito, but they have none now. You can get better Turkish coffee (so-called) in Vienna than in Turkey; you can get much better Turkish coffee in London, Paris, or New York than you can in Stamboul, Pera, Scutari, Smyrna, Beyroot, Jerusalem, or Cairo.

How about the luscious figs of Smyrna? My experience was that the nearer we got to Smyrna the poorer grew the figs. When we reached Beyroot they were pretty bad; when we were off Smyrna, the pedlers brought some aboard that were very bad; when we got ashore at Smyrna, we were offered some on the

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quay that were worse; in the hotel they were wormy; and when we got into the heart of Smyrna the figs were able to walk around the dealer's counter. It is a fact that we have purchased in the leading groceries of London, New York, and San Francisco very much finer Smyrna figs than we saw in Smyrna.

If it be asked how Smyrna figs can be purchased in distant cities, which are superior to the Smyrna figs on sale in Smyrna, the answer is that they are specially selected and specially packed. They are stamped in *English* on the boxes, "Washed Figs." This is wise, but from the fig-dealers and handlers I saw in Smyrna, I think it much more essential that the fig-handlers should be washed.

I used to be very fond of Smyrna figs before I went to Smyrna.

I have not eaten any since.

I shall never eat any again.

Never mind why.

The subject of washing naturally brings me back to soap. Once when in Castile I found no Castile soap. They did not know what I meant; they had never heard of Castile soap. This irritated me, so I began investigating the Castile-soap problem. I learned — or was told — that Castile soap is not made in Castile; is not sold in Castile; is not used in Castile; that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil imported from Palestine. Thus we note this strange anomaly — the name given to a well-known soap comes from a country which knows naught of this particular soap; it is manufactured in a

Measuring Wits in Shops

city using little or no soap, out of materials coming from a country which uses no soap at all.

When Americans indulge in "buying things abroad," do they get good value for their time, their labor, and their money? Time to an American in Europe is a costly item—most people spend several thousand dollars for not very many weeks abroad. Why, then, should they spend so much of their valuable time in haggling with dealers over things that they could buy as cheap or cheaper at home? — this has always been a mystery to me. Similarly, I have never been able to understand why Americans abroad should sit at hotel desks for so many hours (at five dollars or ten dollars per hour) writing letters home to Cousin Susan and Aunt Jane.

American tourists seem to believe they can buy things better in foreign places than at home. I am inclined to doubt this about some things, and I entirely disbelieve it about others. When it comes to laces, jewels, rugs, and carpets, the judgment of an expert is indispensable. Yet what American woman will hesitate to measure wits with an Oriental in a Turkish bazaar? And what chance has she for coming out ahead? Very little, in my opinion. In purchasing goods like Daghestan or Bokhara rugs, about the only guarantee is the dealer's honesty. People who buy from pedlers or shopkeepers in Oriental bazaars are apt to get fleeced, and they generally are.

I believe that the man or woman who buys at home in the United States generally fares as well as — often

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better than — he or she who buys abroad. The time consumed in haggling in the Orient is something awful. It might much better be spent in sight-seeing, for example. Time is the most precious thing we have. It is the stuff of which life is made, said old Ben Franklin. Lost money you may recover, lost health regain, but lost time is gone forever.

I have often looked with pity on an American woman exhausted by hours of haggling in a punk-scented and foul-smelling Oriental bazaar, and neglecting hundreds of beautiful outdoor sights that she might never again have the opportunity to see.

Think of the time consumed; the money spent; the nerve-waste; think of the transportation, which is justly chargeable against your purchases, for you pay for transporting your luggage when you buy your ticket by steamer or rail, even when you do not pay excess luggage, which you generally do; think of the risk by loss or damage in transit — a complete loss if not insured, which baggage rarely or never is; think of the mental worry over the United States customs inspection, which is a terror; think of the United States duty, which must almost unquestionably be paid. If you look into the matter, you will often find it would have been cheaper to buy the things from a reputable dealer in your own town. He or his agents can select better than you can; they have more time and a larger variety. He will probably pay less than you for duties, knowing the classification of goods better than you. His profit will come to little, if any, more than you would pay

Dishonest Orientals

with these extras added. Last, but by no means least, you will have the assurance that you have bought what you paid for. Not so when you deal with the Oriental pedler or with the shopkeeper in a bazaar. You cannot even buy a five-franc sponge in the Orient with the certainty that it is an honest sponge and worth five francs.

These remarks, of course, have their limitations. They apply principally to the purchase of staples, so to speak, or things which are reproduced in large numbers, or of which there are many replicas. They do not apply to antiquities, gems, intaglios, and things that are unique. They do apply, for example, to ordinary commercial bronzes — no matter how artistic, these are reproduced indefinitely; they do not apply to a *cire-perdue* bronze of which there is only one copy in the world. They do not apply to dwellers in Great Britain, whether subjects or denizens; for the customs-laws of that country are so liberal that those returning there may bring practically anything in duty free, except tobacco, liquor, and Tauchnitz novels. But they do apply to dwellers in the United States, for our customs dues are so high as practically to wipe out the lower price of goods purchased abroad.

But waiving all these questions of price, of time, of trouble, there is another one. It is the question of what is fitting, of what is congruous, of what is apropos. The seeker after the congruous, the admirer of the apropos, is, when buying abroad, ever doomed to disappointment. It is indeed a disillusion to learn that

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there is no Castile soap in Castile, no Turkish coffee in Turkey, no curaçao in Curaçao, no wormless Smyrna figs in Smyrna. And it came upon me with a distinct shock when I also learned that there were no Jerusalem artichokes in Jerusalem.

IX

**BETWEEN JAFFA AND
JERUSALEM**

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BETWEEN JAFFA AND JERUSALEM

T is not always easy to reach Jerusalem on schedule time. The traveller in the Levant must often resign himself to threats of possible quarantine, probable quarantine, actual quarantine. It is not feasible to make any hard and fast itinerary. All itineraries must yield to quarantine. No steamship company will agree to land its passengers at any port at any set time. All tickets read "subject to quarantine." Jaffa, the seaport of Jerusalem, is continually quarantining against Alexandria for plague or cholera. Alexandria is continually quarantining against Jaffa for cholera or plague. Then, when Jaffa is not quarantining, the seas on the Jaffa reef are frequently so rough as to render landing impossible for days or even weeks. Thus it is not infrequent for a traveller bound for Jerusalem to spend his time steaming between Constantinople and Alexandria, hoping that the yellow flag may be hauled down, or the sea grow smooth long enough for him to disembark. But there have even been cases of officials, like consuls, finding it difficult to make their way to their

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem

posts at Jerusalem. As some recompense, however, they have the charm of sailing back and forth along the Syrian coast. The atmosphere there is usually very clear, and the panorama of towns and villages along the sandy shore, with the sharply outlined mountains rising behind them, is picturesque. The steamships — at least in daylight — keep very close inshore.

When we landed at Jaffa, the sea was smooth, and the disembarking uneventful. The town is commercially important, but not particularly interesting to tourists. Furthermore, the accommodations for travellers are not good. The "hotels" are few and small, and are in the habit of sending their overflow guests to a hospice kept by the German colony, or to the Franciscan monastery; there too the quarters are limited, and often the tourist will find not where to lay his head. Even in Jerusalem there is but one "hotel," properly speaking, and when that is filled travellers must seek second-rate inns, or the hospitality of the hospices.

Going up through the filthy streets of Jaffa, you see mountains of luggage strapped in pyramids on the backs of Arabs, for no wheeled vehicles are found in the streets. When you reach the limits of the town some venerable vehicles of the cabriolet type may be hired. We were weak enough to charter one of these vehicles, as we had already trudged some distance from the quay, and the railway station was still afar off. Scarcely had we started when our own driver and the drivers of several other vehicles began flogging their horses, and a wild race began. I believe the Orientals are the worst





Inside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem

Odd Sights of Jaffa

drivers in the world — some of them seem to be crazy. Ours was the craziest in this lot, for he soon distanced the others, much to our relief, for the road was narrow. Ere long a crash behind us betokened disaster. We looked, and witnessed a complicated collision, in which several travellers were hurled from their carriages under the horses' feet, and some of them badly hurt. No drivers were smashed up, which seemed a pity. The natives paid little attention to the injured persons; to them the collision seemed a pleasant and exciting incident in a rather dull day.

Among the odd sights of Jaffa is a collection of cottages constructed in Chicago. Several of these are now occupied as the "Jerusalem Hotel." It seems that these incongruous structures were transported to Jaffa some years ago by a Second Adventist colony from Chicago. Some of these colonists died of tropical diseases; others returned to America; very few remain.

One of the things most remarked by Occidental travellers, when landing in Palestine, is the railway running from Jaffa to Jerusalem. It is not much of a road, as it runs but one train daily each way, and even its first-class carriages are poor; but any railway at all in that country seems an anomaly. The Jaffa station is quite a distance from the Jaffa seaport. The Jerusalem station also is without the city walls, some distance from the Jaffa Gate; the Turkish Government refused to permit the railway company to come within the walls. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is fifty-three miles, and the trains make it in three and a

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem

half hours, climbing from sea level to over twenty-five hundred feet.

On the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem the amazing amount of work which has been done in this ancient land is apparent in the terraces. For mile after mile, on right and left of the railway, you see the mountains terraced from the level of the rails clear up to the top. I counted the rows of terraces several times, and there was an average of seventy, from the bottom of the ravines to the top of the mountains, for twenty-five miles on both sides of the railway. The labor which these terraces represent is enormous — no one generation could have accomplished it; this task has been the work of many centuries. Merely to amuse myself I made a slight calculation. The labor of constructing one of these terraces is about equivalent to that of making a rough roadway. Therefore, taking the twenty-five miles and doubling it for the two sides of the railway, we have fifty miles of mountain terraced seventy times, which gives thirty-five hundred miles of road constructed in this narrow strip. Yet this represents only one ravine or pass in the mountains; every slope of this mountain range is terraced in the same way; as this chain of mountains averages roughly in width about ten miles, this would give a total of thirty-five thousand miles of roadway! Think of this colossal labor accomplished by human hands. And think of the number of human hands — dead hands now for ages.

These terraces are not only planted with trees, such

A Blood-Drenched Soil

as the olive, but many of them are also sown with grain. Fancy planting grain in so stony and sterile a country that it was necessary to make stone terraces and then put soil on top of them in which to sow the grain. Yet that is how thousands of miles of terraces are utilized in the Holy Land.

It is remarkable that the soil of Palestine should be so sterile. For forty centuries — who knows how many more? — men have killed each other there in the name of all the gods. There, war has been waged in the name of Assyrian, Philistine, and Egyptian deities. There, foul crimes have been done in the name of the great Jehovah, the pitiless God of the ancient Jews. There, in the name of the gentle Nazarene, the Crusaders did dark deeds. There, in the Middle Ages, cruel Christians “converted” Jews by the rack, the stake, the torture by water, the torture by fire, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. And now for a thousand years, in the name of the Triune God, in the name of the monotheists’ Allah, men have been waging war.

Palestine’s soil is drenched with blood. Her rock tombs are filled with the bodies of the rich and great, her soil is fertilized with the bodies of the poor and lowly. This holy land has been saturated with the blood of millions of men and women killed in religion’s name. Their bodies have gone to enrich the gigantic débris from her rock-ribbed hills. Yet it is still a sterile soil.

Up to the terraces of stone, along the sterile hills of

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem

Palestine, the soil has been carried from the valley lands below. Rocky as are the mountain sides, the passage of countless ages has washed away enough débris to form a deep soil in the valleys and ravines. Slowly, slowly, this soil has been dug out and painfully carried up by hand — sometimes almost to the mountain tops, for the villages are usually situated on the tops of the mountains. Many of these terraces are neglected now, and the soil is slowly washing out of the stones back into the valleys from which it was dug. The men who dug it, who carried it up the mountain, are now themselves a part of the soil which they once carried. It may be that, in another four thousand years, yet other men, whose bodies are builded out of the same soil, will again be carrying the decayed bodies of their remote ancestors, mixed with crumbled granite, up the mountain sides of Palestine.



On the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway, at every stopping place we were besieged by pedlers bearing oranges. Never have I seen such gorgeous golden apples: even California, favored land as she is, can produce nothing to compare with the oranges of Jaffa. We were told that these oranges are not exported in large quantities — why, I could not learn. If they were, they would prove formidable competitors for the large orange trade of Northern Europe. They are far superior to the oranges of Sicily, Greece, or Spain.

These orange-pedlers were often smartly rebuked

Palestine Train Travellers

by a good-looking youth of some eighteen years. He had taken passage on the train in order to urge some passengers to hire his services in Jerusalem; hence his zeal against the pedlers. He had been educated in an American mission school, and spoke very fair English. Some of the passengers entered into conversation with him. He was handsome, brisk in speech and manner, and generally attractive. But it is remarkable how these Orientals fail to improve on acquaintance — in ten minutes' time he became intolerably pert, fliprant, familiar, and what is slangily called "fresh." Experienced travellers in the Orient always treat inferiors with much severity, not to say contempt. At first this unpleasantly impresses an American, but it may be necessary by reason of the Oriental temperament.

Looking from the windows of the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway one sees many stone walls and stone houses. In Palestine generally even out-buildings are largely made of stone, while in Jaffa and Jerusalem everything is of stone. Even the very cisterns, or tanks on the housetops, are of stone. But in the stony Holy City the stone does not stop with the street level — the dwellers descend, and burrow into the earth beneath. In many of the Jerusalem and Bethlehem buildings there are basements, sub-basements, crypts, sub-crypts, and dungeons. One may descend several stories into the bowels of the earth, amid dampness and slime, ooze trickling over the stone steps. Wherever you go you are taken to see various sights down in holes and bur-

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem

rows. I do not like these crypts and dungeons; I prefer to stay outside, and let those who will descend to gaze on corroded chains, mouldy bones, and historic stones.



On the train between Jaffa and Jerusalem an elderly American woman objected to the smoking going on around her. She grabbed at a uniformed railway guard who was passing through the carriage, and shrilly set forth her objections. He very civilly replied that there was no rule against smoking in the carriages.

"Then there ought to be," she retorted, "when ladies travel on the trains."

"But the Turkish ladies who travel on our trains all smoke themselves," replied the guard.

"Do they, indeed?" replied the old lady acidly, "but American women do not smoke."

"That may be, madam," replied the guard; "but you are not in America, you are in Turkey." Still with much civility.

"I don't care if I am!" hissed the old lady fiercely; "and I don't care if the Turkish women do smoke. They ought not to, so there!"

"Perhaps they ought not to," said the guard, with unruffled courtesy; "but they do."

The old lady looked at him hopelessly, gasped, and subsided. Probably she never before had known a man to have the last word with her. She had a kind of black alpaca make-up, and looked like a widow.

An Educated Train Guard

A French wit once said that the insane asylums are full of men who argued with their wives. Perhaps she was only a pseudo-widow, and her husband in an asylum.

I was so much interested in this incident, and in the guard's insistent civility, despite his persistent disputatiousness, that I engaged him in conversation. I found that he was a Smyrniote, and had been educated at Roberts College, Constantinople. In this famous educational institution he had acquired his suavity of manner and his fluent English. But the faculty had failed to instil in him the belief, deep-rooted in the American mind, of the folly of arguing with an elderly lady.



X

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

X

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

ERUSALEM is not the largest city in the world, but it is one of the longest. Its area is not great, but it sticks back into the night of time like the tail of a comet. Therefore, to attempt to write, even superficially, about this long but little city, within the limits of a chapter, would be difficult. It is also difficult to decide how to entitle such a chapter. One might call it "The New Jerusalem," for there is a new and very modern Jerusalem growing out of the ruins of the old. But such a title would smack of irreverence to many.

"The Holy City" naturally suggests itself; but what I saw there was wholly unholy. "Jerusalem the Golden" would be a significant and telling title — not as an irreverent sneer at the Celestial City, but as suggesting the golden stream which pours into Jerusalem from all over the world — a stream of gold which is erecting churches, synagogues, mosques, monasteries, and hospices, and which maintains in comfort, and often in luxury, many thousands of idle human beings.

As you approach Jerusalem from Jaffa the railway

Jerusalem the Golden

stops not far from the Jaffa gate. You see at once that there is a Jerusalem without the walls as well as one within. The new Jerusalem without the walls is larger than the inclosed city. It has numerous shops, many of them not unlike those of Europe. Without the walls are several Jewish colonies, a Syrian orphanage, an English agricultural colony, an American colony called "The Over-Comers," and several European consulates. The view of Jerusalem, both the inner and the outer cities, is best seen from the Mount of Olives.

Without the walls one sees many cemeteries. The Jews lay flat tombstones over their dead. The Mohammedans erect marble slabs or headstones like those seen in our cemeteries, but for some strange reason the Mohammedan tombstones all seem to stand aslant, the effect of which is most forlorn.

Not far from the railway station, and close to the Jaffa gate, you are first struck by the great Russian reservation. It is difficult to fathom the designs of Russia in Palestine. The country around Jerusalem seems to be a worthless one from almost any standpoint, military or economic. From the religious point of view, it may be worth possessing. As the Russian peasants are probably the most bigoted and ignorant people in the Western world, Russia may find it profitable to use the Holy Land as a place of religious resort for them. Pilgrimages are continually being brought here by Russia — the emigrant packets carrying the pilgrims are often convoyed by Russian men-of-war. The enormous Russian reservation at Jerusalem is like

Land Values in Jerusalem

a fortified camp. It is surrounded by a wall, has sentries at the gates, and is accorded extra-territoriality. Within its walls are acres of buildings, from the one-story barracks designed for the peasant class to the more elaborate hospices intended for the pilgrims of superior station. It is practically a slice of Russia set down in the Holy Land, guarded by Russian arms, ruled by Russian law, and under the Russian flag.

A short distance outside the Jaffa Gate are the Montefiore buildings. One of the first movements toward colonizing the Jews here was the erection in 1865 of these almshouses; the first buildings outside the walls, they were erected by Sir Moses Montefiore, the English millionaire, himself a Jew. These one-story buildings, which look like barracks, are absolutely free to poor Jews. Certain families among them have lived there for many years, one family for over a third of a century.

The New Jerusalem without the walls has sent up the price of land. To show how land in Jerusalem is "booming," the following prices are quoted in a consular report. Two acres sold in 1890 for 1,250 francs an acre, sold a year later for 3,750 francs. Twelve acres sold in 1890 for 2,275 francs, in 1892 for 10,890 francs per acre. Just inside the Jaffa Gate a piece of land which sold in 1865 for 5,000 francs was sold in 1891 for 120,000 francs.

There are, of course, later figures, but these are the only official ones I was able to secure.

The most successful land speculators are apparently

Jerusalem the Golden

the Russian monks, who are successful in snatching a few moments daily from their religious duties to attend to land-dealing. The Turks say that these monks own over one-fourth of the land in Jerusalem. It is evident that these Russians doubly love the Holy Land, partly because it is holy, but mainly because it is land.



One's first impressions on entering any ancient and historic spot are worth remembering — perhaps worth recording. Therefore, it may be well to set down what first struck me on entering Jerusalem. It was evening as we drove from the station and entered the Jaffa Gate. Almost immediately on entering the city we left our carriage, for there are few streets in Jerusalem where wheeled vehicles may pass. We descended from the carriage at the entrance of a long, vaulted passage leading to the hotel. This ran under the building for some fifty yards, and was packed with a motley gathering. As we made our way through this mass of humanity, our dragoman turned to us and said warningly, "Look out for your pockets." Then I knew that we were fairly in the Holy City.

It has been my fortune to enter many cities where I knew nobody. In fact, I always expect to know nobody in strange cities, although (so small is the world) I often meet acquaintances in out-of-the-way places. But I was quite certain I had no circle in Jerusalem. I never had been there before, I knew few people who

The Jerusalem Nose

had been there, and I never knew any one who had gone there to stay. Fancy, therefore, my surprise the morning after our arrival, as I emerged from the hotel door, sniffing the rich and juicy Jerusalem air, to find myself accosted by a young man with a fez and a hooked nose. "Good morning," said he cordially. I was acknowledging his salutation, when I was suddenly greeted on the right, "How do you do, sir?" I looked around, and there was another young man with a fez and a hooked nose. "It is a fine morning," came another voice. I looked behind me, and there was a new friend hurrying up. "I hope you are well, sir?" cried a fourth, who arrived on a run. Bewildered, I turned around, when I was accosted by at least a dozen young men, all bowing, and asking about my health, and all with fezzes and hooked noses.

At first I was a little surprised at the extent of my circle of acquaintances in Jerusalem, but after they had broken the ice with remarks about my health and the weather, they came down to business. They turned out to be drivers, dragomans, pedlers, touts, and shopkeepers. I do not include among my list of acquaintances the shoe-cleaning boys of Jerusalem; they are as thick as mosquitoes.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that all these hooked-nosed gentry were Jews. Not so. In the Orient the hooked nose is by no means confined to the Jewish race. The Turks are, many of them, singularly Semitic in appearance; in Constantinople many of the officers of the Sultan's guard look like handsome

Jerusalem the Golden

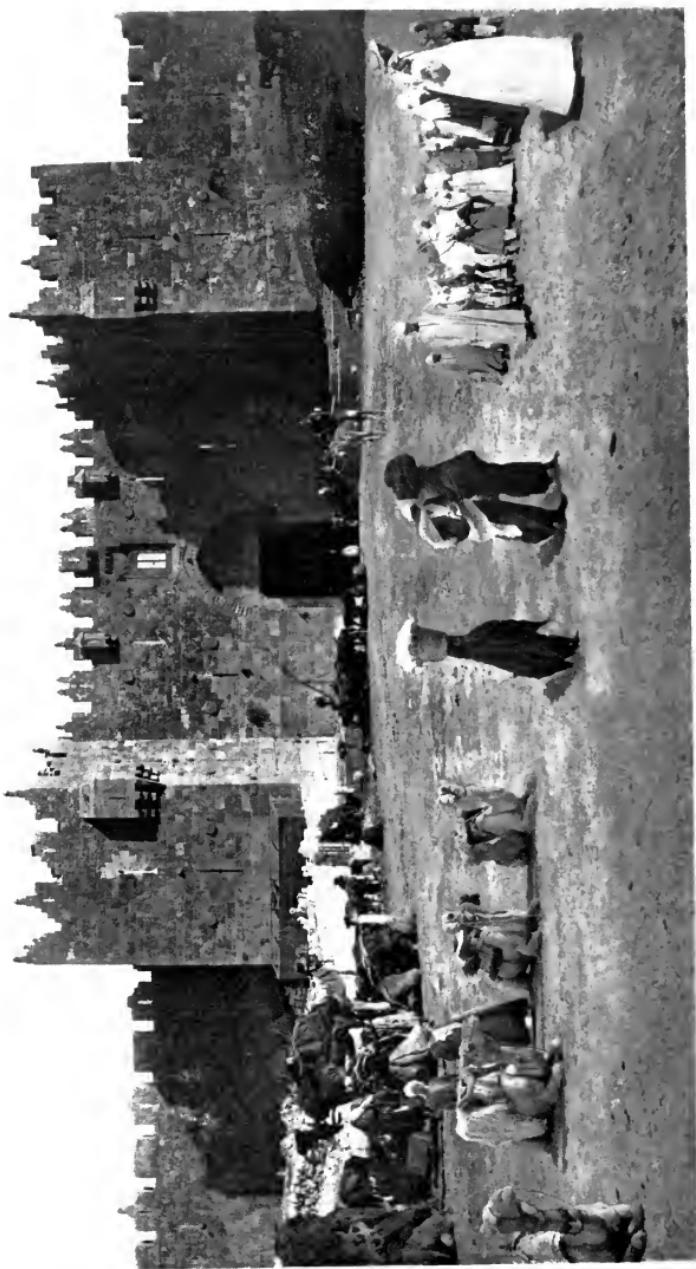
young Jews, while Sultan Abdul Hamid himself has a strikingly Hebraic face. In Jerusalem the predominant type of nose, among Oriental Jews, Occidental Jews, Turks, and Armenians, is what we call the Jewish nose. Only the Russians — of whom there are many in Jerusalem — depart widely from this type: they have the flat, Calmuck, or Tartar nose.

While I am on the subject of nations and noses, here is a curious fact about Palestine — apparently no man declares his race. Ask a dragoman of what country he is, and he will reply, "I am a Moslem." Another will say, "I am a Latin"; another, "I am a Jew." In every case I found that the man interrogated replied with his religion, rather than his race. There was one dragoman who hesitated several seconds before replying to me when asked, finally saying, "I am a Christian." He was a lame dragoman and easy to identify, so I determined to ascertain his pedigree. I was curious to see what manner of man was this who, in this religious land, was uncertain about his religion. I found that the lame dragoman was the son of a Judo-German father and an Arab mother. The father wanted to make him a Jew, the mother wanted to make him a Moslem, but as he grew up he became a dragoman, and made himself a Christian for business reasons.



Our hotel was immediately within the walls, near the Jaffa Gate, and naturally we saw much of the life there.





Damascus Gate, Jerusalem

Street Scenes in Jerusalem

It is one of the liveliest places in Jerusalem. Just outside the gate, on the Jaffa Road, there is a multitude of hucksters' booths and rows of native cafés, where laborers sit on stools smoking. There are also large numbers of donkey-drivers waiting with their animals for hire. Although the wall is a massive structure and the gate some fifty feet high, the entrance is narrow, with a right-angled turn — one of the methods adopted in the old days for defence. Through this narrow gateway there pours an endless stream of camels, donkeys, and footmen all day long. Without the gate you see jostling camel-drivers, and camels kneeling to receive their loads. Scores of hawkers are squatting on the ground behind their heaps of oranges, dates, lemons, onions, radishes, and other vegetables. There are also many venders of bread — a staple in Jerusalem, as in all the Eastern world; it is piled up in stacks, very much as we handle cord-wood, and with about as much attention to cleanliness. Many of these food-mongers have a stock so small as to be pitiable — some two or three pounds of wormy figs, for example, worth perhaps a few pennies. One sees bareheaded water-carriers everywhere, carrying their skins full of water, women carrying packages of fuel on their heads, other women with children "pick-a-back" on their shoulders. Side by side with barefooted and barelegged natives, one frequently sees Russian pilgrims with heavy fur caps, heavy overcoats down to their heels, and heavy boots to the knees — quite a contrast. Every now and again one sees a diminutive donkey with an enormous load

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of olive-tree orchard cuttings, for in this treeless land every scrap of fuel is valuable.

Within as without the walls, the narrow ways of Jerusalem are lined with stalls containing all manner of fruits and vegetables. Many of the venders are women; their garments are coarse, but they wear bright reds and blues, sometimes even party-colored gowns, thus giving much color to the scene. In many parts of the Orient, as in Egypt, women of the poorer class dress almost entirely in black. These female venders in Jerusalem sell eggs, oranges, lemons, melons, cucumbers, beans, tomatoes, onions, and other "garding sass." Along the streets are many cobblers' shops, on the shelves of which are rows of red and yellow slippers with turned-up toes. Scattered along the shops are many cafés which set out small wooden tables in the street, provided with wooden stools, and garnished with long-stemmed clay pipes.

Jerusalem is a small city, and has within it such large inclosures, like the Citadel, the Turkish barracks, the Armenian monastery, and the great Temple Square, that the remaining portion is much crowded. It is a walk of only two and a half miles around the walls. The Temple Square is levelled off, but most of the city is extremely hilly. That the Jerusalem of the Saviour's time has become so deeply buried is partly explained by the many gorges now being filled up immediately without the walls. Herod's mighty palace is entirely buried. Its topmost portions are thirty feet below the present level, with the exception of parts of the north towers.

Subterranean Jerusalem

It was always to me a matter of wonder how Jerusalem came to be so far below the level of the modern city. I can understand the buried cities of the Campagna in Italy: some of them were overwhelmed by lava, some by mud, some by ashes; on top of these the natural accretion of ages made a new soil. But there is nothing volcanic about Jerusalem except the Greek and Latin monks (who also, by the way, carry soil by accretion). How can one account for the great depth at which some of the ancient ruins are found? For that matter, there is many a house still inhabited, the level of which is far below that of the present street; you see people going down into these ancient houses as if they were burrows. Then again, there are ruins which have been discovered in the third story below the earth, so to speak. That is, there would be a Jewish building, on top of it a Roman building, on top of that a mediæval building, and last of all a modern church. There are some who say that below the Jewish level there are still older ruins.

It was always incomprehensible to me how such a vast amount of rubbish could have accumulated there. If Jerusalem lay in a valley, or in a basin like London, I could understand it. But such is not the case — the city is twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. You have to climb up from the plains of Palestine to reach Jerusalem, and even when you get to its immediate surroundings, you have still to climb to get into the city. The human race is a lazy one, and fond of dumping rubbish into easy places; but that they

Jerusalem the Golden

should take the trouble to haul rubbish up twenty-five hundred feet into the air to discharge it there seems preposterous.

One day in Jerusalem this mystery was solved. (I may remark parenthetically that as there are all manner of deep gorges and ravines in the modern city, doubtless there were more in the ancient one.) One day we were not far from the Temple Square when we saw a number of carts busily at work filling up a depression. In this particular gorge or valley is the famous Pool of Bethesda. Now the Pool of Bethesda, according to the antiquarians, is a gigantic basin which was dug out of the solid rock. It is — or was — nearly 400 feet long, 120 feet wide, and over 80 feet deep. It got lost during the middle ages, some one, for unknown reasons, having filled it about half way up. This so changed its physical aspect that the faithful ceased to identify it.

But the lost pool was found, only to be lost again. The day we saw it several scores of Oriental workmen were laboring with asses, with carts, and with baskets, carrying earth to fill up this gorge. I do not know why they were doing it; probably they were levelling it to erect some building there. But the thought occurred to me that in fifty or a hundred years the new building will have fallen down; then some archaeologist will with great pride locate the Pool of Bethesda. Thereupon some rich copper, oil, or steel magnate will furnish the funds for excavating. They will dig down some hundreds of feet into the gorge which we are watching

Quarrelling Christians

the workmen fill, and they will discover the pool now fast disappearing before our eyes.



One day we learned that certain Lenten festivities were to take place in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. According to our Gregorian calendar, Lent does not accord with the dates of the Julian calendar followed by the Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, and other Oriental churches. The enormous edifice was crowded. Every nationality under the sun seemed represented in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There were almost as many Moslems as Christians, as could readily be perceived from the lofty balcony where we were perched; in the crowd below, the black, gray, and bald heads of the uncovered Christians were thickly interspersed with the vari-colored turbans and fezzes of the unbelievers.

When I mention the fezzes I do not include those of the Turkish troops, of which there was a large force drawn up in various parts of the church. These Turkish troops are nominally there "to preserve order"; they are really there to prevent the Christians from cutting each other's throats. The bitterness existing between the various Christian denominations in the Holy Land is almost beyond belief. This hatred is not between Catholics and Protestants, for the Protestants are small in numbers, and the Catholics of all sects pay no attention to them. That they do not consider them Christians at all we learned one day when

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conversing with a sweet-faced old nun, who presided over the French Convent and School of St. Anne in Jerusalem. I asked her if the school was entirely for Roman Catholics, or “Latin Christians,” as they call themselves there. “Oh, no, monsieur,” she replied; “we admit not only Christians, but others as well, including Mohammedans, Jews, and *Protestants*.” The italics are mine.

The most bitter feeling prevails between the Greek Catholics, the Armenian Catholics, and the Latins. This year (1905) there was a bloody fight in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre between the various Christian congregations, which the Turkish troops were obliged to suppress with force of arms. But this was not a novelty — there have been many such battles. The disputed questions are those of priority: as to which is “the primitive church,” of precedence in festivals, of the right to claim the Holy Sepulchre, and of the right to occupy certain chapels and sacred spots.

Shortly after we were installed in our lofty perch the various Catholic denominations marched in, one after another, visiting the different points in the church. The Sepulchre itself, Mount Calvary (which is in the church), the “Centre of the World,” the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, the Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns, the Cleft in the Rock, the Place of the Scourging — these are some of the places they visited. They travelled on a set schedule, which had been arranged by the Turkish military commander in order to avoid collisions. It was a remarkable spectacle, as the pa-

Loving Your Neighbor

triarchs, bishops, and priests swept by, swinging censers and clad in gorgeous vestments, through long lines of sneering Turks and weeping believers. The handsomest vestments were those worn by the Greek priests; never have I seen anything to equal them, even in the most gorgeous sacristies, the richest treasure-chambers of the great cathedrals of the Western world. The handsomest men were those of the Armenian faith; both they and the Greek priests wear beards, and are tall and stately men. The beard lends dignity to the priesthood, and both Greeks and Armenians look better than the smooth-shaven Latin priests.

As the gorgeously attired priests filed by, chanting their ritual, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Syriac, sometimes in Latin, it was curious to watch the faces of the onlookers. There was every type among them. The sneering Moslems, of whom I have spoken, were principally of the better class, wearing the frock coat and the fez. But there were other Mohammedans as well: coal-black negroes from Nubia; slave-traders from the Soudan; Mohammedan mollahs with the green caftan; Arabs from Aleppo, bearing the brown scars of the Aleppine boil; Bedouins from the desert; Turkish women in their *yashmaks* and *feredjees*, peering curiously through their thin veils at the dogs of unbelievers; nondescript Syrian peasants, bare-footed, bare-legged, and clad in sheepskins. One such was clad in a sheepskin that had belonged to several generations — an hereditary sheepskin, an heirloom in his family, as it were. He was my neighbor for a time, and was too

Jerusalem the Golden

close to me to be agreeable. Whenever I think of that hereditary sheepskin, I shudder. He was my neighbor, and being in Palestine I should have loved him. But if you think it is hard to love your neighbor in your own neighborhood you ought to try it in Jerusalem.



One incident at this Lenten function in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre surprised us. When the Latin procession — that is, the Roman Catholic — entered, the French consul and his suite were following them; the consul and the vice-consul were in full uniform, the secretary and two or three clerks were in swallow-tail coats and white ties, and all were carrying large, fat candles, about four feet high. Why was the French consul attending this Roman Catholic function at Jerusalem? At that very time France was engaged in driving out the religious from convents and monasteries in France. Even in Jerusalem some of the expatriated religious were to be found in the institution of the *Sœurs Réparatrices*, on the hill above our hotel. Why does France with one hand whip the religious from her frontiers, while with the other she piously holds candles at Roman Catholic functions in Jerusalem?

And the French consular corps — how did they look? Well, it was rather droll. The consul was a good-looking man of about thirty, in a handsome uniform, and carried a gold-laced cocked hat under his arm. He was holding his candle listlessly, but still tilted forward

A Suite Flirtation

so that the grease should not fall on his gold-laced trousers or patent-leather boots. The vice-consul had also fallen into a weak-kneed condition of boredom, and, with his head sunk upon his chest, was apparently thinking of his early loves. The secretaries and clerks of the consulate were yawning, and the general air of the party was one of extreme *ennui*. In front of them were the rows of prostrate priests rapidly mumbling their ritual, while around them was the human mass of filth, squalor, and ignorance, Christian and Moham-madan.

A Russian moujik had forced his way through the crowd, and, seeing the altar, flung himself on the dirty pavement and began kissing the stones with loud smacks, having first wiped his lips with his sleeve. I should think he would first have wiped the pavement and next his sleeve, but there is no accounting for tastes. As he was rising from one of his genuflections he took his eyes from the altar, looked at the priests, then at the consuls; with a scowl he withdrew — he was in the wrong shop — he belonged to the Greek Catholic outfit, and he made haste to shake from his shoes the very dust of the Latin Catholic procession.

It was in the midst of this mass of people that the French consular suite were standing with their candles, when a group of six or eight young women appeared, their dragoman having made a way for them in the front rank of the crowd. The moment the consul saw them, he straightened up and threw out his chest; the vice-consul noted his superior, followed the direction

Jerusalem the Golden

of his eyes, and, seeing the guide-book ladies, began to twirl his mustache. The clerks and secretaries obediently followed suit, and in about thirty seconds the entire staff were neglecting the Holy Sepulchre and the whole business, and trying to mash the girls. It was very human.

XI

GABRIEL AND URIEL

XI

GABRIEL AND URIEL

N our second day in Jerusalem, when our dragoman, Gabriel (a Christian Armenian), took us into a Turkish bazaar, he explained that the Turkish shopkeepers were more honest than the Latin Christians, the Greek Christians, the Syrian Christians, or the Jews.

This rather surprised me. "How about the Armenians, Gabriel?" I asked.

"They are the most bad of all," he replied.

While Gabriel was trying to persuade the indifferent Turkish shopkeeper to show us his goods (Turks are not "hustlers"), I stepped across the street to look at some photographs in a window there.

I was immediately beset by touts. I shook them off — all but one. Of him anon. Let me preface my experience with him by some moral reflections on anger. To begin with, never get angry when travelling. It is a grave error. Anger congests your cerebral blood-vessels, affects your nerves, gives you pipe-stem arteries, and seriously interferes with your digestion. Never

Gabriel and Uriel

get angry, particularly while travelling — there are plenty of things which occur while travelling calculated to make you angry, but never permit them to do so.

But sometimes you may permit yourself to pretend to be angry. In the Orient much business is transacted by means of personal abuse. For example, the man on horseback always abuses the man on foot; the man driving a carriage always abuses the pedestrian; the footman hurls back the abuse at the horseman, but takes care to get out of his way. The policeman in the Orient abuses everybody; true, he frequently uses a stout cane to chastise, but he rules the populace principally by abuse. Therefore, it is often useful in Oriental cities to indulge in loud and noisy talk in order to accomplish whatever end you may have in view. If a tout annoys you by his loud importunities, abuse him even more loudly. If a dragoman or a boatman tries to impose upon you and begins to yell, always yell back at him, and in a louder yell.

Jerusalem is infested by the most noisy and pestiferous shop-touts I ever saw. Gangs of them lie in wait for the unfortunate tourist; they pester him, they dog his footsteps, they almost pull him into their shops. This particularly persistent tout buzzed about me as I was approaching his photograph shop.

I immediately worked myself into a furious rage. "What do you mean?" I bawled, "I was about to go into your shop, where I would have bought at least twenty francs' worth of photos, when you get between

Jerusalem Shop Touts

me and the window, and prevent me from seeing the very views I intended to purchase."

In Oriental countries most people seemingly have nothing to do, and a crowd speedily gathered. The proprietor hastened out of the shop; he was alarmed — he tried to pacify me.

But I would not be pacified. "What sort of a shop do you keep, anyway?" I yelled. "And what sort of shopmen? I would have bought fifty francs' worth of photos if it were not for this fellow's interference."

The proprietor again tried to mollify me. "But, sir," said he appealingly, "I beg you to overlook it."

"Overlook nothing!" I replied. "I will not overlook it. I will warn all the other tourists in the hotel to keep away from your place, and I will tell them to go to the shop across the way." Here I started ostentatiously for the rival shop.

The proprietor played his last card. He pointed to the crestfallen tout, who stood, with almost tearful countenance, listening to my bitter indictment.

"Pardon the young man, sir, I beg of you," he said, "really, he did not mean it. He knows no better, sir. He is not from Jerusalem. He comes from Bethlehem."



On our third day in Jerusalem, our dragoman, Gabriel, fell ill. I do not wonder at it. How any one can stay well in Jerusalem with its awful filth, its me-

Gabriel and Uriel

phitic air, and its rainwater tanks full of the foulness of ages, is to me incomprehensible.

At all events, Gabriel fell ill, and his son dragomanned in his stead. Like his father, the youth was named Gabriel. But in order to avoid mixing up young and old Gabriel, I concluded to call the youth "Uriel." Lovers of "*Paradise Lost*" will remember that Uriel slid down to Gabriel on a sunbeam—"gliding through the even swift as a shooting-star." Milton's simile seems to me a poetic way of indicating how old Gabriel acquired young Gabriel — much more poetic than is the old story of the stork.

We found the youthful Uriel rather more interesting than his father, for these old dragomans get to be frightful bores. They are like music-boxes — when once wound up they have to go through the whole tune without missing a note. If you stop the music-box by asking a question, the mechanism clicks, and the dragoman goes back to the beginning of the music-barrel, and gives it to you all over again. Young Gabriel, being new to his business, had not learned his lessons thoroughly, and therefore could answer questions. Furthermore, he was quite intelligent, fairly educated, and spoke both French and English in a scholarly way — that is, a mission-scholarly way. I asked him where he learned his languages, and he told us that he had been a pupil at the Franciscan monastery. He offered to take us to his *alma mater*, whither we went willingly, and were repaid with a fine view of Jerusalem from the flat roof of the lofty building.

Franciscan School and Club

Jerusalem is no longer confined within walls. As we stood on the roof of the Franciscan monastery, and surveyed the extensive prospect, we could not help but note how largely the ground covered with buildings outside the walls exceeded the area within. In fact, there has been a building boom at Jerusalem. This has brought about a vast deal of grading and filling outside the walls, for the country is mountainous and abounds in deep gorges. The physical changes taking place around Jerusalem to-day give one an idea of how the ancient city has come to be buried.

In reply to my questions, our young friend Uriel gave me some data about Jerusalem and the Jerusalem Jews. When it came to proper names, he very obligingly wrote them in my note-book. Unfortunately, he put Jewish names in Hebrew characters, Syrian names in Syriac—in fact, each language in its own character. When I was forced to admit that I could not read them, Uriel was surprised, but sympathetic. Between us, we trans-literated them into English—with what success I do not know. Some of Uriel's facts and names are set down elsewhere.

When we had finished our inspection and Uriel had finished his lecture, we descended from the roof of the Franciscan monastery to view the interior.

Young Uriel took us all over the establishment, which includes a number of buildings. Among them there is a school conducted by the Christian Brothers. Hanging on the wall are specimens of the pupils' handwriting. A glance at this collection shows how curiously jumbled the nationalities are. The autographs are in Roman,

Gabriel and Uriel

in cursive, in Arabic, in Hebrew, and in other Oriental alphabets.

With great pride, young Uriel took us into the "Club-Room." It seems that the alumni of the institution, of whom he was one, had formed a club, and the Franciscan fathers had placed at their disposal quarters in the monastery. Here they had reading and writing-rooms, although I saw no facilities for drinking and smoking. In their club-rooms they held assemblies at stated intervals, where papers were read, short plays acted, and other entertainments given.

I complimented young Uriel on the up-to-dateness of the Jerusalem youth. "I belong to several clubs," said I, with much gravity, "but I have never seen one exactly like this." This was strictly true.

Young Uriel was much gratified by my implied flattery, and replied, "Yes, we are all very pride of our club, but it has many of the difficulties."

"What are they, pray?" I inquired sympathetically.

"The principal difficulty," said young Uriel severely, "is that much of the members refuse to fill the offices at the club, and when they do fill them, they refuse to perform their performances."

"I don't understand," said I; "to perform — "

"To transact their acts," added Uriel explanatorily; "to make their duties."

"Ah, yes," I interrupted; "to do their doings, you mean."

"Yes," said Uriel, "to do their doings. Thus all the work falls on the government committee, and the mem-

Monks as Typographers

bers hold the government responsible for everything, and abuse at the government committee all the times. I appertain to the government committee," added young Uriel, with a pained air, "and we are all very much broken-hearted, and we have thought of resigning our functions so ungrateful."

The good fathers, I learned, are exceedingly surprised at these hitches in the club; they think, that if club-rooms are provided, a club should run smoothly and automatically. The worthy fathers are unworldly men, or they would know that incivic hypercriticism is the weakness of all clubs.

The most interesting sights in this monastery are the workshops, where all sorts of crafts are followed. There are workers in iron and workers in wood, workers in leather and grinders of grain; all sorts of primitive crafts are taught in that primitive country — turning the berry of the wheat into flour, and making the flour into bread; tanning hides, and making the leather into shoes; weaving cloth, and making the cloth into garments. The highest of the crafts here represented is the typographic art and kindred crafts, for we found a large establishment here devoted to type-setting, printing, engraving, lithography, and bookbinding. I inspected the machinery with some curiosity; I found that it came from Germany, Belgium, and Italy — none from the United States or England. It did not seem to me to compare in workmanship and finish with the printing machinery made in Anglo-Saxon countries. In addition to type-setting and printing, there is also

Gabriel and Uriel

a small type-foundry in operation. I talked with the youths who were being trained in operating the type-casting machines. They knew nothing of the linotype machine. When I described to them this machine, which casts a solid type-bar with letters on its face, their surprise was amusing. They none of them spoke English, but all spoke French, and some Italian. It was a little difficult for me to describe so complicated a machine in a foreign language, but I succeeded in describing something, for after I had gone to the other end of the long room the type-founders assembled in a body, talked it over, and sized me up. They either believe that the linotype is the boss machine of the twentieth century, or that I am the boss liar, and I am not quite certain which.

As a souvenir of our visit we purchased one of the books printed by the Franciscan establishment. It is a French guide-book in three volumes, well printed and bound. Its author is one of the reverend fathers belonging to the monastery. The book begins with a sweeping retraction of anything the author might have said that could be condemned by the Holy See. Translated, it reads at follows:

“I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I am ready to retract and to strike out from my book anything which may have crept into it, without my intention, that might be contrary to the Christian faith and to the teachings of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. As I belong to the great Franciscan family, I have learned from its venerable Father the most docile submission to the Church of Rome, mother and mistress of all churches.

“FATHER LIEVIN DE HAMME.”

Christian Women Veiled

Next comes this:

"Having had this book examined by two theologians, they have permitted its publication." FATHER AURELIUS DE BUJA.

"Custodian of the Holy Land."

And the third declaration is this:

"Let it be imprinted."

FATHER LUDOVICUS.

"Patriarcha Hierosolymitanus."

The last gentleman, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, thus officially permits its publication. Otherwise, it would be anathema. And yet it is only a guide-book.



When we left the Franciscan monastery, and walked down one of Jerusalem's steep staircase streets, we met a veiled Turkish woman climbing up. I noticed an apparent movement of recognition on the part of Uriel, and the Turkish lady's balloon-like form undulated slightly all over, as if she noted the recognition.

"Come, come, Uriel," said I severely, "this will never do. This thing of flirting with Turkish ladies is strictly prohibited by the Koran, Article Steen, Sections 4, 11, 44. You are young and heedless. I have often heard of foreigners being done to death by the indignant Turkish husbands of lady Turkesses at whom foreigners had winked. Much as it would pain me to think of your losing your young life, it would pain me more — infinitely more — to think of your losing mine. Prithee no more of this, good Uriel. If

Gabriel and Uriel

you are going to mash any more Turkish ladies, please do it when you are not taking us through Turkish towns."

Uriel turned, and knocked me out with a phrase: "It is my mother, sir," he responded simply.

I gazed at him and gasped. When I had recovered my breath, I cried: "Your mother! How is it that you, a Christian, a student at the Franciscan monastery, should have a Turkish mother?"

"My mother is not Turkish," said Uriel, with a smile; "but many womans here, Christians, Jewesses, and others, wear the Turkish dress in order to avoid insult. Mohammedan womans are respected of all. But womans who are not Mohammedans are not respected of the Mohammedans. It is not proper for me to recognize my mother in public, but I could not help a slight motion. You will pardon me, will you not, sir?"

"But how can you tell your mother? All these women in Turkish dress look alike."

In truth they do. They may be any age from nineteen to ninety, and they may be beautiful Circassians or Abyssinian women as black as charcoal — they all look alike, and they all look like — well, never mind what they look like, they all look alike.

"I cannot tell," replied Uriel reflectively. "I not know *every* woman that I know, but I think every man he know his mother."

It seems likely, on the whole, and I felt quite apologetic toward Uriel for having suspected him of trying to make eyes at his mother.

XII

S P O T S W H E R E

XII

SPOTS WHERE

NY traveller who yearns to gaze on spots — sacred spots on the ground, legendary pools in the ground, and historic holes under the ground — need not hesitate where to go. Let him take a ticket for Jerusalem. In assorted spots — spots sacred, spots profane — Jerusalem has no rival. As the spot where there are the most "Spots Where," Jerusalem is easily first.

Still, Jerusalem has no monopoly of "Spots Where." In Egypt, as well as in Palestine, there are many "Spots Where." On our first visit to Egypt, we were shown the "Spot Where" the Holy Family rested. On our latest visit the "Spot Where" was under a tree near Heliopolis. Yet I remember perfectly that on our previous visit the "Spot Where" the Holy Family rested was not under a tree: that time it was down in a dark hole. I always keenly remember dark holes — I have been led into so many when travelling. To see this particular "Spot Where" we had been taken into a deep hole — a dark hole — a malodorous hole — a hole so dark that it required candles to make the dark-

Spots Where

ness visible. Yet on a second visit we were shown the authentic "Spot Where" out in the open under a tree. Was my poor brain giving way? Had memory lost her seat in this distracted globe in consequence of seeing so many "Spots Where"? I was much relieved to find that I had remembered aright. One true "Spot Where" was at old Cairo; the other true "Spot Where" was in another direction, near the modern city, at Heliopolis. There were two true "Spots Where."

The inexperienced sightseer may think that this plurality of "Spots Where" is due to the rivalry of cities. But this is not always so. True, we may find sometimes several cities claiming a particular "Spot Where." But sometimes, even in a single city, one finds this perplexing plurality of pools, this embarrassing richness of "Spots Where." It is notably the case in Jerusalem. For example, I find in my note-book these memoranda:

- "The *Tombs* of David."
- "The *Gardens* of Gethsemane."
- "The *Pools* of Siloam."

These plurals may sound oddly, but to any one who has visited Jerusalem there is nothing strange about them. There are several Tombs of David, several Gardens of Gethsemane, and several Pools of Siloam. Each one is genuine, and each is the only one. I suppose there is more than one Jacob's Well, although to that I will not swear. But if, as I believe, there are several, I will swear that each is claimed to be the original

Gordon's Calvary

Jacob's Well. And David is certainly buried in several places.

To some the foregoing may sound like irreverence, to others like jesting. But it is not irreverence. It is plain, sober truth. It is quite serious. It is so serious that much blood has been spilled to determine the genuineness of these "Spots Where." Furthermore, sincere and earnest Western Christians — not to be mentioned in the same breath with the frouzy, lousy, mangy monks of the Orient — have spent much time and money in determining the identity and locality of these "Spots Where." The famous Gordon was one of these — the ardent Christian, the quixotic statesman, the gallant soldier who played so large a rôle in England's recent history, political and military. Gordon discredited the spot revered as Calvary by the Greek and Latin monks for many centuries, and the one without the walls, which he selected — still known as "Gordon's Calvary" — is by many believed to be the genuine one.

I may pause here to say to those readers who are shocked at shams unmasked, if they are "religious" shams; who wince at the stripping of sheep's clothing from pseudo-sanctimonious priestly wolves; who denounce truth-telling as "irreverence," if it be told about a sacerdotal lie; who cry out in horror at the sacrilegious hand that tears aside the veil shrouding the shallow tricks of priestly charlatans, whether they be Latin, Greek, Armenian, Jewish, or Mohammedan — to such readers, let me say, this chapter had better remain

Spots Where

unread. For it will not try to be irreverent about sacred places, but it will attempt to tell the truth about sacrilegious shams.



It is not strange, considering how time and war and creeds have juggled with Jerusalem, that there should be many "Spots Where." Jerusalem lies in layers. There are Jewish, Assyrian, Babylonian, Roman, Mohammedan, and Crusader strata. The average level of the present city is forty feet above the average level of the ancient one. Shafts have been sunk, which in some places have struck ancient pavements a hundred and twenty feet deep. The present colossal wall — which impresses us modern Americans as looking so ancient — is merely a modern Turkish wall. Far below its foundations lie the gigantic stones of the elder time. Some of these ancient foundation-stones bear builders' marks in the Phœnician character.

The succession of the various races is told in these stories of stone. All through the Holy Land one sees Assyrian slabs with their curious bearded faces; one sees stones bearing Egyptian hieroglyphics. In the museum at Cairo are stones from Palestine with rough-looking Greek inscriptions, utterly unlike the elegant Romaic characters of modern Athens. Roman inscriptions are seen everywhere in the Holy Land; one often sees slabs bearing such inscriptions built into the walls of modern houses.

While there are some new buildings in Jerusalem, I





Entrance to Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem

Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre

think the pavements are Early Assyrian. What might be called the Boulevard of Jerusalem is David Street; it leads from the Jaffa Gate to the Temple entrance, running east and west. Across it runs Christian Street, leading to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. David Street is the dirtiest and roughest street I ever saw in any city. It requires close attention to one's feet in walking over it to avoid spraining an ankle. The streets of Jerusalem are not lighted by night, and every one stays home after dark. I don't wonder — walking along David Street after nightfall would put one in danger of breaking a leg. Even the four-footed donkeys make their way along it very carefully.

You turn off David Street into Christian Street, which is the quarter of Christian craftsmen, and you turn off this again into a small square in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is always crowded with pedlers of rosaries, crucifixes, pieces of the True Cross knicknacks fashioned out of the cedars of Lebanon, and all sorts of sacred souvenirs. Around this square are Armenian, Coptic, and Greek chapels. Just inside the door is a guard of Turkish soldiery. On holy days — which are often days of battle — the guard becomes a regiment.

Not far from the entrance is a stone to mark the "Spot Where" the Saviour's body is said to have lain in preparation for burial after being anointed. A few steps to the left is the "Spot Where" the women stood during the anointing. Thence you pass under the great dome, in the centre of which space is the Chapel

Spots Where

of the Holy Sepulchre, whose front is decorated with artificial flowers, gilt ornaments, and blazing with lamps. There are two "Spots Where" in this chapel: one is the "Spot Where" the angel stood at the resurrection, the other is the "Spot Where" the Nazarene was buried. Two holes on either side of the entrance are the "Spots Where" the "Holy Fire" is sent from heaven every Greek Easter. On the evening before the "Holy Fire" the church is densely packed with the faithful, weeping as they stand, for they are too crowded to sit or squat. The next morning the Turkish troops open a narrow lane through the crowd, using heavy whips when the faithful are slow in moving. Through this lane the Greek patriarch makes his way to the "Spot Where" the "Holy Fire" comes out of the hole. When the sacred moment arrives the torch is miraculously lighted by Heaven, as it is held in the patriarch's hands. This is indisputable — thousands of people have seen it. The torch is passed to two priests, who, protected by Turkish soldiers, make their way through the adoring crowd, who fight like fiends to light their tapers at the holy torch.

In this chapel, cased in marble, is the "Spot Where" the stone was rolled away by the angel — in fact, a piece of the stone is still there. At the west end of the chapel, down a low doorway, is the tomb-chamber of the Saviour. This "Spot Where" is only six feet by six.

At the east of the church you go down some steps to the Chapel of St. Helena, the lady who discovered

Sacrilegious Shams

the “Spot Where” Christ was buried, who founded the church on the “Spot Where,” who also discovered the “Spot Where” Christ was born at Bethlehem, and the “Spot Where” he ascended into heaven on the Mount of Olives, at both of which places she built churches.

There is another chapel farther underground. It is so dark that you must carry candles to see it. In this chapel — which is called the Church of the Finding of the Cross — there are three “Spots Where”: the “Spot Where” the True Cross was found, and the two “Spots Where” the crosses of the two thieves lay untouched for several hundred years. The True Cross was identified by taking it to the bedside of a noble lady who was afflicted with chronic rheumatism; the other crosses had no effect whatever, but the True Cross cured her at once.

Climbing out of these caverns you go up some fifteen feet above the level of the main church floor, and you are on Mount Calvary, where there are three chapels of different sects. There is an opening set in silver — this shows the “Spot Where” the cross of Christ was fixed in the rock. Near it is a cleft in the rock set in brass — this is the “Spot Where” the rocks were rent at the crucifixion.

Those readers who may think I am drawing the long bow are mistaken. This is only the beginning of the “Spots Where.” Within a very small circle you are shown the “Spot Where” Abraham sacrificed Isaac, the “Spot Where” Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen,

Spots Where

the "Spot Where" the woman stood at the preparation for the tomb, the "Spot Where" the angel stood at the resurrection, the "Spot Where" Joseph was buried, the "Spot Where" Christ was scourged, the "Spot Where" he was imprisoned, the "Spot Where" his raiment was divided, the "Spot Where" he was crowned with thorns, the "Spot Where" the cross was set, the "Spot Where" the cross was found, and the "Spot Where" Adam was buried.



The Temple Enclosure, with the enclosed spots, is variously called Mount Moriah, or the Dome of the Rock, or the Mosque of Omar, or the Temple of Solomon, or Harem-esh-Sherif, according to taste and fancy. It is a level space of ground, enclosed by a wall with strictly guarded gates. The open space within this enclosure is some thirty-five acres. On entering this large space of ground one experiences a marked sensation of relief, after pushing through the crowds in the filthy, narrow streets of Jerusalem. The oddity of this open space in the crowded city is added to by its physical contour, for while Jerusalem is anything but level, the Temple Enclosure looks like a parade-ground. This has been accomplished by cutting away rock in some parts, filling in deep gorges in others, and in still deeper gorges building huge arches of masonry, on top of which an artificial stone flooring has been laid. In fact, the whole substructure of this level enclosure is honeycombed with tunnels, vaults, and cisterns. It is



Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem



Interior of Kubbet es-Sakhra and the Holy Rock



Turkish and English Names

said that at one time over ten million gallons of water were stored in these rock cisterns.

It is only of recent years that it has been safe for Christians to enter the Temple Enclosure. Many an unbeliever has paid the penalty of intrusion with his life. Even now it is not easy to enter, although Mohammedan rigor has yielded to the golden key. But there must still be some danger from Moslem fanatics, for the foreign consulates will not permit any of their citizens or subjects to enter without being attended by the kavasses, or armed guards, of the consulate. As the fee is not small, it is customary for American, English, or French travellers to make up parties at their consulates, divide the fee, and set forth together under the guard of the consular kavass.

In the centre of this great open enclosure there is a raised platform of marble, reached by steps. On this stands the Mosque of Omar, as tourists call it, or Harem-esh-Sherif, as the Turks call it. By the way, it is amusing in Palestine to notice the disappointed air with which Anglo-Saxon tourists receive the Turkish names for streams, mountains, towns, valleys, and tombs, as delivered to them by dragomans and kavasses. In a country where nearly all the guides are Greek or Armenian, where most of the inhabitants speak Syriac, and where the official language is Turkish, tourists seem to expect that these Greek or Armenian guides should repeat to them the ancient Hebrew place-names in the form familiar to us as transliterated into English.

Spots Where

The Mosque of Omar, we are told, is built over the top of Mount Moriah. This is the “Spot Where” Mohammed is said to have begun his ascent to heaven. That Mohammed was carried up on this great rock like a chariot is unquestionably true. It is conclusively proved to the most doubting mind, because you can plainly see the finger-marks of the angel who steadied the rock-chariot as it started.

The Mosque of Omar is a very beautiful building. There may be grander mosques in other cities, but I know of none with such a wealth of veined and varicolored marbles, of mosaics of colored and gilded glass, of enamelled tiling, of marble piers and arches, of wrought-iron grills and screens. In addition to all these vitreous, marmoriferous, and metallic marvels, there is a wealth of textile ornament as well. I do not think any modern Midas possesses a score of such rich, such unique, such priceless rugs as we saw by the hundred in this Mohammedan mosque on the site of Solomon’s Jewish Temple. These rich carpets — rich singly, rich in numbers — are so many and so beautiful that they almost bring tears to a rug-lover’s eyes.

This Judo-Mohammedan site is a kind of omnibus “Spot Where.” Here it is, as I said, that Mohammed started on his dirigible rock-balloon for Paradise. This is the “Spot Where” King David’s Jebusite subject had his thrashing-floor. This is the “Spot Where” Abraham offered up Isaac. This is the “Spot Where” stood the sacred altar of the Temple of Solomon. This is the “Spot Where” the rock was anointed by Jacob.

Mohammedan Sacred Spots

This is also the “Spot Where” the Ark of the Covenant stood. This is the “Spot Where” was written on the rock the Unspeakable Name of Jehovah.

In addition to these Jewish “Spots Where,” there are a number of Mohammedan “Spots Where,” of which Mohammed’s ascent is the principal one. The Mohammedans also show you the “Spot Where” David and Solomon used to pray; likewise the “Spot Where” Mohammed impressed his head on the rocky roof. Here is the “Spot Where” the great rock — having become balloon-like after its flight with Mohammed — hung in the air instead of resting on its base. The Angel Gabriel was obliged to hold it down, and you are shown the “Spot Where” his hand impressed it. Here is a jasper slab — it is the “Spot Where” Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails; one day the devil stole sixteen of them; when all are gone the end of the world will come. The Angel Gabriel caught and checked the devil, and you are shown the “Spot Where” he succeeded in holding back half a nail. This slab covers the “Spot Where” Solomon is buried. Here also you see the “Spot Where” Mohammed’s foot was imprinted. But the Christian monks maintain that this was the “Spot Where” Christ impressed his foot.

Elsewhere I have remarked that in Jerusalem there are many strata. Deep down, one may find the relics of those which antedated the ancient Hebrews. Rising up through the rubbish of past eons we come to the superincumbent or Quaternary rubbish of Jewry, Romanry, Crusaderism, Mediævalism, Romanism,

Spots Where

and Mohammedanism. All of these strata of ruins and relics are like the geologic strata that one sees on a crevasse-ruptured mountain side. But in addition to these material strata of rock and rubbish there are psychical strata of lies — Jewish lies, Roman lies, Crusader lies, Romanist lies, and Mohammedan lies, and the topmost or Mohammedan strata are the most foolish lies of all. After you have listened to the solemn folly snuffled to you with grave faces by Greek or Armenian, Latin or Maronite monks, or gabbed to you by Greek or Armenian guides, these lies seem like scientific truths compared to the preposterous nonsense told you by the Mohammedan priests in the Mosque of Omar. As Prince Henry said to Poins, "These lies are gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

Of a truth, Jerusalem lies in levels — lies in layers — lies in levels and layers of lies.

XIII

PIETY: GENTILE, JEWISH, MOSLEM

XIII

PIETY: GENTILE, JEWISH, MOSLEM

HE quality of Palestine piety is not strained. But, like the Jerusalem water, it needs straining badly. And the most pious stranger has his own piety overstrained when contemplating the curious manifestations of the Palestine kind of piety. I know of no place less calculated to inculcate reverence than Jerusalem. A religious man is to be congratulated if he can visit the place without some perturbation. I hope I may not be accused of irreverence for my point of view in these pages. If there is any irreverence, it is not mine, but may be laid at the doors of the various sects who make merchandise of what they claim to be holy places.

The abject superstition, the race-hatred, the bloody ferocity, the childish gullibility of the Jerusalem Gentiles, Jews, and Moslems may not absolutely shake the faith of a visiting believer, but he must feel very uncomfortable when he reflects that he belongs to the same sect. No self-respecting Western Jew can gaze upon some of the Jewish offal who infect Jerusalem without a sense of shame. No trim Egyptian soldier

Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem

can meet the grimy loafers who make up Jerusalem's Turkish garrison without a twinge when he thinks that their common commander is the Sultan. And it takes a stout and stalwart Christianity to stomach the mobs of monks, Greek, or Latin, or Armenian, who bawl and bellow about the streets where once walked Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Not the least remarkable thing about this ancient city — where people have been quarrelling over religion for four thousand years — is that ardent proselytizers from modern cities are continually coming hither to convert the believers in these ancient faiths.

On our first day in Jerusalem we saw, striding along the dusty road outside the David Gate, a tall, slender, handsome man, evidently a European, and looking like an Anglo-Saxon. He had a curling brown beard, long brown hair falling on his shoulders, and generally rather a Nazarene head. He wore a brown Norfolk jacket, a slouch hat, brown knickerbockers, and carried in his hand a staff. Up to this point his attire was not unlike that of many pedestrian tourists; but below the knees his make-up was unique, for his legs and feet were bare. The spectacle of this European, with his knickerbockers buttoned around his knees, below which showed his bare legs and feet, was certainly remarkable. No one seemed to know anything about him.

But a day or two afterward I had my curiosity satisfied. I found I had hired a pious dragoman. I am not particularly fond of converted Christians in the Orient. My observation is that of a Turk, a Greek,

A Barefooted Briton

an Armenian, or a Jew dragoman, the converted Christian dragoman will steal more from you than all the others put together. This particular dragoman evidently took me for a more pious person than I am, for he rolled up his eyes, told me of his acute Christianity, said that his son had just been converted, and generally alarmed me so much that I instantly transferred my wallet to an inside pocket. As we went along we passed the curious person in knickerbockers, and I asked the dragoman about him. He replied that he was an Englishman, and that he was "a good man devoted to Christian work."

We lost our pious dragoman at the Pools of Solomon. I believe I lost him on purpose, but do not now remember. I learned afterward from another source that he had told the truth about the barefooted person: he is an Englishman of some means, and spends his time and money in Jerusalem attempting the conversion of Mohammedans to Christianity. I wish him joy of his job.



In outward manifestations at least, there is a marked difference between the piety of Christian and Moslem dragomans. Like driver, like dragoman. When we visited the Pools of Solomon, a number of carriages had reached there before us, and all the tourists were inspecting those interesting cisterns. As the drivers and dragomans amused me more than the cisterns, I stayed out in the sunlight. I have thus missed a num-

Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem

ber of vaults, dungeons, tanks, and holes in the ground. Our pious dragoman had temporarily left us — he was trying to inveigle some soft-hearted ladies into a contribution to a Christian mission school. I watched the movements of a devout Moslem near at hand, the driver of a carriage whose occupants had gone to inspect the pools. He took off his shoes — or rather boots, for he wore a pair of high military boots, evidently the cast-off foot-gear of some cavalry officer. I mention this, as it is easier to kick off the ordinary Oriental slippers than it is to pull off a pair of cavalry boots. Then he took a horse-blanket, spread it on the grass for a praying carpet, and began his devotions. It took him some time, probably fifteen minutes. He pointed his head toward Mecca and went through the most elaborate genuflections and prostrations. When he had finished he put on his boots again, took up his horse-blanket, and returned to his carriage. This pious Mohammedan, I noticed, was thoughtful as well as pious, for he gave his horses a feed while he was praying.

It is not at all uncommon to find a shop shut up in an Oriental city because the shopkeeper has “gone to the mosque to pray.” The strict attention of the Mohammedans to their religious rites is unique among denominations, so far as my observation goes. When the hour of prayer comes, whether they find themselves in public or not, they go through their devotions.

When returning from Solomon’s Pools we saw a row of workmen on the railway lining up just as

Workmen at Prayer

the muezzin's call to prayer rang out from a distant mosque.

"Look," cried I. "There is another instance of Moslems' devotion to their religious rites."

"How so?" I was asked. "What do you mean? What are they standing in a row for?"

"To pray," I replied sententiously. "Don't you see they are facing toward Mecca?"

Now they were all standing in a row. As I spoke — as if at a given signal — they all went down.

"See!" I cried. "They are prostrating themselves. In a moment you will see them begin to bow toward the Sacred City, and go through all the elaborate forms of Mohammedan prayer. Ah, is it not interesting to see a group of ordinary workmen interrupt their toil in the middle of the day and turn to their religion?"

We were all much impressed. I was particularly so.

But as we gazed on them, with reflex religious interest, the row of men arose. With a unanimous grunt they rose, bearing on their shoulders a long steel beam, which they proceeded to walk away with down the railway line.

An awkward silence followed. I imagined I heard a faint snickering, but I affected not to observe it. There are moments when it is just as well not to be too observing.



On our visit to Solomon's Pools our driver, who was a Moslem, did not like our pious dragoman any more

Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem

than we did. It was he who advised losing him. But his motives turned out to be interested, for he then insinuated that he could fill the dragoman's place for a small *bakshish*. It is rather unusual in Jerusalem to find a carriage-driver who speaks any European language. This one, however, when he accosted us, asked if we spoke French. He turned out to be a bright fellow, and quite amusing at times. I asked him where he learned to speak French; he replied that he was educated by the French monks at the Franciscan monastery in Jerusalem. He spoke no English, however, saying that if he did he would be a dragoman instead of a coachman. In the midst of his conversation another carriage dashed up alongside and attempted to pass him. A wild race ensued, and our Jehu finally left the other far behind, after nearly causing a spill by driving into his horses. The occupant of the other carriage was a coal-black negro, wearing a large turban. He was driven by a white man, who favored our coachman with what sounded like choice abuse, receiving a large quantity in return. I asked our charioteer if he could tell us the nationality of the other driver; and, further, whether a white man in Palestine felt any humiliation at driving a negro. This he did not understand, but to the question concerning the other driver's race, he replied, "He is a Jew." He grew too familiar after having been indulged for an afternoon, so we did not hire him again. It is a weakness of many Oriental servants — if you permit it, they at once presume and grow too "fresh" for any use.

Bottled Jordan Water

This wild race between a Jew and a Mohammedan, hauling the one a turbaned negro, the other two Western tourists, took place on the rough road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem — certainly an odd mixture.



There is quite a large business done in Jerusalem in the bottling of water from the Jordan. It is sold in flasks all over the town, and pious people take it home to baptize their babies. I have no doubt that the water they carry with them sometimes comes from the Jordan; but, considering the character for veracity of the dragomans and other Jerusalem gentry, I doubt it. It is easier to take the water from the Jerusalem tanks instead of from the Jordan, and, as the old song says, "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

If it be profitable to bottle Jordan water for export to distant Christian lands, what is the matter with bottling Jerusalem air? Nowadays when dealers can compress air so easily and use it for commercial purposes, why not compress the holy air of Jerusalem and send it to the faithful at home? This idea strikes me as a valuable one, but I publish it to the world without price. I am convinced that any man taking it up and working it out practically could make a pot of money with it. It could be used for moral disinfection — not sanitary. The only possible objection I can see to the scheme is the hygienic one. If Jerusalem air, when compressed and raised to the ninth power, would smell nine times as bad as it does at home on its native heath, I am con-

Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem

vinced that uncorking a bottle of Jerusalem air in an American city would produce a pestilence.

When dry, Jerusalem is a dust-heap; when wet, a mud-hole. It is the filthiest city ever inhabited by white men. Since I have visited it I am not surprised that the Creator once sent a great flood upon the earth. It is my belief that the Deluge was intended to wash Jerusalem and make it clean. But it was a failure.



As France claims to be the protector of Latin Christians in the Orient, so Russia claims to be the protector of the Greek Christians. The animosity between these two sects is infinitely more bitter than that existing between Christians and Jews, between Jews and Moslems, between Moslems and Christians. The Jews are disliked by the Christians, and are by them forbidden to enter certain holy places; but the Moslems are on very amicable terms with the Jews and, naturally, being lords of the soil, enter any church, synagogue, or temple, as they please. While a Jew in a Jerusalem church would be looked upon with aversion merely, a Greek priest in a Latin church, or a Latin priest in a Greek church, would often be in danger of his life. Turkish soldiers are found constantly on guard at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and at the Grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem. I have already spoken of them at the great Church of the Sepulchre. I do not think I shall ever forget the sight of a knot of Turkish officers indolently lounging on a divan inside





Tower of Antonia, Jerusalem

Greek and Latin Battles

the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, talking, laughing, smoking; this group was made up of the chief officers of a strong force of Turkish troops which, under the charge of the subalterns, was posted at every point in the enormous church where outbreaks might occur between the mobs of fanatic monks.

Russia and France were led into the Crimean War by a quarrel between Greek and Latin Christians, each claiming possession of the Church of the Nativity. At another time a battle arose between Latin and Greek Christians over the Virgin's tomb in the Valley of the Khedron. In this struggle the Turkish soldiers sided with the Greeks, and forcibly removed the Franciscans. A recent outbreak (February, 1905), was also on Greek and Latin lines. As Russia for years has been pushing her way in the Holy Land, the Greek Christians, encouraged by her attitude, are becoming very aggressive. For many centuries the Franciscan monks (of the Latin Christians) have swept the outside steps of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; they thus symbolize their possession of the building. The Greeks determined to take away the privilege from the Franciscans, and thus destroy all their vested rights. They attacked the Franciscan monks in force, with stones and clubs. A bloody battle took place, in which many of the Franciscan monks were severely injured, and in some cases their lives were despaired of. The Greeks were upheld in this high-handed proceeding by the Russian Government.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre four monastic

Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem

communities are domiciled: the Roman Catholic monks (Franciscan) have their convent and chapel to the north of the tomb; the Greek Catholics to the east; the Armenian Catholics to the south, in the gallery; and the Coptic Catholics have some small chambers to the west. Of these monks, the Father Superiors of the Greeks, the Franciscans, and the Armenians only have the "right" to demand of the Mohammedan door-porters the opening of the church, whether to celebrate their respective religious festivals, or for other purposes. This right, however, is not granted unless the Turkish keepers receive agreed payments, based on the time the doors remain open. As at all other times the doors remain locked, with the Turkish officials in possession of the keys, it follows that the Christian monks within are practically prisoners. However, they are permitted to hold communication with the outer world by means of grills or wickets in the great door; thus through Turkish mediums they receive their daily bread and other necessities of life.

I can chronicle only a church duel instead of a religious war. One day, while we were in the chief Armenian church, a violent row broke out between two men. I approached, and found that the combatants were a Jewish dragoman and an Armenian priest. They did not exactly come to blows; true, they clutched at one another's clothing, but they did not strike. In the Orient I have rarely seen blows exchanged: I have often seen them given by superior to inferior, and then generally with a stick. Many times I have seen Orien-

A Jerusalem Vignette

tals bitterly wrangling, even going so far as to clinch, but they usually "break away" without exchanging blows. In this Armenian church row I approached with the keenest interest — I thought it must surely be a religious rumpus, the cause dating back something like a thousand years. Fancy my deep disappointment when it turned out to be a quarrel over one piastre. It seems that the priest found his share of the tourists' *bakshish* was one piastre short, and he accused the dragoman of sequestering that sum. This the dragoman repudiated with indignation; the dispute became envenomed, hence the noisy row. The Armenian priest, his black eyes blazing, his face framed in coal-black beard and hair, was pale with anger; the Jewish dragoman was red with rage. Their clamor rang through the great arches, the groined roof of the gloomy church.

But what a disappointment! I thought it was at least a fight over sacred places and sacrilege, a row over the *filioque*, or some genuine "Spot Where." Alas! It was only a money fight — a tuppenny-ha'penny quarrel — a row over five cents!



In every place where I have ever been, some one picture has always remained imbedded in my mind. It may have been incongruous, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes childish. But that matters not — the picture always remained. Whenever I thought of that particular place, there rose up before me its particular picture.

Piety: Gentile, Jewish, Moslem

What is my Jerusalem picture? You could not guess. Is it of the ancient Hebrews? No. Of the Romans besieging Jerusalem? No. Of the Crusaders, of Saint Louis, of Richard, of Saladin, of Godfrey? No. Of the modern rabble of Christians, Jews, and Turks who fill the filthy streets of the ancient town? No.

What is it then? you ask. It is this — here is the picture which rises before me when I think of Jerusalem: A long and lofty *salon* in a Levantine hotel, furnished in rococo style, with gilded mouldings, with many mirrors, with many chandeliers filled with petroleum lamps; a table in the centre, at which are seated three people playing cards — two of them rosy, fresh-faced English girls, in low-cut gowns; the third a young man, an English curate, in the straight-cut coat and white stock affected by gentlemen of his cloth; the curate is smoking a short black brier pipe. Lying on a horse-hair sofa near them is a stout, red-faced gentleman, wrapped in sound and stertorous slumber; he also is in clerical garb, with the addition of gaiters; he is a dean, and I learn later that the two florid girls are his daughters. At the other end of the long *salon* is a group of Americans gazing on this scene with horror.

That is my picture. And I think almost any one will admit that a curate playing cards with a dean's daughters in a Jerusalem drawing-room, and smoking a brier pipe the while, is odd enough to be remembered.

XIV

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN PALESTINE

XIV

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN PALESTINE

OST travellers, as they sail from the western Mediterranean toward the Levant, become apprehensive of quarantine. Many who do not fear cholera or plague fear quarantine, and with reason. In travelling, it is very difficult to get truthful news about the prevalence of infectious disease. The people in the infected places are interested in suppressing the news; the people in other places have all manner of motives for directing passengers in various directions and by various routes; it is thus almost impossible to get at the truth.

While in the quarantine zone I was much interested in observing the attitude of travellers toward the various newspapers; the only journal in which they seemed to repose implicit faith was the London *Times*. Even French, Italian, German, and Austrian tourists looked with suspicion on Austrian, German, Italian, and French newspapers; they might read them for home news, for political gossip, and that sort of thing; but when they wanted to get at the truth about quarantine they read the London *Times*.

Disappointments in Palestine

When you are bound for the Holy Land from a distance of thousands of miles, Palestine seems a microscopic spot. At first you ask, "Is there any disease now in Palestine?" Or, "Are Western ports quarantining Palestine ports?" But as you approach the Holy Land, Palestine becomes more than a spot—near at hand it is a microcosm. You not only find that there may be epidemic disease there, and quarantine, but that the different spotlets of the spot quarantine against each other. Jerusalem declares a quarantine against Damascus, Damascus against Smyrna, Jerusalem against Gaza, Jerusalem against Lydda, Jerusalem against Hebron; last year Hebron actually declared a quarantine against the surrounding villages and maintained a cordon about itself reaching to the Pools of Solomon.

That Jerusalem should quarantine against Alexandria, or Alexandria against Smyrna, may not seem peculiar; but for one small town in Palestine to quarantine against all the little hamlets around it seems rather absurd.



In sailing along the Syrian coast, one is continually struck by the wealth of color. First comes the tawny sea-beach, then the white buildings with their red roofs, the copper domes, and the occasional minarets, all set in groves of green. Behind these rise the first ranges of hills, of a warm reddish color; back of these the hills grow brown; back of them again they melt into gray,

Filthy Towns

and then in the distance amethyst mountain ranges are outlined 'on the brilliantly blue Syrian sky. Sailing along the Syrian coast the land looks incredibly beautiful, but beware of landing. When you land, all beauty disappears. The towns which, seen from the sea, are white and beautiful, seen ashore are filthy and squalid. The houses are a patchwork of all ages and of all styles of architecture—ruined walls of massive masonry with sheds and hovels of refuse boards and sheet tin leaning up against the ancient buildings. The narrow streets are crowded with surly men, shapeless women, and shrill children; through this mass of humanity burdened donkeys push their way. The shopkeepers sit in their little shops, about six by six in size, and conduct loud conversations with their fellow shopkeepers up and down the street and across the way.

It is amazing how human beings can breed in these filthy towns—or I should say survive, for the human race can breed anywhere. Probably the explanation is an old one—the country feeds as well as breeds the towns. In his remarkable booklet, "The Town-Dweller," Dr. J. Minor Fothergill—that brilliant physician who died untimely—apparently proved that there is no fourth generation of Londoners. In the third generation, he says, the pure town-bred Londoner ceases to propagate. It is the red-faced rustics impelled thither, lured by the lights of London town, who renew the blood-stream of the gigantic city.

So it is in Syria—the town dwellers soon die out; but they are recruited by intermarriages with Cretans,

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Cypriotes, Hellenes and other Levantines, with Kurds, Circassians, Persians, and Africans. In fact, there is a distinct race in such towns as Smyrna, which race is of the Hellenic type. The Smyrniotes are continually recruited from the islands of the Grecian Archipelago.



That travellers in a foreign land often overrate its merits, from the days of Marco Polo down to our own, is plainly proved by Palestine. For something like four thousand years both travellers and natives have been lying about it. Most of us have based our views of Palestine on the bragging of the natives in the old Biblical times. It is hard to fit these tales to the modern Palestine, making every allowance for centuries of Turkish misrule. It is impossible to believe that this could ever have been a land flowing with milk and honey. How the natives of any era could believe their own bragging about Palestine it is difficult to understand. Probably the hypothesis of some Oriental traveller is the correct one, which is that Syria seems a paradise to the wayfarer coming from the desert. That explains it. "In the kingdom of the blind," says the old proverb, "the one-eyed man is king." And so to the Bedouin and to the thirst-stricken traveller coming from the desert which bounds Syria on the east, it must indeed seem like a garden of Eden.

Correspondingly, much of Palestine to the desert wayfarer must seem like an oasis. To the dwellers in

Subterranean Streams

the Far West of America, a simple parallel may be found. When you cross the vast stretches of alkali desert in Nevada, Utah, or Arizona, and reach a garden spot like Humboldt or Indio, where the thirsty earth has drunk up water piped from the distant hills, and thus refreshed has brought forth palm trees and flowers, how inexpressibly grateful are these green oases to the traveller's tired eye. So to the Bedouin, who is born and lives and dies in the desert, all Palestine is a gigantic oasis.

To a dweller in arid America the parched and baked appearance of the surface in Palestine does not seem strange. It may seem so to the pilgrims from moist lands like those of Northern Europe, where it rains all of the summer, and nearly all of the winter when it isn't snowing. But what strikes even a dweller in arid America is the aqueous topsy-turvydom in Palestine. There is apparently little subsoil water in the arid regions of Western America. There are a few shallow artesian reservoirs. What shallow ones exist are easily tapped and drained by too many wells, and about the only source of supply is in the streams fed by the melting snows in the mountains, which streams, for the most part, flow uselessly to the sea. But in Palestine, while there is apparently little or no water on top of the ground, there is a great deal of it immediately under the surface. There are subterranean springs and streamlets filtering everywhere through the solid rock. The people say they can detect the presence of water by putting their ears to the ground. They aver that

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they can hear the murmur of water from the rocky depths below.

The existence of natural subterranean streams seems to have given the natives a belief that artificial water-courses should also be subterranean. There is an ancient underground aqueduct which supplies Jerusalem with water, and which is fed by the Pools of Solomon. This aqueduct, which became choked up in the course of ages, has been cleaned out and again put in use. It is sadly needed. Jerusalem is a city without water. Its principal supply is from rain-water cisterns. Not only is water needed for drinking, but, if an adequate water supply were brought to the city, it is not impossible that the inhabitants might wash and be clean. The most pious pilgrim, the most ardent palmer who worships at the holy city's shrines, will admit that they need it.

The many musical references in Holy Writ to springs and fountains arouse one's expectation in this thirsty land. Involuntarily you quicken your pace as you approach a well, or spring, or fountain. But there is nothing attractive about such places in Palestine. The women wash garments at the drinking-places till the waters are foul with filth; the men wash horses in them; and all classes seem to drink freely of this foul water, and wonder at the squeamishness of the European.



When one thinks of the great events that have taken place in the Holy Land, the multitude of cities, villages,

Holy Land Very Small

and towns, the countless millions who have been born there and whose bones now lie in its rock-ribbed hills, the small dimensions of Palestine are almost startling. West of the Jordan, where most of the historic events took place, there are only 3,800 square miles, including all of the geographical divisions now called Palestine; including the land both east and west of the Jordan, the total area is 9,840 square miles. The length of Palestine from north to south is about 150 miles. It varies in breadth from 23 to 80 miles.

Perhaps the best way to realize its smallness is to compare it with other geographical divisions. Compared with European countries it is about one sixth the size of England (58,168 square miles); a little less than two thirds the size of Switzerland (15,992 square miles); a little more than one third the size of Greece (25,014 square miles); less than two thirds the size of Denmark (15,289 square miles).

Coming to the western hemisphere, it is a little more than one third the size of Costa Rica (23,233 square miles); a little more than one half the size of Santo Domingo (18,045 square miles); and about one eightieth the size of Mexico (747,900 square miles).

The term "city" as used in the Bible, when applied to the ridiculous little villages that one finds in Palestine to-day, shows what extreme importance an aggregation of houses has to the tent-dweller. To a Zulu doubtless Capetown seems like a great city; to a Londoner it seems like a village. But everything is relative. Three thousand years ago, when nomadic Hebrews

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approached a little village on the hither side of the Jordan, no doubt they were awe-stricken, called it a city, and dubbed its constable or pound-keeper a king. To-day in Montenegro Prince Nikita is looked upon with awe by his simple subjects — they believe him not only royal, but almost a demi-god. Yet his capital city is smaller than a tenth-rate provincial town, and his “palace” is inferior to the average suburban villa.

The villages in the Holy Land are all dingy and dust-colored. Many are on the tops of hills, and look like fortified places. All have flat roofs, and some are surrounded with olive orchards and cactus hedges. At a distance they are not unattractive. But as you approach and enter them they become more and more repulsive. All sorts of filth may be found in the streets. Dirty and diseased children swarm everywhere, while ragged mothers gaze idly at them, squatting on their door-steps. Some of the houses are built of stones taken from ancient ruins, but most of them are constructed of dried mud. As there are no trees and hence no wood in Palestine, the fuel is dried dung, and its acrid smell everywhere fills the air. There is little furniture in the houses, a bed and some water-jugs being about all. In some houses the floor is on two levels — one half being several feet higher than the other. On the upper level the family live, and on the lower the beasts. The people who live in these houses are said by ethnologic authorities to be distinct from the Bedouin Arabs and from the Turks. They are believed to be descendants of the Canaanites, and



Natives around the Zion Gate, Jerusalem

Force of Tradition

philologists say that they remain as they were when they talked with Jesus in Aramaic — which language, by the way, He is said to have used most.

There are only about a dozen towns in Palestine (that is, excluding the cities of Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beirut) with more than three thousand population. Some with the most sacred associations seem to-day to be the most insignificant. Bethlehem is particularly disappointing. It looks impressive from afar, but, as you approach, it loses its picturesque appearance, and to dash your anticipations still more, you find a number of staring new buildings there. Bethlehem, like Jerusalem, seems to have a boom.

I have often been struck by the force of tradition. In countries whose beginnings antedate history, the modern dwellers often resort to certain places and perform certain acts without knowing why. Thus, for example, in Roman Catholic Italy to-day the peasants regularly go to the sites of ancient pagan temples to indulge in merrymakings at certain seasons of the year contemporaneous with pagan festivals in honor of Venus, of Jupiter, or of Apollo. The populace of modern Rome go forth every year about Easter time to a point on the Campagna where there once was a temple to Venus; now there remains scarcely one stone standing on another. Here they have rural sports, diversified with eating and drinking. They call the occasion "The Festival of the Divine Love" — which has a semi-religious sound. It is really a survival of a festival in honor of Venus, which was

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celebrated two thousand years ago by the Plebs of ancient Rome.

So in Palestine there stands upon the plain of Jericho a wretched village called Eriha. It stands near the site, according to tradition, of the City of Sodom. It is a foul and filthy collection of hovels, and is of no interest whatever, unless it be for the fact that the morals of the villagers are as filthy and as foul as are their hovels. What seems unusual is that the women are more immoral than the men — things have got mixed since Sodom sinned and fell. How strange that of the Cities of the Plain, destroyed so many centuries ago, nothing should remain but their lewd living.



The views of the Valley of the Jordan and of the basin in which lies the Dead Sea are very striking. Looking to the eastward from elevated points near Jerusalem, the Dead Sea seems about half a mile away. Yet it is nearly four thousand feet lower than Jerusalem, and many hours' travel distant. These inland salt seas are all very remarkable. Many Americans have noticed the extraordinary characteristics of the Great Salt Lake, particularly when trying to swim in its waters. The Dead Sea has the same tendency to bring the bather's feet to the surface. There are no fishes in the Dead Sea — no life of any kind. The percentage of solids in the water is enormous — about twenty-six per cent. The principal solid ingredients are the chlorides of sodium, magnesium, and calcium.

Many Sects of Catholics

The deepest part of the Dead Sea's bed lies 2,600 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; its depth here is 1,310 feet. Jerusalem lies 3,780 feet above the Dead Sea. Oddly enough, it has a cloud system of its own, for one may frequently see cloud-banks lying over the Dead Sea, which are six or seven hundred feet below the level of the ocean.

The Valley of the Jordan is in modern times but scantily peopled. The heat there is unbearable, the malaria mortal. In fact, a residence in the Valley of the Jordan is calculated to take a good Christian who covets eternity more rapidly into the other world than almost any other spot in the Holy Land, and there are a great many places in the Holy Land better fitted for holy dying than for holy living.



Of all the disappointments of Palestine, probably the most disappointing is the religious question. Most of us imagine that in the Holy Land the Christians are a united band, leagued against the followers of Mahound. Error—gigantic, colossal, stupendous error. The Mohammedans are united, but the Christians are rent and torn. They quarrel bitterly; they hate each other for the love of God; they often push their fanatic hatred to the extreme of murder. And the Turkish Government watches them carefully to prevent their cutting each other's throats.

The Christians are divided into many sects. The "Orthodox Greeks" are the most numerous. They

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are in two Patriarchates, under the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Patriarch of Beirut. These Greek Catholics venomously hate the "Latins," or Roman Catholics.

The "Latins" are affiliated with the Papal Church of Rome, although some of the sects do not recognize all the Papal dogmas. The Oriental Catholic Churches affiliated with the "Latin," or Roman Catholic, are the "Coptic Catholic," the "Armenian Catholic," the "United Nestorians," the "United Syrians," the "United Greeks."

Some of these Oriental Catholic Churches depart from the Roman ritual and defy certain of its ordinances. Many of them celebrate the mass in Arabic, and most of them permit married men to be priests. This the Roman See winks at. All of these Catholics have Patriarchs of their own—at Damascus, at Aleppo, at Constantinople, at Mossul—and they seem to regard their Pontiffs as of equal dignity with the Pontiff of the Roman Church.

The Maronite Catholics are also affiliated with the Roman Catholics. Their Patriarch is elected by their bishops, subject to the approval of the Pope of Rome. But they demand the right of their priests to marry, and assert their right to read the mass in Syrian.

The discordant Christian sects of the East hate each other so bitterly that they have little hatred left for the Mohammedans, with whom both Greeks and Latins are on better terms than with each other. As for the Protestants: the Latin and Greek Catholics rarely

Protestants not “Christians”

speak of them as Christians. And Latins hate Greeks, Greeks hate Latins, much more than they do the Jews.



The curious attitude of France toward the Latin Christians of the Orient is due to her alliance with Russia. Not to offend her ally she tolerates much in the shape of Russian encouragement of Greek-Christian aggression — aggression which she would not have permitted prior to 1870. In the days of the Second Empire, Napoleon III was famed throughout the Orient as the “Protector of Latin Christians.” This title began when the massacre of the Maronite Christians was checked by French troops.

These Maronites, by the way, are rather an odd sect. They are among the native groups of Christians who date from the earliest time; they claim to be “Primitive Christians,” and they are said to have existed before the split between the Church of Byzantium and the Church of Rome. In comparatively recent times they have been won over to recognize the supremacy of the Pope. Hence they are looked upon with bitter hatred by other groups of native Christians, who regard the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Damascus, Constantinople, or Moscow as their religious heads. Nearly all of the European (Latin) missions, by the way, confine their attempts at proselytizing to the Greek Christians; they do not try to convert the Moslems or the Jews. This probably is one of the causes of the intense hostility of the Greeks for the Latins. There are a number of

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Protestant missions in Palestine, but they do not seem to accomplish very much in the way of conversions. They have excellent schools, where young Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Syrians, Smyrniotes, and Jews are educated in English and other branches. I talked with some of these students, and when I asked them their "nationality" they invariably answered, as did the dragomans and drivers — "I am a Jew," or "I am a Latin," or "I am a Greek Christian." But I never heard one of them say "I am a Protestant." On the other hand, there seemed to be no bitterness toward the Protestant missions. The various contending sects do not seem to take them seriously. In fact, these ancient churches over here talk and act as if the Protestant churches were mere wayfarers, and not at all in the business to stay. They do not even speak of Protestants as "Christians," and do not so regard them.

I may say here that if the worthy people at home who contribute to "foreign missions" think that the missionaries in Mohammedan countries are trying to Christianize Mohammedans, they are much in error. The missionaries have more discretion. Nowhere in European or Asiatic Turkey, in Syria or in Egypt, in Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, Damascus, Jerusalem, or Cairo, in Roberts College or any Christian missionary school, does any Christian missionary attempt to convert a Mohammedan to Christianity. The result would be bad for both missionary and convert. The Christian missionaries do not even attempt to make converts in these countries. Naturally, this phase of

Russo-Franco-German Rivalry

foreign missions is not much talked of at home, where the money is raised. But this statement is unqualifiedly true.



There is one particularly imposing Protestant institution in Jerusalem, and that is the large and handsome church recently erected there by the Kaiser. But I do not think the Kaiser built it purely as a place in which to worship God, for there are hardly enough German Protestants to fill it. I think he built it partly because Russia has so large a church and so large a reservation there, and partly because he wanted to show that if there was going to be anything doing in religion in Jerusalem, Germany must make a showing.

The secret motives underlying the action of the European powers here in Palestine are difficult to fathom. I asked one of the consular corps in Palestine what was his theory as to their motives and intentions. He replied, but requested me not to quote him, so he shall remain anonymous. This is the gist of what he said:

"France has for years striven to hold the post of protector of Latin Christianity in the Orient. Since 1860, when French troops saved Christians from the massacre of the Druses, she has enjoyed that prestige in Europe. That prestige was augmented by Napoleon III, when he protected the Maronites from Moslem aggression. But of recent years French prestige has been suffering. Germany and Russia have been striving in every possible way to leave France in

Disappointments in Palestine

the rear. It is difficult for one who has not been in Jerusalem to understand how the great powers of Europe strive for prestige in this ancient city. It is the belief among many men here that Russia, for religious reasons, intends ultimately to make Jerusalem Russian territory. Since Emperor William's visit here, a few years ago, Germany also has taken many steps in her occupation of Jerusalem. A magnificent church has been erected here in honor of the Kaiser's visit. Formerly Germans were buried in the graveyard of the French monastery, regardless of their creed, but since the Kaiser's visit the Germans have a graveyard of their own. Germany has pushed herself forward in many other ways. Hence France is straining every nerve to impress the Christians, and particularly the Latin Christians, with her importance. Relying on their ignorance, she chastises them in the West, and then sends her officials to honor their functions in the East."

The remarks of my friend the consul were strongly corroborated by later happenings. The Kaiser not long afterward conferred with some of the German Catholic cardinals as to the chance of the Pope turning over to Germany the position of protector of Latin Christianity in the Orient. This position France will necessarily have to vacate, owing to her separation of Church and State. This separation the Vatican construes as an attack on the power of the Church in the West, and it certainly will not allow France to remain protector of the faithful in the East.

Jews in Two Groups

That Germany is not a Roman Catholic power goes for naught. There is no Roman Catholic power strong enough to assume the rôle of protector in the face of Russia's position in the Holy Land. In fact, that is the chief stone in the Kaiser's path. For the fanaticism of the Russian peasants in Palestine over the holy places may lead to brawls more bloody than those of the Greek and Latin monks. The Kaiser-hating among the French maintain that the Pope would never consent to make the Kaiser protector over Roman Catholics in the Orient. The answer to this is that when France abandons the rôle they will have no other protector. The further hypothesis may be hazarded that if the Pope does not grant the right the Kaiser may seize it, and thus secure the perpetual right of interference in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Smyrna, Damascus, and at all points in the Orient where Roman Catholics may be found.



Like the Christians, even the Jews in the Holy Land are at war. The Sephardim and Ashkenazim are hostile. The Jews are divided into two groups — the descendants of the ancient Israelites (Sephardim) and the new immigrants (Ashkenazim). There is no love lost between the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim. They differ radically in language and in customs. The Sephardim speak Oriental dialects, while the Ashkenazim from Germany, Poland, and Russia speak Yiddish. The Jewish immigrants from Asia and Africa consort

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with the Sephardim, and the two clans seem to be divided on Oriental and Occidental lines. The proportion of Spanish-speaking Jews is very large, and the Spanish Jews consort with the Oriental clan. They descend from the Jews driven out of Spain in 1497 by Ferdinand and Isabella, and are ruled by a Rabbi. The Ashkenazim are under no particular Rabbi, but are protected by the different European consuls whose nationality they claim. The third group of Jews is called Cariates. They reject the Talmud and restrict their sacred books to the Old Testament. They are said to be superior to the others in education and morality.

All of the Jews nominally obey a Grand Rabbi who looks out for their interests with the local Turkish authorities and the Porte. He has a council of six members: three of them rabbis, and three laymen.

One of the causes of jealousy between the Jewish groups is the enormous charitable fund, called the *Halucca*, which is sent to Jerusalem by Jews all over the world. Prior to the Jerusalem boom, and the advent of the new-comers, the Sephardim lived in luxury on the *Halucca*. They were well treated by the Turks, practised polygamy like them, and were quite friendly with the governing race. But with the arrival of the Ashkenazim all this was changed. The Ashkenazim brought to Jerusalem all manner of European prejudices against the Turks, and the Turks speedily resented their attitude. Before long the Turks lumped the Jewish clans together, and treated the Sephardim as severely as they did the Ashkenazim.

Jews Flock to Jerusalem

Thus the Sephardim have suffered both socially and financially. Prior to the boom, the Sephardim received from the *Halucca* enough to live on in comfort — sometimes even in luxury. Since the arrival of the Ashkenazim the *Halucca* has been so divided up that both clans are barely able to exist. Some of them have been forced to go to work. Playing on the feelings of charitable Jews throughout the world, and thereby increasing the *Halucca*, is quite a business in Jerusalem. On mail-day the various post-offices of the different European nations are crowded with Jews sending off begging letters.

In addition to the thousands of Jews who are maintained individually by the *Halucca*, there are many colonies of Jews subsidized by foreign associations or individuals. Baron Rothschild supports one at Mount Carmel. There are other colonies in different parts of Palestine. They are not attractive places, and do not compare with the Russian and German settlements, where the colonists are self-sustaining. The acceptance of alms seems to cause atrophy of the moral fibre. I never saw a Jewish beggar in the United States, and I know of no race or religion that takes better care of its weaklings than do the Jews in our country. But the condition to which these pauperized Jews have fallen in these subsidized Palestine colonies shows the depths reached by him who has ceased to support himself.

Of the vast influx of people to Jerusalem of late years, the immigrants are principally Jews. There are no census figures obtainable, but the foreign consuls

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estimate that there are about fifty thousand Jews in Jerusalem — about twice as many as all the other inhabitants combined. The new colonies of Jews are due to the Zionist movement inaugurated by Jewish millionnaires, like the Rothschilds. Israel Zangwill, the author, is one of the ardent advocates of a hegira of the Jews to their ancient home. Jews are certainly pouring into Palestine from all over Europe. But the consuls in Jerusalem doubt the desirability of this movement; they say that the Jewish colonists are failures as agriculturists, and seem to succeed only as shopkeepers or money-changers.

The Jews in Palestine certainly prefer shopkeeping to agriculture, and one certainly sees more Jewish money-changers than Turkish, although it would seem fitting for the business of changing Turkish money to be in the hands of Turkish money-changers. Perhaps the Turks do not understand the Turkish money as well as the Jews do. Here is a brief *résumé* of some of its eccentricities:

The Turkish gold unit is the lira, or pound, worth about \$5; the Turkish silver unit is the piastre, worth about 5 cents. When we were in Turkey the lira was thus quoted: in Constantinople, 100 piastres; in Beirut, 123 piastres; in Jaffa, 141 piastres; in Jerusalem, 124 piastres; in Damascus, 129 piastres. To this must be added the further fact that even these values fluctuated from day to day with the fluctuations in exchange of Turkish silver. If I add to the foregoing that the Turkish metallic currency (*metallik*)

Foreign Mails in Turkey

current in Constantinople is uncurrent in every other Turkish city; if I state that the value of the Turkish pound is quoted differently in buying different commodities; if I say that the foregoing is merely the government rate of exchange, and that there is a commercial rate of exchange, which is different; if I remark that the four foreign post-offices in Jerusalem have a rate of exchange of their own, which is also different; if I set down the curious fact that the railway companies recognize none of these rates of exchange, but have a rate of their own also — I may not be believed, but nevertheless it is entirely true.

That Jerusalem should have four foreign post-offices may seem strange, but it is true. The Turkish post-office is so bad that the foreign legations in Turkey have been forced to create post-offices of their own. When a Turk in Constantinople wants to send a letter in a hurry, he sends it by the British, French, German, or Austrian post-office. Therefore one of the peculiarities of Constantinople, in addition to its dogs and its smells, is the variety of its post-offices. It is of record that a Turkish minister posted a letter in Constantinople addressed to Washington, another on the same day addressed to Smyrna. The Washington letter reached its destination, seven thousand miles away, sooner than the one sent to Smyrna, one day's sail away.

The foreign post-offices in Turkey are very well managed, and are always used by foreign residents.

Not only in Constantinople and Jerusalem but in

Disappointments in Palestine

other large cities of the Turkish Empire there are foreign post-offices. Thus, in Smyrna, Beirut, and Jerusalem, you can not only mail a letter, but a ten-pound parcel at a British, French, German, or Austrian post-office. This, by the way, is more than you can do at an American post-office in the United States.



Among the agreeable disappointments of Palestine was the smooth landing we made at Jaffa, which port is notorious for its stormy seas. But that disappointment was destined to be effaced when we left Palestine. The day we disembarked at Jaffa the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the disembarkation was effected without any accident or discomfort. But the day we embarked, conditions were very different. A gale had been howling for days along the Syrian coast. Off the harbor there is a barrier reef, very similar to those which circle the South Sea Islands. A narrow slit-like entrance permits the passage of small boats. Outside of this the larger vessels anchor when it is safe to do so, and lie to when it is not. On this particular day there were a number of ships in the offing, but they all had steam up and were ready to put to sea at a minute's notice. Such was the force of the sea and wind that the waves were breaking over the reef twenty feet high. The placid Mediterranean, that "summer sea," as many people like to call it, can at times be as rude as the Atlantic. Even inside the reef the water was by no means smooth.

Russian Pilgrims

Among the half score of big ships tossing and tumbling about on the rough waves without, were three Russian ships of war and one Russian passenger vessel. From the men-of-war there streamed stiffly in the keen wind the blue and white banner of Russia. The port facilities at Jaffa are comparatively limited. There is a space of some fifty or sixty yards of stone quay, alongside of which row-boats come to embark and disembark passengers. When the number of passengers arriving and sailing is large, the boats wait for places at the quay, and the passengers also wait for the boats. When we were there a stream of boats was pouring in from the Russian passenger vessel. As they came alongside, there crawled, leaped, were lifted, or slung, according to age, sex, and condition, hordes of filthy Russian peasants. As soon as they landed they fell upon their faces, and with their blubbery lips kissed with resounding smacks the slabs of stone. Evidently they looked upon the pier as being the sacred soil of the Holy Land. I could not but smile when I reflected that, only a few moments before, this sacred soil had been occupied by gangs of Mohammedan porters passing boxes, bags, and bundles from one another to the boats. As they worked they indulged in a droning sing-song — what sailors call a “shanty” — to help them in their work. As I listened to their rhythmical grunt I was curious to know what they were saying, and asked a dragoman. It sounded to me like “La-Allah-il-Allah,” etc. — the well-known saying which we all of us remember from the “Arabian

Disappointments in Palestine

Nights." The dragoman corroborated my belief, and added that the other words meant for the next man to hurry the baggage along. In short, from his translation, I think their "shanty" was something like this: "Come, get a move on. Allah is great. Pass it along. Allah is great."

A Russian friend once told me that it is the fashion in Russia for entire strangers to cry to those they meet on Easter Day, "Christ is risen!" One particularly hairy Russian moujik was just arising from his osculations of the stone pier when his eye caught mine. He rushed upon me with outstretched arms, shouting a greeting, and showing so friendly a disposition that I fled in terror. My Russian friend had told me that the Russian peasants not only greet strangers with the words, "Christ is risen," but frequently embrace them. I was afraid my hairy friend intended to embrace me — perhaps to kiss me with the same pious lips which he had just imprinted on the porter-defiled pier. So I did not hesitate. Discretion is the better part of valor. I did not think he intended to kill me, only to kiss me; but I ran.

The passage from the pier at Jaffa to the ship was not a pleasant one. The Jaffa boats are not unlike whale-boats: they are high in bow and stern, rowed with long sweeps, and steered with a sweep astern made fast to a thole-pin. The boatmen who handle them are skilful with their oars, and aside from the fact that they are parasitic, dirty, and would cut your throat for sixpence, I have no doubt that they are very worthy

The Sea at Jaffa

men. Still, rarely does one part from a set of shipmates with so much joy as from these Jaffa boatmen. On our boat one barefooted mariner, who lost his toe-grip on the gunwale, fell overboard. His comrades paid not the least attention to him; he swam around, trying to climb into various boats, but repulsed by all; the occupants feared he would shake himself like a wet dog, so he had to swim ashore.

Our boatmen had made not more than three strokes with their long sweeps when our whale-boat began to poise herself alternately on bow and stern. Then she rolled, she pitched, she tossed, she made every movement possible to the laws of gravitation and flotation. As she did so, the countenances of the people aboard instantly changed. I have seen a great many sea-sick people in my time, and I may have seen more people sea-sick than there were in our boat, but I never saw people more sea-sick — that is, so sea-sick — that is, sea-sicker. There are stages of sea-sickness where ladies attempt to conceal the fact that they are under the weather. There was no such attempt in this boat. Anybody who was sick was frankly sea-sick. We were right down to the plain, primitive man and woman and no nonsense about it.

The extreme lack of formality in our boat reminded me of one of Keene's droll bits in *Punch* years ago — a picture of a sea-sick woman aboard a Channel steamer. A sea-sick man beside her has his head pillow'd in her lap. A passing good Samaritan says: "Madam, look at your husband's awful pallor — you had better

Disappointments in Palestine

have him taken below." To which the sea-sick lady replies with a dreadful calmness: "He's not my husband. I don't know who he is." There were occurrences in our boat which strongly reminded me of this picture.

When half-way to the ship we passed through the barrier reef and got into the open sea. Then we instinctively felt that inside the reef it had been comparatively smooth. Outside the reef the boat really began to get a move on her, and here the boatmen chose to stop rowing. Any one who has ever sailed the seas knows that it is much easier to preserve one's composure and dinner when a vessel is under way than when she has stopped. There were some stern spirits in our boat who had hitherto maintained comparative calmness. But when we passed through the reef and the rowing stopped, most of them gave way. It was indeed a lamentable spectacle. As I gazed over this mass of men, women, and luggage it seemed that the percentage of sea-sickness was about ninety-seven out of a possible hundred. In fact, everything seemed to be sea-sick, except the boatmen and the boat. Even the baggage writhed uneasily — the very valises oped their clammy jaws.

The rowing stopped because the boatmen had chosen this spot for *bakshish*. True, they had agreed to take us from shore to ship for a specified sum. True, they had agreed they would demand no *bakshish*. But all the same, when they got us past the reef a cry of "*bakshish*" arose. One was selected as collector.

Sea-sickness and Bakshish

He went around, and never in my experience in the Orient did I see a crowd of people yield up *bakshish* with so much alacrity. I will do the collector the justice to say that he was decent enough not to attempt to collect from those women who were in a state of collapse, but any woman who could hold her head up had to pay, and all the men had to pay, sea-sick or not. He also complied with the request of the gathering that he should "make haste" and "hurry up;" for he spoke a little English, and he informed them that the best way to accelerate matters was to have their money ready and expect no change. Everybody followed his advice. Nobody asked for change. Nobody got any.

When we reached the ship's side, most of the ladies had to be lifted up out of the bottom of the boat, where they were in a heap; as the platform of the gangway was sometimes fifteen feet in the air above our heads, and as we were sometimes fifteen feet above it and looking down, they had to be tossed by the boatmen into the arms of the brawny sailors on the gangway. They came almost any end up, and the deadly nature of their malady may be inferred from the fact that they paid not the slightest attention to their appearance, to their petticoats, or to whether their hats were on straight.

XV

CAIRO'S ROUTES AND INNS

XV

CAIRO'S ROUTES AND INNS

HE various steamship lines from Europe to Egypt are mentioned in detail in the first chapter of this book. As will there be observed, the number of steamers has much increased during the past two or three years; even the number of lines has been increased.

On our journey to Egypt in the winter of 1905, we sailed both ways under the British flag — one way by the *Peninsular and Oriental*, the other by the *White Star* line. On previous voyages between Egypt and the Occident we had sailed under other flags. It must be admitted that the passenger lists in such cases were more interesting than on the British ships. On one occasion I remember that we carried an Oriental pasha and his entire harem, together with a most remarkable assortment of Sicilian priests, Greek monks, French abbés (they did not fraternize), English army officers, Anglo-Indian civilians, Italian actors, French officers from Madagascar, German honeymooners, Greek dandies, and Levantine ladies of various nationalities, including some Cypriote beauties with languishing

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eyes. This winter, however, on both the P. and O. and White Star steamers, the passengers were made up of American and British travellers, all eminently respectable, and entirely uninteresting.

The P. and O. ships are very crowded in winter for the "short-sea" route — that is between Marseilles and Port Saïd. At this latter port all the Egyptian passengers disembark, and only the Indian passengers remain. Even of these voyagers booked for the Far East many do not take the "long-sea" route from England across the Bay of Biscay and past Gibraltar, but join their ships either at Marseilles or Brindisi. As a result, the ship has a light passenger list at both ends of her run, and an overcrowded one in the middle.

Between Marseilles and Port Saïd our ship was so crowded that the chief steward was forced to have "first" and "second sittings," as he called them, or "first" and "second tables," as they are usually denominated on American steamships. I was amused at the difference between the practical American and the more conventional Britisher. The Britons greatly preferred the late dinner hour at half past seven. But those who selected that hour for dinner were also obliged to take the late breakfast hour. As the British largely outnumbered the Americans, there was a grand rush for the "second sitting." The Americans thus found themselves with first choice of seats for the "first sitting." After the first day out many Britons began to suspect that they had blundered. As the Americans

Box and Cox at Sea

trooped in to dinner at half past six, the hungry Britons gathered like Peris at the gates of Paradise, and greedily watched them eat. As they saw the tureens of soup, dishes of fish, and pyramids of hash borne in and out — all cooked at the same hour, and destined to regale them an hour or so later — they grew visibly perturbed.

On the second day out, at the eight o'clock breakfast sitting, I was just about to take my seat, when I collided with another voyager, to whom I said sweetly: "Beg pardon; this is a hundred and six — my number, please." He looked at me gloomily, and responded, "It's mine, too;" whereupon he appealed to the chief steward to be allowed to breakfast then instead of at half past nine. But the steward was obdurate and refused, so Cox withdrew. For he was Cox and I was Box. He was my *alter ego*, my *doppelganger*. Cox retired, and glared hungrily at me through the cabin skylight, while I lingered tantalizingly over the breakfast delicacies. Only once during this sitting did I feel my serene sense of satisfaction disturbed. It was when I suddenly thought of the napkins. "Great heavens!" said I; "if Cox uses the same numbered chair as I do, does he use the same numbered napkin-ring?" I called my table-waiter to my side, and with a faltering voice asked him to shed light on this dark matter. He relieved me mightily by at once producing Cox's napkin-ring. True, it was numbered "106," but it had a circle under it. I, being Box, had the first napkin-ring, and mine was numbered "106" straight, with no circle. The sight of these cryptic napkin-rings

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relieved me greatly. Cox was an inoffensive-looking person, but one draws the line at napkins.

For this and other reasons I was extremely glad that I had signed articles for the first sitting instead of the second. The sight of a breakfast battle-field, with its gouts of gravy, its awful grub-stains, its exploded egg-shells, and other signs of carnage, has always confirmed me in my preference for pictures of peace rather than war.

I may remark here that the P. and O. boats land at Port Saïd, the White Star steamers at Alexandria. The special service of the North German Lloyd lands at Alexandria, the Adriatic service of that and the Hamburg-American line at Port Saïd. I strongly advise travellers sailing for Egypt to go via Alexandria. It is a fairly interesting city and well worth a visit, while Port Saïd is dirty, dreary, uninteresting, and malodorous. The three-hour railway journey from Alexandria to Cairo runs through the richest part of the Nile Delta, while that from Port Saïd presents few or no points of interest. Special trains are frequently run between Cairo and Alexandria when the larger steamers are sailing; rarely, if ever, from Port Saïd, as it is not always known when the west-bound steamers will arrive there. Travellers via Port Saïd, being on ships making long voyages, such as from England to India, or Germany to China, cannot tell the approximate time of their arrival. They cannot even tell the date, much less whether it will probably be by night or day. In fact, such passengers are sometimes obliged to dis-





Court of an Arab House with Musharabiyyeh Windows and Furniture

Cairo Dragomans

embark at Port Saïd in the middle of the night, by means of small boats, in Cimmerian darkness, while their steamer goes on.



The more enterprising among the Cairo dragomans do not wait for their prey in the Cairo hotels. Nor do they confine themselves to the railway station. They go far afield when a European steamship is due; they meet the traveller at Alexandria or Port Saïd.

When we first visited Egypt we fell at once into the hands of Dragoman Achmet Mohammed. Achmet had recommendations from many of the great ones of the earth. Besides, he was no worse than any other dragoman. They all rob you, more or less; but they certainly prevent you from being robbed a great deal more by others. They get commissions on everything you buy, and steer you into high-priced places; but, generally speaking, they keep you out of places where you would get into trouble. So they are, perhaps, a necessary evil.

On our second visit to Cairo we did not deem it necessary to see all the stock sights — we had come to enjoy ourselves. So we rebuffed numerous Cairo dragomans at Alexandria. But when we alighted at the Cairo railway station, the first person I saw was Achmet Mohammed. My heart fell. I hoped he would not recognize me. No such luck. He knew me at once, hastened to my side, called a carriage, and assisted me to enter it with that deferential hand-cup

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for my elbow which I knew so well. I made a feeble attempt to explain to Achmet that we would not need him. He received this remark with a trustful smile of incredulity. When we reached the hotel, Achmet swiftly paid and dismissed the cabman without asking me for the money. Then I knew that I was lost. I was no longer my own man. I belonged to Achmet Mohammed.

But what boots it to tell of my futile struggle? Achmet had ignored other wayfarers, had fastened himself to me, and had thus lost his chance for any other client until the arrival of the next steamer. So he was determined not to let me go. Did I seat myself on the terrace? Achmet would come and stand behind my chair. Did I call a cab? Achmet would suddenly appear and abuse the cabman violently in order to impress him with my importance. Did I enter a shop? Achmet entered it also from another door. He was proof against everything — abuse, entreaty, cursing. I assured him warmly that he was losing his time, for not a piastre would he receive from me. But Achmet soothingly replied that his motives were not mercenary — that he wished to serve me only in consideration of love and affection.

But another steamer came with a new lot of travellers. Among them was a family I knew. I greeted them with an unholly glitter in my eye. I was more than cordial — I was effusive. As soon as the opportunity served — perhaps sooner — I took Paterfamilias aside and asked him if he had secured a dragoman.

Conscientious Travellers

No, he had not, and he needed one, for they were going up the Nile. "Up the Nile!" My heart leaped for joy. I turned around and clapped my hands; I did not see Achmet, but I knew that he was near. In truth he was; he appeared like the Hindoostanee magician who comes out of the ground. I presented Achmet to Paterfamilias. I told him that Achmet was the boss dragoman — that among Egyptian dragomans he was easily It.

The next morning the family took Achmet up the Nile. I did not wish him any particular harm, but I could not help hoping that they would lose him somewhere — in the First or Second Cataract, say.



There are two sets of travellers in Egypt: the first are those who use Cairo only as a stopping-place on their way to other stations; the second, those who care naught for Upper Egypt, the ruins, or the Nile, and who consider Cairo the only point of interest in the whole of Egypt. The latter class is usually made up of those who have visited Egypt more than once. The traveller who has made a previous visit to Egypt may settle down in Cairo with the comfortable sensation that he is not obliged to do the Nile, to do Luxor, Thebes, or Memphis, to do the ruins of Karnak, or to do anything at all unless he pleases.

But those travellers who are in Egypt for the first time enjoy no such delightful feeling of mild do-nothing-



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ism. Such travellers are slaves of duty. Concerning them, an old Cairo devotee said to me one day:

"Poor creatures! They want to stay in Cairo, but, driven by duty, they must move on. They would like to lounge along the ever shifting streets and bazaars of the Mouski quarter; instead of this, they let themselves be dragged off to view tumble-down ruins in which they are not interested. They would like to sit among the brilliant throng on the hotel terraces, and look at snake-charmers and jugglers; instead of this, they let themselves be hauled around to mouldy old mosques which delight them not. They allow themselves to be whisked up the Nile by tourist agents, in narrow stern-wheel boats with cell-like state-rooms where they are fried by day and frozen by night. They permit themselves to be driven off on donkey-back over sandy, dusty trails, across great stretches of desert, to gaze on gigantic ruins, taking four days to do things which it would require four weeks to do properly. And all this they call 'travelling for pleasure.'"

While I do not agree with this Cairo devotee in his low estimate of everything Egyptian that is not Cairene, he is certainly right in his picture of these slaves of duty. Among them I once encountered a young woman who had only a week in Egypt and who wanted to spend it in Cairo. I heard her say in a melancholy tone: "How I wish I could stay in this lovely city! But it is my duty to go up the Nile!" And she went. Another young woman, smitten with the Cairo charm, tried to sell her Nile ticket at a ruinous sacrifice. Fail-





Kasr en-Nil Bridge, Cairo

Unlike Constantinople

ing in her attempted sale, this second slave of duty made the Nile trip, like Niobe all tears.

This gives some idea of the charm of Cairo to the new-comer as well as to the old. It is, in truth, a fascinating city. For some reason, the Cairo Mohammedans seem less hostile to strangers than they are in many Moslem cities. In some Turkish towns the true believers show plainly by their looks and demeanor that they hate Christians. Constantinople, for example, — outside of the European quarter, Pera — is not a pleasant place for Christian strangers. Sour looks and words that sound like curses come from the adults, while over-ripe fruit, unsalable vegetables, and even stones at times come from the little boys. In short, while Stamboul is sulky, grimy, and grim, Cairo is cheerful, light, and pleasant.

In other ways Cairo differs markedly from Constantinople. When one compares the magnificent steel bridge across the Nile with the tottering, decrepit wrecks across the Golden Horn, he may note the difference between modern Mohammedanism and Mohammedanism that is decaying. That venerable structure, the Galata bridge at Constantinople, looks as if it were composed of bed-slats, old tin roofing, rusty gas-pipe, and superannuated stair-rails. When it gets acute structural weakness, it is fastened together with corroded wire or old barrel-hoops. Occasionally the railing tumbles off for fifty or a hundred feet, carrying with it fifty or a hundred true believers into Paradise via the Golden Horn. If Abdul Hamid were to visit

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the Khedive and compare bridges, he would go back to Yildez Kiosk with a still stronger dislike than he now has for his wealthy vassal.

A signal difference between Cairo and Constantinople is in the matter of light. After nightfall Stam-boul is as dark as a church is on a week-day, while Cairo is as brilliantly lighted as a saloon. The rules regulating vehicle lights are so stringent that not only hackney-cabs but private carriages, farm-wagons, and donkey-carts are obliged to carry lights. One evening while driving out to the Pyramids, we saw a farmer and his wife returning in a cart from selling their produce in Cairo. It was dusk, but I could plainly see the anxious look on the dark face of the farmer's wife, lighted by the candle which she held shaded by her hand. Thus the vehicle was provided with a light — thus she complied with the law. If toward evening you are driving in a cab, if the legal hour for lighting is reached, your cabman stops at once, nimbly hops down, and quickly lights up. In this respect Cairo is better policed than many Occidental cities.

Still another difference between Cairo and Constantinople is in the treatment of pedestrians. All over the Orient the footman has no rights. But at Constantinople he seems to be more brutally treated than elsewhere. There the drivers seem to try to run him down without warning. But in Cairo they have a series of curious cries with which they warn a footman. They specify the particular part of his anatomy which is in danger, thus:

Street Cries of Warning

“Look out for thy left shin, O uncle!”

“Boy, have a care for the little toe on thy right foot!”

“O blind beggar, look out for thy staff!”

And the blind beggar, feeling his way with the staff in his right hand, at once obediently turns to the left.

“O Frankish woman, look out for thy left foot!”

“O burden-bearer, thy load is in danger!”

“O water-carrier, look out for the tail end of thy pig-skin water-bottle!”

“O son of Sheitan, conceived in the Bab-El-Tophet, have a care and look to thy camel's left pannier, or it will be hurt!”

“O *fella*h farmer, swing around thy buffalo so that his left buttock may not strike on my right wheel!”

“O carter, why dost thou let thy cart project across the Khedive's highway?”

“O group of four *fellaheen* standing in the roadway, if the gent on the left, him with the blue gown and the white turban, does not get a wiggle on him quick, my horse will send him where the black-eyed houris are comforting the true believers. Cluck! Git-ep! La-Allah-il-Allah! Wow!”

A word about the Cairo shopkeepers. The term *bakshish* has meanings other than alms and tips. After a long and animated haggling between shopkeeper and customer, the shopkeeper will sometimes refuse to concede say twenty-five piastres reduction demanded by the customer. If, however, the customer will agree to buy the goods at the fixed price, the shopkeeper will agree to give him a *bakshish* of twenty-

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five piastres when the transaction is closed. This is almost identical with the practices of the great American railways with large shippers of merchandise. The companies will make no discounts from their rates, but when the full rates are charged they will make a "rebate."

This is exactly like the *bakshish* of the Oriental shopkeeper. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.



There is a Famous Caravansary in Cairo which has been so thoroughly advertised that its name is known all over the world. Young women in the Middle West who never were farther east than Buffalo have all heard of this hotel and hope to go there when they make the Grand Tour. They still think it is the haunt of the aristocracy, and that it is a social halo to stop there. But they are in error. This Famous Caravansary has not only deteriorated practically, but it has cheapened socially: other hotels now get the princelings, the dukes, and the lords. The last few seasons the one frequented by the royalty and nobility seemed to be the Savoy. Here stopped the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the ex-Empress Eugénie, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and many other lesser great ones.

Personally I care nothing for the social standing of a hotel. I am much more interested in its cookery. But that at the once Famous Cairo Caravansary of

A Famous Caravansary

which I speak is no longer good. Generally speaking, you must take the *table d'hôte* dinner at foreign hotels. It is all very well to talk about "dining *à la carte*," but, as a matter of fact, the preparation of the *table d'hôte* dinner taxes the resources of any large Egyptian hotel. If you order a dinner *à la carte* you have to wait a long time for it, and then it is usually not so good as the *table d'hôte* dinner. The wise man, therefore, orders the *table d'hôte* dinner, but has it served at a separate table for a small extra charge. If the menu is not to his liking, he can order some supplementary dish. It is always possible, however, to make out a dinner by selecting from the menu at a good *table d'hôte* dinner. But it is not possible with a bad one, and that is the kind the Famous Caravansary served during the season before the last.

At a good *table d'hôte* dinner there are always solid things — joints, chops, filets, fowls, birds, or game, so that all tastes can be catered to. But the cheap *table d'hôte* dinner shuns these more costly dishes, and garnishes its bill of fare with queer "croquettes," mysterious "cromesquis," anonymous "ragouts," "kabobs," and "pilaffs," which latter are made of musky muttonhash, disguised under Turkish names. All these weird composite things figured largely on the bill of fare at this caravansary — likewise "bouchées" and "patés." There are said to be three great kinds of pilaff — Turkish, Persian, and Grecian. There are four — the other kind is this Cairo caravansary kind. Avoid it.

Of these various poetically named dishes, the "cro-

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quettes" are unmistakably hash; the "cromesqui" is an exotic hash; the "bouchée" is a thinly disguised hash; the "paté" is frankly hash; the "rissole" is a kind of doughy dumb-bell closed all round like an apple dumpling and filled inside with hash. Occasionally one found on the bill the appetizing legend "pain de volaille," which turned out to be minced chicken and bread-crumbs — therefore also hash.

But the most dreadful deception was when I saw on the bill one day the legend, "côtelettes de volaille." There are two varieties of this dish — one consists of tempting slices cut from a fat fowl, and served sometimes *en papillotte*: these are the true chicken cutlets. This particular day I knew not which kind we were to have, but when it was served my spirits fell — it was the other kind. That kind of a chicken cutlet consists of yesterday's and the-day-before-yesterday's chicken, boiled down, chopped up, and ground through a mincing machine, including the viscera, the drumsticks, and the antennæ of the chicken. This is then made into the shape of a lamb chop, cooked to a delicate brown, and a little white stick is stuck into one end of it, like the bone of a chop. The little stick is adding insult to injury — yet that is the kind of "chicken cutlet" they gave us one day at the Famous Caravansary in Cairo.



There was an "Hungarian orchestra" at the Famous Caravansary winter before last. Like the poor, we have Hungarian orchestras always with us, so the fact

A Fascinating Fiddler

is not notable. But the leader was. He played first violin as well as led. He was a beautiful creature: he had mustaches turned up at the ends, like those of William the War Lord; he wore the gorgeous gold-laced uniform of an Hungarian hussar; he wore high, glossy patent-leather boots, reaching midleg high on his beautiful blue gold-striped tights; long lashes shaded his fine eyes, with which he darted the most killing glances to left and right, inflaming feminine hearts.

I have long been observant of the fascination exercised by European army officers over American women. I do not wonder at it. Only think of those gorgeous white-coated Austrian officers; just fancy the *corps d'élite* of the French, German, and Italian armies — is it matter of wonder that our countrywomen admire them? When these sons of Mars are compared with the lean, or globulous, or stoop shouldered, tired, worn-out, middle-aged American business man, he suffers in the comparison. The American is a fond husband, a doting father, a good provider, but he is not nearly so pretty as the European army officer. Fortunately for him, he stays "tew hum," makes the money, and sends his wife abroad to spend it, so that he never knows of the comparisons that even the best wife must make between him and them.

My omission of the British officers in the above list is not accidental. It is designed. Not that the gentlemen who wear King Edward's coat are lacking in manly beauty. Far from it. To my thinking, there are as handsome men in England as any in the western world.

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But English officers affect mufti, and are rarely seen in uniform when off duty. Thus they lose the adventitious aid which buttons, brass, and feathers give the soldier over the civilian. Therefore our American women gaze on them calm-eyed — not as they gaze on the gorgeous jack-booted gentry of the Continent, in tin cuirasses and pot-metal helmets. Yet the officers of the Guards in London — Coldstream, or Horse, or Blue — when decked for action, are easily worth a shilling to look at — which it sometimes costs the hurried tourist to be shown the way to the 'Orse Guards by an accommodating person who would like to drink his 'ealth.

A shilling, by the way, is the rumored rate charged by a foot-guardsman for walking with a servant-maid on a Sunday; a mounted guardsman charges the slavey eighteen pence.

Here, too, buttons and brass wrought their fatal fascination. The hysterical Hungarian fiddler had his head completely turned by the open admiration of a number of young American women belonging to a large steamship-excursion. They gathered in front of his band-stand; they gazed up into his fine eyes; they applauded ecstatically; they made him yield to so many encores that his band — old, fat, bald-headed, and probably married — grumbled audibly. Still, he was determined to please the young American frauleins, and he did. But the poor devil almost dislocated his cervical vertebrae in attempting to bow to his victims in the midst of a fortissimo *czardas* with his fiddle stuck into his neck.

Boots, Brass, and Feathers

Bowing with his head — bowing with his fiddle-bow — scraping with his feet — scraping on his fiddle — bowing and scraping, scraping and bowing: verily, the poor fiddler worked hard for our countrywomen's smiles. As for them, their frank admiration for the bedizened fiddler — not for his fiddling — reminded me much of the poor London scullions who save up their 'apennies all week to walk with a gold-laced soldier of a Sunday.



It is only fair to add to my remarks on the Famous Caravansary that I had stopped there some years ago, and found the cookery and service excellent. When I found it so bad, it was run by a Belgian company. In the winter of 1905 the Belgian company relinquished its management, and it is now run by a local syndicate made up of Cairo capitalists. It may have improved under the new management. Very likely it has — the other hotels run by Cairo capitalists are excellent. The shares of stock in these hotel syndicates, by the way, are daily quoted on the Cairo Bourse, and pay large dividends. They pay so well that three large hotels are now in process of erection. Two of them are to be on the river — oddly enough, not a hotel in Cairo has yet been built on the Nile. It seems strange that these gigantic structures should pay so well when they are empty more than half the year. Yet such is the case — the first guests arrive about the middle of November, the last leave about the middle or end of April.

XVI

THE MIDWINTER CRUSH
AT CAIRO

The Midwinter Crush at Cairo

Toward Egypt, as the winter waxes, wayfarers flock from all over the world. From Egypt, as the winter wanes, they fly back again, much like birds of passage. At the beginning of the winter, Cairo is empty. As the weather in Europe gets worse, Cairo grows full; later, Cairo is jammed. Then the great crowd pours up the river; trains, tourist steamers, express steamers — everything is packed. Upper Egypt then becomes congested and Cairo much less crowded, except for a few days at a time, when excursion steamers arrive. As the winter wanes, the crowd pours down the river once more, and again Cairo becomes crowded. For a few weeks all the Cairo hotels are full; then the outgoing steamships leave, with every cabin crowded, and through the great hotels of Cairo stalk brass-bound porters and swallow-tailed head-waiters, their footfalls echoing loudly through the empty halls and lounges.

At the beginning and at the end of this great hegira, one may observe in Cairo scores of the world's notable personages; it is only at these periods that they are numerous, for on arriving at Cairo they scatter all over Egypt, and on returning they scatter all over the world. There are among them representatives of all countries. During the season of 1905 there were in Egypt members of the imperial or royal families of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Saxony, Wurtemburg, Baden, Italy, and Greece, together with diplomatic, literary, and dramatic notables, and hundreds of ordinary persons of title. On the Nile one sees the flag of nearly every nation fluttering from the

Royalties and Notables

peaks of *dahabiyehs*, and the identity of the charterers of these private boats, steam or sail, is often patent by the yacht-club burgees and private yachting signals which often may be seen flying with the foreign flags.

In addition to the imperial and royal personages, there are some of the sort whom Alphonse Daudet so happily dubbed "Kings in Exile." One of the most notable of these was the lady travelling incognito as Countess of Pierrefonds, otherwise Eugénie, sometime Empress of the French.

The presence of the ex-Empress in Egypt during the season of 1905 brought forth interesting recollections from many old residents in Egypt. In conversation with one of the Anglo-Egyptian department heads, he narrated some of the tales which have come down from the time of Khedive Ismaïl. Lord Houghton's account of the great festivals given by the Khedive at the time of the Suez Canal celebration in 1869 is a graphic one. In all these fêtes Eugénie was the central figure. She came to Egypt in an imperial yacht, escorted by French ships of war. For her arrival every one waited. She was the only imperial or royal lady, by the way, who accepted the Khedive's invitation to the celebration. More than once my informant saw her surrounded by a brilliant circle of royalties, including the present Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and other royal personages.

What great changes have taken place in these thirty years! Khedive Ismail fell from power, was forced to abdicate, and became a Mohammedan wanderer in

The Midwinter Crush at Cairo

Christian lands. At last he took up his residence in a palace on the Bosphorus as a guest of his suzerain, the Sultan. There he died mysteriously, the gossips of the Stamboul bazaars whispering that he was poisoned by order of the Padishah. The Austrian Emperor's beautiful consort, Elizabeth, is dead, foully murdered in Switzerland by a fanatic assassin. His dashing son Rudolph is dead, either the victim of a mysterious assassin or of a more mysterious self-murder. The Crown Prince of Prussia is dead, victim of an incurable and loathsome malady, after having been Emperor for but a few weeks. Of that brilliant circle nearly all are gone into the other world. Eugénie's husband and her son are dead, and she is left old and alone.

At that time her slightest wish was law. When the Egyptian ministers learned, in advance of her coming, that she wished to visit the Pyramids, the Khedive ordered a carriage-road to be constructed from Cairo to Cheops. It was done by forced labor. The *mudir* of the district ordered all able-bodied males to report for duty, and they constructed the present fine road without food or wage, not even being given tools. Most of them dug up the sand with their hands, and carried it on their backs in cloths or baskets. A magnificent palace sprung up on an island in the Nile, in which to house the beautiful Empress — a palace which is now turned into the Ghezireh Hotel. There was nothing that Oriental munificence and Khedivial pomp could not do for the French Empress. Eugénie was then



Road from Cairo to the Pyramids



Eugénie in Her Zenith

at the very zenith of her womanly beauty, her conjugal pride, and her imperial splendor. Yet all this preceded by only a few short months the Franco-Prussian War, when her gilded empire fell like a house of cards.

The fall of Eugénie is a striking commentary on the evanescence of human grandeur. Not a trace of her remains in Paris — not a name, not an imperial cipher, not even an initial. The haughty title, “Avenue of the Empress,” was changed by the Government of the Fourth September to the bourgeois name, “Avenue Uhrich.” I know of but two places in all France where her name endures — two little watering-places — Biarritz and Trouville.

Biarritz is indissolubly connected with Eugénie. Wherever you go, you hear her name. You pass by a picturesque cliff jutting over the sea — it was she who christened it. You drive through a forest of young pines — they were planted by Eugénie’s order. It was she who practically created Biarritz. Out of an obscure fishing-village, she made it a fashionable watering-place. It was entirely her personal influence and the prestige of her name which made Biarritz what it is. It is difficult to realize to-day how great that influence, how overpowering that prestige was. In addition to her beauty, Eugénie must have had some traits of character to make her the power that she was — social, imperial, political. The daughter of a doubtful Spanish grandee; the bait of an angling mother; her beauty hawked from court to court of Europe; “her cradle a travelling trunk, her boarding-school a *table d’hôte*”; her hus-

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band's paternity so doubtful that Louis Bonaparte, his putative father, probably never knew who the pseudo-son's real father was; this husband a tinsel emperor as she was a parvenue empress — that with all these skeletons in the imperial closet Eugénie should have made herself the first lady in the world, first in personal beauty, first in imperial splendor, first in personal prestige; the warm friend of a queen noted for her domestic virtues, and lineal descendant of a long line of English kings; the arbiter of fashions; the maker or unmaker of kings, as in the case of the Hohenzollern candidate for the throne of Spain and of Amadeus of Savoy; the inciter of war, for the bloody campaign of 1870 was brought about by her — that Eugénie, once simply Señora de Montijo, should have reached such a lofty pinnacle shows the ups and downs of human life.

And its vicissitudes are further shown by her condition to-day. While at Biarritz twoscore years ago, she reigned supreme, youthful, beautiful, an empress, a mother, a wife; to-day she is old, broken, alone. Her husband laid down his sceptre when he surrendered his sword at Sedan; with the fall of his dynasty he yielded to melancholy and insidious disease, and died on the operating-table under the surgeon's knife. Her only son perished in a quarrel not his own, in far-away Africa, hacked to death by the assegais of savages who knew not who he was nor why he warred against them. To-day, with a handful of devoted attendants instead of a brilliant court, white-haired, wasted, wan, bent

The Ex-Empress Now

double with years, hobbling with a crutch, one can scarcely believe that the decrepit old lady who calls herself "the Countess of Pierrefonds" was once the beautiful, fortune-favored Eugénie, empress of the French.

How changed, too, the conditions of her Egyptian visit after thirty years! When this whilom imperial lady revisited the scene of her former triumphs there were with her no royalties, no dazzling imperial suite. Two young ladies accompanied her, her secretary, and the son of a former imperial court official — that was all. More than once we saw the white-haired old lady clad in quiet black, bent, and sometimes walking with a cane. We saw her in Upper Egypt, whither she had gone, making the ascent of the Nile in a *dahabiye* with her small suite of faithful followers. We saw her again in Cairo at the Savoy Hotel, where she was domiciled just prior to sailing for her home on the Riviera at Cap Martin. It was a melancholy yet a touching spectacle to see this old lady on her way to the dining-hall, followed by her suite. It was the custom of the guests to draw up in two lines on either side of the corridor and salute her respectfully on her way. She returned these salutes most punctilioiusly. It was a kindly courtesy on the part of the guests, and I did not set it down to snobbishness, for I have noticed that much less attention seems to be paid to titles abroad than in America, and none at all to royalties incognito. But it seemed to me as if the guests of the hotel were moved more by a sympathetic feeling toward a stricken lady

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— old, widowed, and alone — than toward one who once had been an empress.



There were a number of interesting notabilities in Cairo toward the end of the winter, and one of the most remarkable to me was Sir Rudolph Von Slatin Pasha. Those who have read his book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," will remember the extraordinary hardships that he suffered during his fourteen years' imprisonment; the mental torture to which he was exposed under both the Mahdi and the Khalifa; the traps which were set for him almost daily, which, less warily watched, would have led to his death, or what is worse, to torture; the hard and scanty fare and degrading tasks which were imposed upon him; the humiliating ordeal of becoming a convert to Mohammedanism; the hideous negresses and other unpleasant wives graciously given him by his sardonic master; his increasing distrust lest those around him should be his master's spies — which many of them were; and finally the difficult and dangerous negotiations with the outer world, which led to his escape across the desert with an escort on swift camels, pursued by the bloodthirsty dervishes, until finally he dismounted in safety under the British flag at Assouan.

There was a large dinner-party at the Savoy one evening, at which there were many diplomats and Egyptian notabilities. Among them, I was told, was Slatin Pasha. I looked eagerly around me to see if I could

Granite Temple of the Sphinx and Pyramid of Cheops





Youthful Slatin Pasha

detect this modern victim of the dungeon. Finally I picked out Slatin — a military-looking man, seemingly about sixty, with white hair, a close-cropped white mustache, a stern and haggard face with weary eyes. But when I asked an acquaintance he laughed and told me I was wrong.

"There is Slatin Pasha," said he.

I turned. Near me stood a handsome, red-cheeked man of apparently less than forty, with brown hair, a long blond mustache, bright eyes, perfect teeth; his face lighted up with animation as he talked. He was clad in a brilliant uniform, and his breast was covered with orders. Little did he look like a survivor of hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field. Not his the dungeon victim's face, seamed with wrinkles, circled with premature white hairs. If he looked like any famous fugitive, his handsome face and long blond mustaches would make my ideal of Blondel, the loyal troubadour who shared his royal master's misfortunes as he and England's Crusader King fared back to Albion from the Holy Land after the astute minstrel had opened the doors of an Austrian dungeon to Richard of the Lion Heart.

I gazed at Slatin in wonder. That any man could go through what he suffered, and still show no signs of mental or physical strain, was beyond my ken. Many an American business man, a Chicago pork-packer, a Pennsylvania coal baron, or a New York political boss, shows more signs of stress and strain at forty than Slatin Pasha does at fifty. And yet for twenty years of his

XVII

EGYPTIAN JOURNALISM

F the newspapers of Egypt, it may be said that they seem to be mainly notable for what they do not contain. For example:

The great Mohammedan institution of learning is the University of El-Azhar at Cairo. Here come Moslem students from Tangier to Singapore, from Stamboul to Dongola, from hither and from farther Ind. There are sects in Mohammedanism; the Persians, for example, belong to the Shiite branch, and even that was partly split off into Sufites. There are four sects in Islam which differ slightly. But I had supposed that their differences were purely academical. This belief grew upon me from the contempt expressed by the Mohammedans for the bloody fights of the brawling Greek and Latin monks at Jerusalem. Secretly I had writhed under this contempt. The very looks of the Turkish military officers, seated smoking on their divan within the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, are looks of contempt for all who can believe in the same creed as these brawling monks. Therefore, when I was in Cairo in 1905, I was much

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gratified to hear that there was often trouble in the University of El-Azhar. The pious person who presides over El-Azhar — and who fills about the same office as our college presidents — found the dogmatic nut too hard for him to crack, so he “passed it up” to the Khedive.

The Khedive took the matter under advisement, and finally issued a proclamation to the students, of whom there are many thousands. He told them that their quarrels caused great scandal among all true believers, and that these dissensions must cease. However, in order to see that his decrees were carried out, he prudently ordered a strong, high wall to be erected between the domain of the Syrian students and those next to them, who happened, I believe, to come from Tripoli. It seems that the Syrians could not get along with any students, but they were particularly prone to take a fall out of the Tripolitans.

In the Egyptian newspapers I saw no mention made of these dogmatic disturbances in the heart of El Islam.

The Khedive has not only dogmatic but domestic troubles, although he is reputed to have but one wife. While Great Britain kindly relieves him of most of the practical details of government, the remaining social, family, and ecclesiastical details are enough to keep him busy. For example, in December, 1904, an aged pasha died, leaving a fortune of many millions acquired in slave-dealing. He left but one heir, a son, who had been imprisoned for life as a punishment for treason. During all of our stay his friends were moving heaven



Students at their studies, University of Al-Azhar, Cairo



A Plethora of Princes

and earth to get the Khedive to pardon him that he might enjoy his large estate. If this were not done, it seems, the estate would escheat to the Khedive. What an extremely embarrassing dilemma! To be forced to choose between a fortune of millions on one hand, and, on the other, an altruistic act of mercy to a man who had attempted to destroy your dynasty.

Concerning this Khedivial dilemma, such Egyptian journals as I saw preserved a discreet silence.

Apropos of dynasties, one of the questions which greatly bothers the Khedive is dynastic. There is a horde of princes in the Khedivial family. Every male child of his grand-uncles, uncles, brothers, nephews, and nieces was immediately on his birth styled "prince." As a result, the number of Khedivial princes in Egypt is so large that it is ludicrous. The Khedive saw that it was necessary to call a halt. Still, the Khedivial princesses were extremely fertile, and the output of princes could scarcely be checked. But their titles might. So a decree was issued declaring that the title of prince could only be considered valid with princes in being; that any child born to any member of the Khedivial family after the date of the decree should be a plain Egyptian and no prince. No sooner was the decree issued than there was a howl. Uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, hastened to pour their troubles into the Khedivial ear. Ladies who had fondly loved their lords sent word that it would be a bit of rank injustice to the coming little stranger to bar him when he was only six weeks behind

Egyptian Journalism

the decree. Such was the number of unborn infants to whom his decree did foul wrong that the Khedive was induced to modify it. He extended the time-limit on the ladies, making it, if I remember correctly, five years. After that time no more princes — that is, of course, outside of certain specified members of the family, such as the brothers of the sovereign.

Touching these domestic and dynastic complications, the Egyptian press was again dumb.

On the whole, the newspapers of Egypt are not very daring sheets. Possibly their birth and growth may have something to do with this timidity. Most American newspapers, like Topsy, "jest growed"; the Egyptian newspapers seem to have been born in financial incubators, and subsequently to have been "brought up by hand." During the winter of 1905, the death of Halikalis Pasha, founder of *Le Phare d'Alexandrie*, brought forth in the Egyptian journals some columns of reminiscences concerning the deceased editor, all of the most kindly nature. They all agreed on one point: that Halikalis Pasha had founded his paper simply and solely because Khedive Ismail paid him for that purpose an annual subsidy of £7,000. There was no savor of satire in the comment — it had perhaps a slight tinge of envy, that was all. Evidently, in the opinion of the scribes of Egypt, the jingling of the guineas healed the hurt honor of Halikalis Pasha. This subsidy he received for many years. But when the influence of the deposed Khedive became as naught, Halikalis Pasha was told that he would have to publish his paper with-

An Unsubsidized Editor

out a subsidy. Confronted with this dreadful lot — menaced with the terrible task of meeting his expenditures with his receipts, what did Halikalis Pasha do?

He ran his paper straight. In short, he published it unsubsidized. Probably this was the first time the feat had ever been attempted in Egypt.

The other journals looked on with awe and admiration. All of the editorial fraternity expressed the highest admiration for his nerve and pluck. One paper remarked that he "lost several thousand pounds the first year." In fact, all spoke of Halikalis Pasha's continuing to run an old-established journal after the cessation of its subsidy in the same tone of admiring depreciation that we in America would adopt in speaking of the demented editor who would attempt to publish a religious and temperance daily in any large American city.

With these traditions clinging to the Egyptian press, it is easy to understand that the Egyptian editors speak rather guardedly, not only of persons in power, but of the great hotel syndicates and of the rich shopkeepers. Their caution is so extreme, however, that at times it becomes very droll. They are cautious in writing even about the weather, that non-committal topic so dear to us all; for in Egypt it is possible for a newspaper to injure itself with the great hotel syndicates and the rich shopkeepers by talking too freely about the weather when it is bad. In Egypt the weather during the winter of 1905 was by no means all that the tourists' fancy painted it.

Egyptian Journalism

It is not only concerning subsidies that the Egyptian newspapers, from the American newspaper point of view, seem rather odd. I am speaking only of those printed in English and French; there are many journals printed in Arabic, but I know nothing of them. The newspapers published in European languages are mainly remarkable for excluding anything that could offend anybody. Not only do they taboo the weather, but other topics as well. As they depend largely for their income on the advertisements of a limited number of large hotel companies and business houses, they naturally find it inexpedient to print any unpleasant news concerning them. Therefore they adopt the simple method of printing disagreeable personal news in a cryptic fashion without any names. Here is a sample item:

MELANCHOLY DEATH — Yesterday afternoon a clerk, who is very well known, and in the employ of a prominent merchant, committed suicide in the merchant's office by blowing out his brains with a revolver. His face was much disfigured.

It would be difficult for the most sensitive person to find fault with that. Here is another in the same style:

PAINFUL AFFAIR — A gentleman prominent in the Italian colony discovered recently painful facts concerning the relations of his wife with a gentleman friend. Circumstances rendered it impossible for him to demand that satisfaction on the field of honor which is customary among gentlemen in such cases. He has therefore brought suit for a separation in the Italian consular court. The co-respondent is an equally prominent Greek gentleman, a member of the Hellenic magistrature.

Newspaper Reserve

This case, however, assumed such magnitude in the courts that the newspapers were forced to break through their barriers of reserve and satisfy their shocked subscribers' demand for the disgusting details. One of them shrouded the "painful affair" as much as possible by printing the testimony in Italian, although the rest of the newspaper was usually printed in English.

This reserve over the peccadilloes of those in high station is, of course, not followed by the papers in discussing the misdoings of the lowly. But the editorial habit is hard to lay aside, and the *crim. con.* cases of the populace are told with a brevity which is startling. The following paragraphs (grouped under "Tantah Notes") from a Cairo paper are certainly remarkable:

TANTAH NOTES — At Tantah yesterday, George Kantikopoulous returned home unexpectedly to his wife and her paramour, and chopped both their heads off with an axe.

The Tantah authorities are enforcing the code of contraventions against natives who defile the streets.

After next Wednesday at Tantah ownerless dogs will be shot by the police.

The same brevity is extended to items not in the line of conjugal revenge, such as the following:

MURDER AND ROBBERY — Madame Galli and Madame Benetti were murdered by five ruffians night before last at Zagazig. The object was plunder. The murderers were arrested.

Here is an excellent five-column story for an American daily told in five lines:

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GIRL'S BODY FOUND — Yesterday the body of a young native girl, daughter of Hassan Ali, was found floating in the Mahmoudieh Canal. Her parents say it was not suicide, as her rings had been torn from her ears.

The arrival of the famous squadron, whose cruise began in the Baltic, became famous on the Dogger Bank, and ended fathoms deep in the Sea of Japan, is thus briefly chronicled:

RUSSIAN FLEET — The division of the Baltic fleet commanded by Admiral Botrousky arrived at Port Saïd yesterday afternoon at two o'clock, and leaves this morning.

A fire in the largest mercantile house in Egypt is thus set down:

BIG FIRE — The enormous Walker-Meimarchi stores were destroyed by fire yesterday. Two firemen were killed and many injured. Loss £50,000.

Imagine an American daily devoting a few lines only to a fatal fire involving the loss of a quarter of a million dollars. Really, Egypt is not the place for a hustling American city editor to visit for a rest. To read such items as these, and to think of the columns of "stories" and the acres of pictures they would make in America, would drive such an editor into a highly nervous condition.

But let us present a few more of these startling items told in this matter-of-fact way:

THE MECCA PILGRIMS — Over three thousand persons have arrived since Wednesday from Algiers, Morocco, and Stamboul, en

Mild Paragraphs

route to Mecca. Near Djeddah the last lot of pilgrims found a formidable force of Bedouins awaiting them for plunder. After the fight the pilgrims withdrew, leaving fifty-two of their number dead on the field.

The mild paragraph which follows is calculated to give travellers pause:

ANNOYANCES TO TOURISTS — A party of twenty tourists went to Sakhara on Monday. The guardian of the ruins refused to recognize their tickets of admission. A heated debate followed, which was adjourned to Mariette's house. No satisfaction followed. On emerging, the tourists found a horde of threatening Arabs awaiting them. Their donkey and camel-drivers remained neutral, and the tourists fled amid a shower of stones. Some were seriously injured. The tourists were much annoyed.

This will interest students of vital statistics:

INFANT MORTALITY — From the report of Dr. Engel Bey we learn that the percentage of total deaths in Egypt of native children under five is forty-five per cent.; between five and ten, thirty-two per cent.; total under ten years of age, seventy-seven per cent.

That three fourths of all the deaths in Egypt should be of children under ten years does not seem to disturb anybody. But let us turn to more exciting themes:

MURDER AND SUICIDE — A Russian living in the Atbarin quarter shot his wife with a revolver, and afterward turned the weapon on himself, blowing out his brains.

That tourists should take pot-shots at natives seems to cause but little surprise:

SHOT BY TOURISTS — The Mudir of Ghizeh reports to the ministry of the interior that two American tourists on their way down the river, shooting at birds from a steamer, shot an inhabitant of Half, who has since died.

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Here is another ill-mated husband who settles disputes with murder:

KILLED HIS WIFE — A public scrivener, a native, living at Gabbari, had a conjugal discussion with his wife, which ended by his striking her over the head with an iron bar, killing her instantly. He fled, and has not been arrested.

The incidental way in which the robbery of \$40,000 is just alluded to at the end of this paragraph is altogether delicious:

The *Mahmal* [Holy Carpet] sailed from Suez this afternoon for Jeddah on its way to Mecca.

A theft of £8,000 took place from the Mahmal train at Abassieh. All search for the culprits has proved fruitless.

By committing suicide this young gentleman may have saved himself from committing uxoricide:

SUICIDE — A young native gentleman of Cairo committed suicide yesterday in order to avoid contracting a marriage which his family were bent upon.

Here is another item calculated to play havoc with an American city editor's peace of mind:

GHASTLY DISCOVERY — The body of a woman with the head, hands, and feet cut off was found yesterday on the banks of the Mahmoudieh Canal near Ramleh.

This paragraph is not without singular phases:

STRANGE MURDER — At Assiout a *saraf* (money-changer) went to a dentist to have his false teeth repaired. The dentist's servant accidentally saw the contents of his purse, which contained £162.

Numerous Crimes

The dentist was obliged to go to the chemist for some drugs. The servant then strangled the *saraf* and threw his body into the well in the back-yard. When the dentist returned, the disappearance of the *saraf*, the servant's confusion, and the *saraf's* shoes, which were on the window-sill, excited his suspicions. He sent for the police. They searched the servant, and found on him the *saraf's* money and his false teeth. He was arrested.

From the number of crimes chronicled in the foregoing items it is reasonable to suppose that there is a large criminal population in the Egyptian cities. Evidently it might also be supposed that the Anglo-Egyptian government is responsible for the fact that many of these criminals go unwhipped of justice. But such a supposition would not be just or fair. England gives Egypt a very much better government than she ever had before. But England cannot give Egypt as good a government as she would like to give, until the Capitulations are set aside. Under these every foreigner demands the jurisdiction of his own consular tribunal. The lawless Levantines, of whom the larger cities are full, go almost scot free for their many crimes; the Egyptian courts cannot touch them. In Tunis, France has been relieved of Capitulations, as has Japan in Tokio. Surely French or Japanese justice cannot be ranked higher than English. As matters are at present, judicial and executive functions are exercised jointly in Egypt by fourteen powers. Long delays are involved in legislation for Europeans when such legislation requires the consent of fourteen foreign consular officers; these delays result in the thwarting of nearly all such legislation. Lord Cromer says he hopes

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to have the Capitulations largely modified or set aside. He is sanguine, but he may succeed.

Some of the items in the Egyptian journals are rendered highly ambiguous by the strange pranks played with the types by polyglot compositors. Here is such an item:

TAILORS ATTACK CAFÉ — Yesterday three British tailors refused to pay their bill for wine and beer at the Café du Phare, Alexandria. When Cesare Giolotti, the café-keeper, attempted to force them they assaulted him and his Arab waiters, beat them severely, smashed chairs and tables, and wrecked the café. They then fled, pursued by the police, but reached the quay, and before they could be arrested the three tailors reached their ship, which was just leaving.

Never had I associated such wild and reckless brawling with the gentlemen who wield the shears and goose. Therefore it was with a distinct shock that I read of some tailors — even British tailors — cleaning out a café and beating the waiters. I could readily understand it if done by British lords or British navvies. But British tailors! — it seemed incredible. Only the close of the item made me comprehend it — the tailors were sailors.

A few years ago there were several daily papers in Egypt printed entirely in French. Now the most important of these is half in English. At that time it was not uncommon to find shops where no English was spoken, Arabic, French, and Italian being the linguistic repertoire. Now a shop without an English-speaking shopman seems to be rare. So, too, a French daily without much English in it seems to be unusual.



Juvenile Camel-driver
In the Bazaar

Donkey-boy at Luxor

Soudanese Mother and Child



Queer Typography

Apropos of native composers, here is a "list of guests" from a Cairo journal which is the weirdest specimen of typography I have ever seen:

Visitors residing at Savoy Hotel As-souan.

Graf Diéphole Diénersechaffl, Rittmeister-vow Wersebe Dr E. Quriz Colonel Mrs Yago Rarow Sehillius vow banestdal, Sir Roberts Harvey Hble Lady Harvey, Hblea Mrs Treylee General Yraherr vow Rernevitz Oberlieuteaut Yraherr vow Rernevitz, Hble N. G. Calthorpe Grafiw vow der Osteww Lord becll, peneral yebph Aqew S. E. Jakhry Pasha, Mensieur li Barow Jhomas Malis fills, Ds Eug. Jriekel, Herr Dr Schlossiuger, Herr Ysbboy, Sanitätsrat, Dr Weber Jrau Lody Artur Russel Mr and Mrs S. Nontagu Ma and Mrs Jrafford, Mr and Mrs Evaw, Mr and Mrs Baubfeit, Baron Faul vow Saliseh Hble Mr ane Mrs Griville Nugrut, General Jiorgge, Mrs Williaiu Steoeus Mr and Mrs Wilfred Braupt, Bapt and Mrs Hugh Jraser Mrs Hugh Smith, Mr Beresford Mr C. B. Cuntiffe, Mr and Mrs A. C. Croulw and courrr Mr. and Mrs Holt Jhomas, Badt and Mza Sestow Purdey, Mr ane Mrs H. G. Leklemow. Mr and Mrs Chas. Rell and party, Mirs Bell Mirs Steveusow, Mr L. G. Davis. Mr L. Roth, Mirs Silpier boopor Roth Mr Chauwerts, Mr G. E. Roberts Mr and Mrs bochraw and courier Mr B. J. Gerniauw, Dr med. George Lazaros and Jraw, Baron and Baronees vow Grunewaldl, Mrs Reid, Miss Sproal, Miss Jessie L. Muntz, Prof Dr Goldichmidt and Jraw, Dr Mr L. H. Myers, Mr Ladislad Niemekssa, Mro and M. Mae-nujion and Sow Herr and Jrau Hitzig Mrs Max Seull, Herr Julius Blauzger Mr. Hoase, Mr Eng. E. Weuger, Mr L. Whetow Mis M. L. Logaw Dr Max Jhospy, Mr Jrederie Dester Mr James Beet Mrs Lloyd Howard Mr Biehard Provis Mr and Mrs Speeuer.

XVIII

UP THE NILE TO LUXOR

XVIII

UP THE NILE TO LUXOR

DURING the winter of 1905 items like this were by no means rare in the Cairo journals: "Yesterday a native, Hassan Yusuf, was warming himself at a small fire he had made in the street, when his clothing caught fire, and, despite his frantic screams, he was burned to death." That it should be so cold in Cairo as to cause the natives to make fires in the street may surprise many. It is a common belief (outside of Egypt) that the Egyptian winter is always hot. True, it is often hot during the winter in Lower Egypt, but it is also frequently cold, and sometimes bitterly cold. The wise traveller takes with him at all times and everywhere, in summer and in winter, both light and heavy clothing. He will find use for both during the Egyptian winter.

The first time I visited Egypt I shared the common delusion concerning the Egyptian winter climate; when we went ashore at Alexandria I put on the thinnest garments I had, took with me a palm-leaf fan, and wore a Panama straw hat. At the last moment some faint

Up the Nile to Luxor

gleam of lucidity pierced my darkened brain, and I took with me a railway rug. This, however, was scarcely ratiocinative — it was probably automatic: "Rail, rug — rug, rail; going rail — take rug." It was fortunate for me that I did so, for I verily believe that without it I would have frozen between Alexandria and Cairo. Lest this remark be considered exaggeration, let me add that this particular winter a train broke down between Alexandria and Cairo; that no relief train was sent out; that the passengers speedily hired all the spare blankets in the sleeping-car; that the price rose from ten piastres to one hundred piastres per blanket; and that when morning brought a train the men with the most money were wrapped in all of the blankets, and the remainder of the passengers had to be thawed out by exhaust-steam from the engine. Jesting aside, the poor wretches when found were stiff with cold, and many of them were made seriously ill.

In Cairo during the winter of 1905, there were many deaths from pneumonia among prominent members of the European colony there. The natives make no attempt to hide their fear of the climate. On a cold morning in Cairo you will see every carriage-driver, donkey-boy, pedler, dragoman, and natives generally so muffled up that you can see nothing of their heads but the eyes; they seem to fear particularly "cold in the head," which with them frequently shades off into laryngeal and bronchial inflammations, and then into pneumonia.

Bitter Winds in Winter

It goes without saying that the Cairo journals talk little of low temperatures and bitter winds. Of late years these undesirable accompaniments of winter have driven thousands of profitable guests from the Riviera to Egypt. Hence there are more congenial topics for the Egyptian newspapers than meteorological data which might scare off intending tourists. Nevertheless it is extremely amusing to note how the journals are forced to hint at the bad weather in their ordinary news columns. During the 1905 season, for example, a battle of flowers was in preparation for weeks. The papers were reluctantly obliged to admit that bitter winds and raw cold rains on the appointed day made it a failure. The regular race-meetings took place on the Ghezireh course, but the newspapers were forced to chronicle the fact that nearly every day the attendance was small on account of the inclement weather. When a terrific blizzard blew, the newspapers would have softened it into a moderate breeze had it not blown down the trolley-poles between the Pyramids and Cairo, and thereby suspended the operations of the Mena House tram-line, which fact the papers were forced to chronicle in justice to their readers who patronized that line. I have spoken of the luckless natives, who, huddled over the pitiful fires they had kindled to keep warm, burned themselves to death. The papers touched on these facts briefly. The death of an Arab or two is nothing in Egypt, but when they burn themselves to death in trying to keep warm it naturally excites the stranger's curiosity.

Up the Nile to Luxor

Another delusion entertained by many people is that the climate of Cairo is the Egyptian climate — that Cairo is Egypt. This is far from the truth. The climate of the Delta of the Nile — at the apex of which triangle Cairo may be said measurably to lie — is entirely different from the climate of Upper Egypt. The large cultivated area and the irrigation of the Delta have much modified the desert climate, and meteorological observers there all agree that it is rapidly changing still. Here are some temperature figures:

ALEXANDRIA

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Mean winter temperature..... | 60.7 degs. F. |
| Maximum winter temperature..... | 65.5 degs. F. |
| Minimum winter temperature..... | 56.0 degs. F. |

CAIRO

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Mean winter temperature..... | 59.5 degs. F. |
| Maximum winter temperature..... | 70.4 degs. F. |
| Minimum winter temperature..... | 48.0 degs. F. |

LUXOR

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Mean January temperature..... | 59.7 degs. F. |
| Maximum winter temperature..... | 78.0 degs. F. |
| Minimum winter temperature..... | 49.6 degs. F. |

ASSOUAN

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Mean winter temperature..... | 68.3 degs. F. |
| Maximum winter temperature..... | 82.0 degs. F. |
| Minimum winter temperature..... | 54.5 degs. F. |

Luxor is five hundred and forty-seven miles south of Alexandria, Assouan one hundred and thirty-three miles south of Luxor and six hundred and eighty miles south of Alexandria.

People who have not visited Egypt seem to think

Low Nile Temperatures

that it has an equable climate. This is another error. In the Delta the range in twenty-four hours is often very marked. In Upper Egypt the morning hours are often very cold, while at midday it is extremely hot. Middle and Upper Egypt have a dry climate, but not an equable one.

Many intending travellers to Egypt believe that on the Nile trip it is always warm, not to say hot. As a matter of fact, it is always colder on the Nile than it is away from the river. The alterations in temperature are also greater and more rapid on the river than elsewhere. People returning to their boats from donkey-rides over the desert often experience severe chills. The ordinary precautions against "taking cold" must be changed into extraordinary precautions in Egypt, for the "colds" there are often serious matters, and the chills are frequently followed by dangerous illnesses. Inflammations, arthritic, pulmonary, visceral — these are some of the things to be feared from chills in Egypt, and particularly on the Nile boats. Not only is the difference marked between the temperature ashore and aboard, as returning excursionists find, but the nocturnal and diurnal changes are also very marked. For that matter, the different parts of the boats vary greatly. In a room on the upper deck, with only a thin roof between it and the tropical sun, the temperature will sometimes rise to one hundred and fifteen degrees; if the perspiring occupant goes to the windward side of the boat, he may be exposed to a cold wind at a temperature of about fifty degrees; then if he does not

Up the Nile to Luxor

guard against this chilling wind, it will very probably lay him on his back. Many hundreds of travellers have learned these things through the bitter school of sudden illness, but the new-comers pay little heed to the experience of those who have gone before. It seems as if they were all obliged to learn the lesson all over again.

A recent instance of what often happens was experienced by a notable American politician a couple of seasons ago. His name was known in two continents, and since his Nile experience it is known in three. He is an Irishman — eloquent, brilliant, witty, and wealthy. Although of Irish birth, he is an American citizen — a Congressman, Tammany leader, orator, and man of the world. Although an American citizen, he was talked of, when visiting Dublin, as a candidate for Parliament. He has been received by the Pope in special audience. Well, this man, favored of fortune, was on his way up the Nile. He was the life and soul of a merry party. He did not heed the precautions he was warned to take. Yet before he knew it the merry party had faded from his ken. When he returned to earth from his delirium he found himself in a strange hotel on the river bank, with a doctor whom he had never seen and two strange nurses guarding him. Nothing but a superb physique pulled him through from a dangerous attack of pneumonia.



Few who have not ascended the Nile realize that its length is over forty-five hundred miles. This is five



Shadouf, bucket-and-sweep device for lifting irrigating water from the Nile



Tourists at Khartoum

times as far as from London to Rome; more than six times as far as from Berlin to Naples; over three times as far as from Paris to Petersburg; about as far as from Yokohama to San Francisco; about as far as from San Francisco to a point in mid-Atlantic between New York and Liverpool.

Up this mighty river tourists now go farther every year. It is comfortable travelling now to Wady Halfa, famous in the bloody annals of the Soudan. In the season of 1905 hundreds of tourists went up as far as Khartoum, where the Duke of Connaught opened an agricultural exposition — Khartoum, the city that fell a few years ago before the fanatic dervishes of the Mahdi and where the brave Gordon met his death. Probably, in a few years more, tourist steamers will pass the junction of the forks where Khartoum lies, and ascend the White and Blue Niles.

The Nile journey is restful and soothing, but many find it monotonous. There is no scenery until you reach the First Cataract; nothing but the level plain, extending back to where the desert hills rise. Along the banks there is a succession of Arab villages made up of mud huts. One sees thousands of primitive water-lifters: the *sakia*, a water-wheel driven by animals, and lifting an endless chain of buckets; the *shadowuf*, a bucket suspended on the end of a long well-sweep, and hoisted by man-power. Sometimes, where the banks are high, there will be three stories of *shadowufs* hoisting water from level to level, until it has reached the height of the bank. The *shadowuf* men

Up the Nile to Luxor

toil all day under the burning sun, nude, save for a cloth around their loins.

About two hundred and forty miles by river above Cairo is Assiout, where there is a barrage — a masonry arch viaduct — twenty-seven hundred and thirty-four feet long. The Nile here is from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide. This reservoir delivers to the irrigation canals of Middle Egypt the additional supply of water provided by the great reservoir at Assouan, in Upper Egypt. Many people go from Cairo to Assiout by train, taking the boat there; others travel as far as Luxor by train.

Luxor is the first point of marked interest in ascending the river from Cairo. Here lies the plain of ancient Thebes, running back to the hills, where are found the Ramasseum, the Temples of Medinet Habu, of Der-el-Bahri, of Der-el-Medinah, and the Tombs of the Kings. These hills look down on the two Colossi of Memnon, lying between the hills and the river. Across the stream are the colossal ruins of Karnak. Standing on the high pylon of this temple one may see plainly that in remote antiquity the Nile ran in a different channel.

These ruins at Luxor are probably the grandest in Egypt. The temples of Seti, of Rameses, of Thotmes, the pylons of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, the obelisks of Queen Hatasu, and above all the grand hypostyle of Karnak, with its one hundred and thirty-four enormous columns, each over thirty feet in circumference, make a sight which impresses the least impressionable.

Climatic Effects on Stone

Briefly, to give some idea of the size of the Temple of Karnak, it may be said that it would hold four buildings the size of the Paris Notre Dame, and that its entrance (propylon) equals in breadth the length of many great cathedrals.

We are told that Karnak was nothing but a suburb of the ancient city of Thebes. I permit myself to doubt this. Probably the vast plain on which the ancient city lay contained a few temples and some palaces belonging to royalty, while the rest of the "metropolis" was very likely made up of mud huts, like those of the Arab villages to-day.

At Luxor, one sees the twin of the obelisk standing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. It is curious how sharp and clear are the cartouches and the sculptures on the obelisks remaining in Egypt, contrasted with their mates in the bleak and inhospitable climes of London, New York, and Paris. Here the air is so pure and the climate so mild that the edge of the cut stone-work is sharp and clear after thousands of years. The face of the obelisk in Central Park, New York, is peeling off, although protected by paraffine and other mediums; near the base much of the incised work is already obliterated. New York's climate has destroyed in a third of a century what Egypt's climate failed to affect in three thousand four hundred years.

The Temple of Luxor is not yet entirely excavated. The huts of an Arab village sprung up like toad-stools on the mounds of rubbish which centuries had heaped there. When the temple's mighty pillars and

Up the Nile to Luxor

pylons were brought to the light of day, the work proceeded until stopped by the presence of a little mosque. This sacred structure could not be touched. Although years have elapsed since the excavation began, the village mosque still stops the work. It stands near the colossal statues of Rameses II. The mosque is one of the poorest, pettiest, and paltriest in all Egypt. The contrast between it and the gigantic pylons of the ancient temple, its enormous columns crowned with the lotus-bud capitals, is almost ludicrous. Yet the little mosque has behind it the power of Islam. And so it stands.

Luxor is not a large town, having some two thousand inhabitants; but it is rather an important tourist place. During the height of the season all the hotels are crowded, and the river bank is lined with steam *dahabiyehs*, sail *dahabiyehs*, and tourist steamers, from whose lantern-hung decks resound at night the pizzicato of the mandolin, the strains of the concertina, and the plunk-plunk of the banjo. The inhabitants gather on the banks and listen eagerly to this ravishing music, subsequently demanding *bakshish* for listening, which they probably deserve. They are an amiable if somewhat unwashed populace, and spend their time, when not begging or sleeping, in manufacturing spurious antiquities. The simpler ones they make themselves — the more elaborate ones they import. For both there is a large sale. That tourists should so greedily purchase these mock scarabæi (made in Birmingham) or these ancient signet-rings (made in Germany) is



Columns of the Temple of Luxor, crowned with lotus-bud capitals

Brummagem Antiquities

rather curious when the law is placarded on every side. It is forbidden to sell antiquities discovered in the ruins, or to remove them from the country without the consent of the government, which law places most of the valuable discoveries in the great museum at Cairo. Therefore when an Arab offers a tourist a scarabæus from the ruins, under the very nose of the gate guardian, it is quite evident that it is a worthless fraud. Were it of value, the Arab would be liable to fine, imprisonment, and confiscation of his treasure.

A few miles from the river are the marvellous Tombs of the Kings at Biban-el-Muluk. These corridors and chambers are hewn out of the solid rock; the walls are covered with sacred pictures and texts. In many places where the walls are colored, the pigments are still bright. Sometimes false passages wind off into the bowels of the mountain; they were intended to mislead invaders of the tombs. Occasionally deep shafts were sunk, into which the intruder might be precipitated. All sorts of devices for concealing the sepulchral chamber are found in these tombs. They are now comparatively easy to visit, as the perils of darkness or of dim candle-light are removed; the tombs are now brilliantly lighted with electric light, which is generated there, as you may tell from the dry, hacking cough of the adjacent petrol-engine.

Not far from the Tombs of the Kings is the Temple of Der-el-Behri, built by Queen Hatasu. She was driven from the throne by her husband, who was also her brother. He caused Hatasu's pictures and in-

Up the Nile to Luxor

scriptions to be obliterated, replacing them with his own trade-marks. Thutmoses II., who succeeded him, substituted his own royal brands for those of his predecessor. When he died, Queen Hatasu again secured the throne and attempted to replace her inscriptions and cartouches, but died before the temple was finished. It has remained unfinished, but the successive obliterations are still plainly to be seen on the walls.

Near this temple is the Chalet Hatasu, a rest-house on the desert, belonging to the Cook tourist agency. Water and food can be obtained there only by those travellers who have purchased Cook's tickets thereto. The agency people strictly adhere to this rule. It was a very curious sight to see a well-dressed man turned away hungry and thirsty, his money refused because before leaving his hotel he had not secured a Cook ticket for the rest-house.



In Upper Egypt the cultivable strip is so narrow that the desert comes fairly down to the Nile. Only a few hundred yards to ride, and you are in the desert.

Riding over the desert has its charm. It is difficult to explain why. But there is something soothing in the solitude of the desert. True, your solitude may be only imaginary, for at any moment a camel caravan may wind its way over the hill which confronts you, or out of what looked like heaps of primitive rocks there may start hordes of Arabs, packs of yelping dogs,

Desert Dust of Dynasties

and gangs of greedy children, showing that amid the rocks are the huts of an Arab village.

One day in the desert we met a camel caravan which included a beast with a gigantic load of cases towering above and on both sides of him; on the left flank of this mountain of cases rode a small Arab slung in a sling. The reason was obvious — the camel engineers had miscalculated in loading and had put too much on the off side, thus giving the camel a heavy list to starboard. Arab-like, being too lazy to repack, they had corrected the error by using a light Arab as trimming ballast.

I was curious to see what the cases contained, so I scrutinized the labels; they read, "Moselwein." So it was sparkling Moselle that was being borne over these thirsty deserts to make glad the German heart.

With all its heat and dust the desert has its charms. True, the desert dust is an affliction, for, when certain evil winds blow, the desert is shrouded in dust — vast, swirling clouds, through which no eye can see. But when the dust-storms have blown over and the desert is calm again, you forget the dust. For the desert dust is dusty dust, but not dirty dust. Compared with the awful organic dust of New York, London, or Paris, it is inorganic and pure. On those strips of the Libyan and Arabian Deserts which lie along the Nile, the desert dust is largely made up of the residuum of royalty, of withered Ptolemies, of arid Pharaohs, for the tombs of queens and kings are counted here by the hundreds, and of their royal progeny and their royal retainers by

Up the Nile to Luxor

the thousands. These desiccated dynasties have been drying so long that they are now quite antiseptic.

The dust of these dead and gone kings makes extraordinarily fertile soil for vegetable gardens when irrigated with the rich, thick water of the Nile. Their mummies also make excellent pigments for the brush. Rameses and Setos, Cleopatra and Hatasu — all these great ones, dead and turned to clay, are said when properly ground to make a rich umber paint highly popular with artists.



Around Luxor, on the vast plain of Thebes, the desert dust has been made to blossom, and a rich green carpet now circles the stony feet of the Colossi of Memnon. But greater riches have come out of the desert hills, where dead and gone dynasties repose in rock tombs, than out of the fertile plains below.

After several visits to Egypt the wealthy traveller is often seized with a desire to dig — the excavation fever seizes him. Probably the spot which has tempted most travellers is the ground around the Sphinx. Every few years some new excavator takes up the task, spends a barrel of money, wearies of it, and lays down his tools. The drifting desert sands obliterate his work. In a few years more another enthusiast begins. But here around Luxor, farther up the river, four hundred miles from Cairo, the enthusiastic excavators find much to reward their quest. Here they find tombs that have not been touched for thousands of years. Such almost virgin soil must tempt the most hardened tomb-hunter.

Dahabiyyeh of Ex-Empress Eugenie
Arab boys watching a sailing race around Elephantine Island



A Virgin Tomb

It is here that an American enthusiast has brought to the light of day treasures which have dazzled veteran Egyptian archæologists.

The man of whom I speak is Mr. Theodore M. Davis. When we first saw his beautiful *dahabiyeh* it was moored below the First Cataract, with the American flag floating at its stern. We were told that the boat belonged to an American who had just discovered a tomb of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and on inquiring found that the fortunate Davis was its owner. For some time Mr. Davis had been excavating in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. But it was not until February 12, 1905, that he made his sensational discovery. His workmen found the descending steps of a tomb between those of Rameses IV. and Rameses XII. The rock door at the foot was blocked with large stones. On removing these, another flight of steps was discovered leading to a second door, also blocked with stones. A small opening was made, through which a boy crawled; he speedily emerged, bringing a chariot yoke covered with gold, a wand of office, a pectoral scarab, and other objects. As this was the vestibule, it showed that the tomb had been entered by robbers ages ago; that they had taken alarm and hastily fled, leaving some of their plunder in the vestibule, and that the tomb had never since been visited.

It happened that Professor Maspero, director of the Egyptian museums, and an archæological authority of renown, was at Luxor on the very day of the discovery; so also were the Duke of Connaught and his

Up the Nile to Luxor

suite. It was therefore arranged that the tomb should be opened on the next day in the presence of these notables. They were fortunate in their accidental presence near Luxor. The tomb was found to be filled with the richest spoils ever uncovered in ancient Egypt. There were mummy cases gold-incrusted, huge alabaster vases, a chariot inlaid with gold, many figurines of gold and silver, chests containing papyrus flaps, stools covered with gold and blue enamel, mirrors in gold frames, chairs and stools incrusted with gold, golden collars and armlets, and a mass of other things of great value, intrinsic as well as antiquarian. The archaeologists say that the Eighteenth Dynasty was the most luxurious and ostentatious period of ancient Egypt; that vulgar display of wealth was characteristic of the time; that it was at this epoch that the Tel El-Amarna tablets paint Egypt as being what California was to the rest of the world in 1850 — a place where gold, as the tablets say, was “plentiful as the sands.”

Of course the tomb was filled with other objects not made of the precious metals, but of even greater interest. Among these were the papyrus flaps. A number of tablets and inscriptions were found, shedding much light on dark points of Egyptian history. The tomb was the burial place of Yua and Thua, parents of Queen Teie, wife of the third Amonhotep. They lived here at Thebes with their daughter, after she became the wife of one of the mightiest of the Pharaohs.

Footprints in a Tomb

It is the belief of archæologists that Mr. Davis's discovery, as a whole, is the most important ever made in Egypt. Single objects of greater variety have been brought to light in other finds, but the number and variety found by him in this tomb surpass any ever before discovered. Furthermore, the inscriptions and tablets will add largely to our knowledge of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which is one of the most interesting dynasties of ancient Egypt. It dates from 1545 to 1350 B.C., and includes the notable reign of Thotmes III.

After the discovery of the rock tomb, Mr. Davis and his servants were obliged to spend three days and three nights camped at its entrance until they could get the requisite authority from the government to continue the excavations — an indispensable precaution, otherwise the thievish Arabs would have made short work of the contents.

At the time when Mr. Davis's discovery was reported, I had just finished re-reading Théophile Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy." His description of the young English lord and his scientist friend entering the virgin tomb, and finding on its floor footprints in the dust, left by workmen — footprints left there three thousand years before — this I had always thought one of the most telling flights of Gautier's fancy. But I had looked upon it as pure fancy. Yet, after reading the fantastic prose of the French romancer, I was forced to admit, when I heard the plain narrative of the American explorer's discovery, that Davis's fact was more extraordinary than Gautier's fiction.

XIX

FROM THEBES TO ASSOUAN





Arab Village Girls carrying water from the Nile

XIX

FROM THEBES TO ASSOUAN

OR many miles above Luxor the Nile looks as it does north of there, between Luxor and Assiout: high banks with few trees, and villages only at long intervals. The trees seem to be mainly palms, with occasional orchards of orange and fig-trees. All along the banks are *shadowfs*, with only now and again a *sakia*: a peasant who owns a *sakia* is in Egypt called a capitalist by his fellow *fellaheen*. Frequently a footpath winds down the steep bank, along which women wend their way carrying water-jars; the women are generally engaged in loud conversation, and almost invariably arrayed in black gowns. Male water-carriers may also be seen carrying up the bank grotesquely swollen skins filled with water. Where the river bluff falls and a bit of beach is seen, other groups of women are gathered washing clothes; men may also be seen washing themselves and each other. Often water-carriers may be observed calmly filling their leathern bottles with water at these places; I don't have to drink it, but I sincerely hope it is for sprinkling the ground.

From Thebes to Assouan

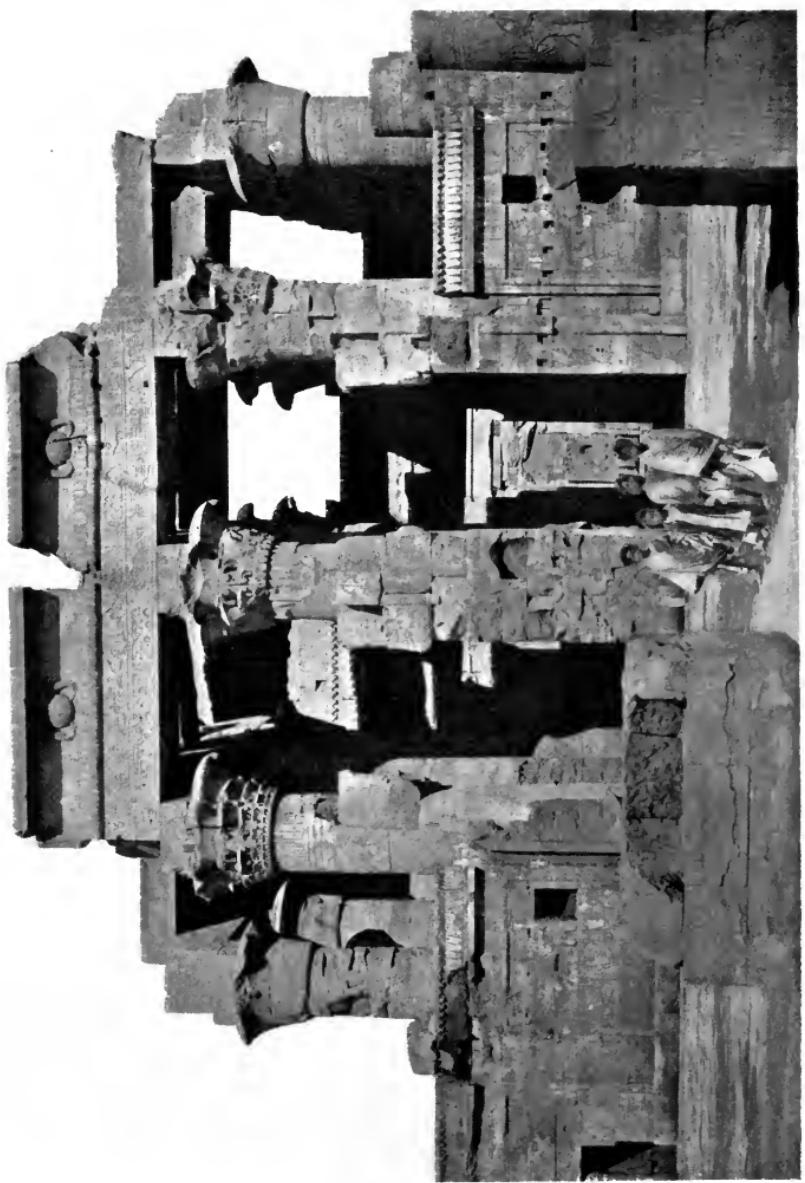
All along the river are seen the native boats; they go under sail when there is wind; the crew pole the boat along when there is no wind and the water is not too deep; they resort to "tracking" when that is the only method feasible: then three or four of the crew go overboard, each with a line in his mouth, swim ashore, and haul the boat up stream. Occasionally they come to a projecting point on the bank, where there is no footing: then they go overboard again and swim until there is.

South of Luxor, at the town of Edfu, is found the Temple of Horus, the most perfectly preserved ancient building in Egypt — which means in all the world. Time and weather have done almost nothing to deface it, but the Coptic Christians, seventeen or eighteen centuries ago, spent years in scratching out the inscriptions on its walls.

At Edfu, on our donkey-journey from the Nile to the temple, we were accompanied by Ali Yusef, a young Arab who beguiled the ride across the sands by reciting to us, in fair English, poems by Thomas Campbell, Robert Burns, and Alfred Tennyson. He was a pupil of a neighboring mission school. The donkey-boys looked on him with mingled admiration, contempt, and envy—admiration for his accomplishment, contempt that he was not a donkey-boy, and envy because he received money for running by the donkey's side and doing nothing at all but talk, while they were not only obliged to run behind, but in addition to talk, to shout, to swear, and to belabor the donkey's hams. For his



Temple at Kom Ombo and Bishareen Dragomans



Recitations by an Arab

task, which they looked on as merely a picnic, he generally received a shilling; while for theirs, which is hard work, the sheik of the donkey-boys allowed them only a few pence. I asked Ali Yusef if he had no poems by Robert Browning in his repertoire. He admitted that he had not. I advised him to learn some, and earnestly urged him to recite frequently "Sordello." For this, I told him, the average English-speaking tourist would readily pay from eighteen pence to two shillings, where they would grudge a shilling for Burns or Campbell. Ali Yusef listened to me with sparkling, greedy eyes. I am certain that even now, as I write, there is a youth in Edfu with corrugated brow still studying "Sordello."



South of Edfu the Temples of Kom Ombo, which stand close to the river, were once some distance from its brink; but now their foundations are threatened by the river undermining them. Here one begins to see many more camels along the bank, as we are nearing the point where the camel caravans arrive from the Soudan, from Dongola, and from Central Africa.

But it is at Assouan, where the railway line ceases, that traffic is confined to the river boats and the camel caravans. It is certainly singular to see camels kneeling down to be unloaded in the railway yards, their packs discharged into ordinary merchandise-cars, and *vice versa*. At this point on the river the First Cataract begins; here the stream divides into several arms, running around rocks and islands. One of these, called

From Thebes to Assouan

“Sirdar’s Island,” which belongs to Lord Kitchener became his property when he was Egyptian Sirdar. The principal island here is Elephantine Island, on which once stood a Greek city. There are several ruins on the island and on the shores of the river, none of them very interesting. Granite and alabaster quarries lie near the town of Assouan, from which the ancient Egyptians got their building stone. Many half-cut blocks remain. There is an obelisk, over ninety feet long, partially cut from the living rock, which still lies just as it was when the masons struck work some thousands of years ago.

Two or three miles up the river, to the south of Assouan, is the gigantic “barrage,” or dam, “inaugurated” over two years ago: it may perhaps be considered not yet completed. It is of granite masonry, one and a quarter miles long, and one hundred feet in height. It is designed to store water for irrigation. Within the reservoir lies the Island of Philæ, now covered with water. Out of it rise the ruins of the Temple of Isis and other stately structures. This is generally considered to be the most picturesque group of temples in Egypt. Most of the Egyptian temples are surrounded by squalid mud huts, or are only partially excavated, but this at Philæ is isolated. The world had feared that Philæ was doomed — that the contemplated raising of the Assouan dam would completely cover it. But on March 17, 1905, Sir William Garstin, chief of the irrigation works, made a report on this matter to the government, accompanying a report of Sir Benjamin



Section of the great dam on the Nile above Assouan



Philæ and the Dam

Baker, the eminent engineer, who designed the Firth of Forth bridge. Both say that it is inadvisable to increase the height of the Assouan dam; it may therefore be considered settled that Philæ's temples will not be completely submerged. Much has been written about the stability of this dam; but Sir Benjamin Baker says of the dam in his report, "You need have no anxiety concerning its stability for centuries to come." From this report it would seem that eminent engineers believe the dam, as at present constructed, to be sound, but that they also fear it would probably be dangerous to raise it. The barrage engineers are now constructing a masonry apron below the dam to prevent the water from "scouring."

There are enormous locks connected with the Assouan barrage, south of the First Cataract, through which light-draught steamers go toward Wady Halfa and Khartoum. Here the cultivated area grows narrower, and the desert touches the river. There is little in the way of scenery, and there are few ruins. However, there are at Abou Simbel two gigantic temples, one of them excavated out of the solid rock. At Wady Halfa a railway begins, which runs to Khartoum; although it is a military railway, ordinary travellers use it.



If many travellers find even the Nile journey itself monotonous, many more readers would find the narrative of a Nile journey tiresome. So I will leave to

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others the description of the voyage up the Nile. More interesting to me were the scenes and incidents at the important stopping-places, such as Assouan. So I will transcribe here some of my notes jotted down during our stay at and around the First Cataract, where the fertile fields disappear, where the Arabian and Libyan Deserts come down to the river's edge, where you begin to see natives from the Central African tribes, where you are on the rim of the desert.

As we disembark at Assouan, other boats are making fast along the river bank, some coming down the Nile from Khartoum, some coming up the Nile from Cairo. The quay along the river is semi-European, or rather Levantine, its buildings with arcaded fronts like those one sees in Algiers and other Mediterranean cities. Germans in the latest damenundherrentouristenkostum fashions may be seen in numbers; likewise many American and English pilgrims pass along this boulevard, on foot, on horseback, on donkey-back, and in carriages. Every combination of costume may be seen.

Here comes an old man (a European) in a high silk hat and white kid gloves.

Behind him skips a Bishareen boy of fifteen, wearing nothing but a breech-cloth; his shiny black skin is exposed to the cool breeze, his curly hair lustrous with grease.

Following him is an American girl in a thin muslin gown and a chip-straw hat, mounted on a donkey.

At her heels rides an elderly Egyptian official, sour-

Two Mohammedan Women

faced and fezzed, all crouched up on his donkey, and apparently shivering, with a very heavy cloak gathered about his shoulders.

Next we see a squad of Soudanese soldiers in khaki uniforms and khaki-colored fezzes, with riding-breeches and puttees on their powerful but lanky legs; they carry little "swagger-switches," like those of Tommy Atkins, and in other respects are modelled on him, but have faces so hideously ugly and so incredibly black that they make you fairly stare.

Behind them again is another native group, this time of Bishareens; they hail from Nubia, and differ from both the Egyptian Arabs and the Soudanese. There is nothing of the Ethiopian about their faces except their skins, for they have the same rich, glossy, stove-polish black that the Central Africans have. In other respects they are utterly dissimilar, for they have straight noses, fine features, oval faces, kindly eyes, and are often very handsome, except for their color. They usually wear but one garment, a dirty cotton shirt, and are surrounded with a powerful stench.

From a grim gateway there emerges a Mohammedan lady, richly attired, with immaculate gloves, and neat French boots. She wears a very thin veil, has large black eyes, and from her figure and her eyes is seemingly young and beautiful. A nurse accompanies her with a baby, and they step into a smart carriage behind a span of beautiful Arabian horses. A scowling black eunuch in a fez and a frock-coat seats himself on the box beside the coachman.

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We see another Mohammedan woman in the same picture, also in black. But hers is not a handsome gown: it is patched, torn, dirty; it hangs in looped and winded raggedness; it is apparently the wearer's only garment; above it her skinny arms stick out, holding her baby; below it her shrunk shanks and bare feet protrude. She is extending a mendicant hand to the other woman in the carriage. Although still young, she is partially blind — probably strabismus and cataract. She peers dimly at her more fortunate sister to see if alms may be expected. The baby with her is so gaunt that it looks like a plucked crow. It has ophthalmia — probably pre-natal — and its eyes are covered with flies, which it does not even lift a listless finger to drive away.

Here comes a carriage containing Blank Pasha, with his little daughter and her European governess. Blank Pasha is accompanied by a European lady, a guest of the big hotel. Blank Pasha is stopping at the hotel, and drives, rides, walks, and takes tea with various European ladies there, all of whom are much interested in his pretty little daughter. She has long brown curls, big hazel eyes, and is surrounded by men; yet in a year or two a *yashmak* will veil her face and she will be shut up in the harem. Mrs. Blank Pasha is never invited — it would be the worst possible taste to ask Mr. Blank Pasha after Mrs. Blank Pasha's health. He is evidently combining the best of European and Oriental life. In his domestic relations doubtless he is happy. No strangers intrude upon his home, and his harem

Camels, Kegs, Cars

life is probably peaceful. On the other hand, his relations with European friends seem to be most agreeable, and Mrs. Blank Pasha does not interfere with them. Blank Pasha's plan seems to work better than the "double life" often attempted by Occidental husbands.

Up the street comes a camel caravan laden with kegs. At the command of the drivers the camels kneel down; the drivers unlash the kegs, which roll all over the road, until at last they are stacked up on end. Curious to see what the kegs contain, for, theoretically, the Mohammedans drink no liquors, we approach. A trimly uniformed native policeman politely warns us off. When I endeavor to ascertain the reason, the only English word he can muster is "magazine." From this I gather that the kegs are powder-kegs, and I respect him (and them) accordingly. I heard of a French tourist who, similarly warned by a Soudanese sentry, did not obey. The sentry knew no French; the Frenchman no Arabic. As a result, the unfortunate tourist was collared by the sentry, and roughly used. He complained to his consul at Cairo, but got no redress. Probably he deserved none. Generally speaking, it is wise to obey the orders of sentries and police officers in a strange land — perhaps even at home.

This railway station at Assouan is curious for the reason I have already noted — the transfer of merchandise from cars to camels, from camels to cars. It is a curious contrast. Into the railway station stalk the long-legged, awkward, shambling, crook-necked,

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snarling camels, guided by their wild-eyed Soudanese or Bishareen drivers. They kneel, and from their backs their freight is discharged into commonplace-looking merchandise-vans, which presently steam away.

Another curious contrast I note is the elevated steel bridge across the railway yard at Assouan. Even here between the Libyan and Arabian Deserts, between Egypt and Nubia, the European idea of the danger of grade-crossings is strictly heeded. To cross the railway line the natives must mount a stairway and go over a substantial steel bridge. When I see this in Africa I recall with amazement express-trains at fifty miles an hour dashing through the main streets of cities, towns, and villages at the street level, all over the United States.

To-day there is a *gymkana* on the sandy beach near the barracks. Here come the native competitors for the donkey-races. In this *gymkana* the amateur European competitors are diversified by natives in sack-races and greased-pole contests, which are more amusing than the Europeans' efforts. The Arabs are much more earnest and infinitely more excitable than their white-skinned brothers. For example, we see the fastest animal leaving the field of donkeys far behind; we see him tearing up the course, his rider getting more and more excited as he nears the finish; we see the rider slackening speed in order to yell and wave his arms in joy over his anticipated victory; we hear him yelling, "Zagazig good donkey; me good donkey-boy"; we note that he is losing sight of his competitors; while he



Blushing Bedouins



Camels kneeling to be mounted



Arab Idiosyncrasies

is nearly falling off in his delirium over his victory, and falling behind in his blind joy, Number Two slowly forges ahead and beats him by a neck. It is amazingly Arabesque. It is exquisitely Oriental.

Riding up the road, we pass by a little power-house with a pump lifting water from the Nile. The old *sakia* and the *shadowf* are slowly disappearing in Egypt before steam, electric, and other power-pumps. As we pass I hear the sound of loud talking, but on glancing through the doorway only one Arab is visible in the pump-house. Arabs are extremely fond of talking, and when a group of them are gathered together the resulting noise is sometimes deafening. But this is the first time I have seen an Arab so extremely fond of talking that he is talking to himself: when alone they generally lie down and go to sleep. My curiosity impels me to stop. I investigate. It is a telephonic talk, and my Arab is having a wordy row over the telephone with another Arab, probably some miles away. They love to talk. They love verbal battles. How they must love the telephone! For an Arab to be able to dispute with a distant Arab must be inexpressible joy.

At the south extremity of Assouan is a gigantic mound crowned with Roman ruins. Some lover of the dead past has preserved and propped up the gaunt and ragged remnants of these ruins, so that they stand picturesquely outlined against the western sky. Under these Roman ruins are Jewish ruins; under them again Egyptian ruins; heaven only knows what ruins of dead and gone peoples may lie in the lowest stratum of all.

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All around the mound are Arab ruins, while out of the ruins of dead and gone peoples — Roman, Jewish, or Egyptian — the modern Arab villages crop up like muddy mushrooms sprouting out of stone.

Across the river is another mound of ruins, on Elephantine Island. Within this mound, we are told, lie the remains of the ancient city of Elephantine. On the crest of this mound there crops up a bit of ruin — a column or two — all that is visible of the splendors of the buried city beneath. The edge of this mound pitches off straight to the water's edge, and day after day crowds of tourists, personally conducted, dragoon-instructed, and donkey-borne, stand on the edge of the declivity, with dead cities under them, listen to the lecturers, and think great thoughts.

Not far from the gigantic mound on Elephantine Island is a *sakia*. Daily, from dawn till dark, this water-wheel revolves, impelled by bullocks. This *sakia* budget provides for bullocks only, and as there is not enough money in the appropriation to pay for axle-grease, the wheels revolve unlubricated. A strange, weird, moaning sound is produced, which may be heard a mile or more, according to the wind. It is like the sound of many voices. Tradition says there has been a *sakia* at this particular point on Elephantine Island for two thousand years. Probably the moaning sounds that we hear are the ghostly laments of the phantom *jellaheen* who worked it for these twenty centuries.

Looking up the river from Elephantine Island the rocky shores suddenly seem to meet. Yet it is only a

Absence of Advertising

seeming, for it is here that the wild gorge of the First Cataract begins. That the river still makes its way through the rocks we can discern by noting the tall masts of the *dahabiyehs* cutting through the clefts in the rocks which make the gorge.

One thing there is in Upper Egypt which gives the travelling American a painful sense of homesickness. It is the absence of advertising. The familiar signs one sees along the cliffs, the trees, the rocks, the fences, and the farm-houses of the United States, are missing in Egypt. Often in riding through the desert there would rise up a granite cliff admirably adapted for some of the mammoth announcements of our patent-medicine millionnaires, but I saw them not. Not far from Shellal there is a Mohammedan cemetery, where a mighty sheik lies buried. Although dead, he is still a wonder-worker, for all day long you may see Arabs rubbing their backs against his tomb and casting small pebbles over their shoulders. This is intended to cure lame backs, which cures are miraculously effected. So long has this gone on that a mighty cairn of stones has been heaped up over the sheik's mouldering bones. What an admirable place to paint on the sheik's tomb the signs we so often see at home: "*Have You A Weak Back? Try McStickem's Porous Plasters — They Never Come Off.*"

Leaving the desert and going to the Nile, the same painful paucity of advertising is to be noticed. All along the cataracts the Nile is a chaos of enormous flat cliffs and shiny, black bowlders, looking as if destined

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from immemorial ages to bear advertisements of soap or pill. Yet we note no soap; we perceive no pill. The natives use very little soap, and as they have cholera nearly every year they need no pills.

I saw a rectangular rock which would have done admirably for the legend, "*Good morning — have you used Squeers' Soap?*" a perpendicular rock which fairly pulsated to tell of "*Pale Pills for Pink People*"; and a beautiful curvilinear rock which in America would have borne this quatrain:

"When Baby was well, she cried for Uproaria;
When Baby was sick, we gave her Uproaria;
When she grew up, she praised Uproaria;
When she got married, she raised Uproaria."

Yet these black rocks tell no tale of tooth-powders or typewriters, of cereals or sarsaparilla. They are silent. What a waste of profitable space!

But perhaps there are sermons in these stones.



One speedily grows used to the odd sights of Egypt, and that which at first surprises fails finally to bring forth an interested look. But the donkeys and their riders are a never failing source of amusement. All the long-legged men seem to be mounted on the short-legged donkeys, and all the short-legged men on the long. You see a personally conducted Don Quixote mounted on an asinine Rosinante, flanked by an adipose Sancho Panza of a dragoman squatting on a tall,

Sakia, or Bucket-wheel, for lifting Irrigating Water





Donkeys and Their Riders

mule-like donkey, closely followed by a russet urchin, his shirt-tail flying to the breeze, belaboring the donkey with a club and breathlessly yelling, "Hatt! Hatt! Hatt! Huck-a-luck! Huck-a-luck!" Thus bellows the donkey-boy. Both tourist and dragoman seem perfectly grave, yet who can gaze on them without a smile? There are other sights connected with donkey transportation which also bring a smile. Every now and again you will see an elderly gentleman on a donkey, wearing a pained expression on his face and a large rug on his stomach; this latter he has spread in front of him as a lap-robe, to keep off the chill desert breezes; it is fastened behind him with a safety-pin. Shades of Bucephalus! Of Pegasus! Of the sons of Poseidon and Ixion! Shades of all horses and horsemen from the centaurs down to the cowboys! Think of using a saddle beast as a vehicle, and adorning it with a lap-robe!

Another curious sight may be noted as the crowds of tourists gallop gayly by on donkeys, pursued by their yelling donkey-boys: this is the large number of ladies — fat and thin, old and young, spinsters and widows, matrons and maids — who have turned Amazons for the nonce, yet who have done so without equipping themselves for the saddle: without preparing their *dessous*, as the French call it. In the midst of the excitement engendered by the fear of collision with other donkeys; the awful sound of the blows which fall upon their own donkeys' flanks; the dreadful commotion produced by their donkeys wriggling eel-like to escape

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these blows from their own donkey-boys; the Arabic yells of ignorant donkey-boys; the English curses of linguistic donkey-boys; the difficulty of steering their own donkeys past other donkeys when both donkeys know not what a bridle-rein means; the danger of colliding with all manner of persons and things, such as two-footed donkeys, four-footed donkeys, galloping camels, trotting camels, sitting camels, snarling camels, Arabs standing in the roadway, Arabs sleeping in the roadway, blind beggars walking placidly right under the animals' feet — it is small wonder that the mental confusion brought about by all this hullabaloo causes these unaccustomed Diana Vernons to forget their draperies. Of divided skirts, of riding-tights, of riding-boots, of riding-breeches, they show no sign. The result is a display which causes a modest scribe to turn away his eyes and blush. But the innocent ladies, knowing naught of the cause of his confusion, flash noisily and polychromatically by.



One day, riding over the desert above the First Cataract, we drew near an Arab village. On the outskirts of the closely packed mud huts we saw two children approaching, each with a bottle. When they reached a certain spot they sat down on the sand. Our curiosity being excited, we investigated, and found that the bottles contained water which they had evidently just brought from a *sakia* well in an adjacent oasis. What did they want with the water? To drink? No —

Oasis Mud Pies

guess again. You could not guess it in a thousand years. Well, they wanted it *to make mud pies*. For the desert is not all hopelessly sterile. There are in it vast areas of drifting sand, but much of it is sterile when dry, fertile when irrigated. As you approach an oasis you see a sharp line of demarcation — on one side is the rich emerald-green clover, on the other, the dry brown desert.

Think of these little children in the desert. How profound must be the love of the mud pie in the heart of childhood when these little black sunbaked Arabs bring water in bottles from an oasis to pour on the thirsty desert in order to make mud pies!

Outside of one of the mud huts was a group of some score of women holding a *conversazione*. They were all talking at once, and with that air of keen personal relish which showed that they were flaying their absent friends. It was the desert substitute for an afternoon tea, or for the daily paper's society column. As we passed them, one shiny black lady with a face like an orang-outang rapidly hid her fascinations from my gaze with a dirty black veil.

"How different the customs of different countries," thought I. "This lady evidently fears the effect of her beauty upon me. She thinks, as the Oriental poet says, that her eyes may turn my heart into burnt meat. Hence she mercifully spares me a further contemplation. In other lands —"

At this moment the modest lady suddenly became vocal. We were passing the little boy and girl in the

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mud-pie business. Seeing that they regarded us not, she shouted to him who surely was her son:

"Mohammed Hassan Abdallah! Didn't I tell you always to yell '*Bakshish*' whenever you see any of those Christian dogs coming along? — and there you are playing with that squint-eyed little Fatima Gazoo. And now you've got no *bakshish*. Just wait till I get hold of you, you naughty, naughty boy!"

I know no Arabic save a few emphatic and necessary words. But I divined the maternal meaning from its effect upon the son. When I questioned our drago-man, he admitted with a grin that my interpretation was correct.

This was the effect upon the son — Little Mohammed Hassan rose up as if he had been sitting on a pin, and began to bleat, "*B-a-k-s-h-i-s-h!* *B-a-k-s-h-i-s-h!* Boo-hoo!"

The latter part of the appeal was not directed to us, but was caused through fear of his impending fate. For, young as he was, little Mohammed Hassan was a fatalist, and he knew that his *kismet* was that when his Mohammedan mamma caught him there would be something doing. And there was. With a despairing wail he took to flight.

Mohammed lifts his skirtlets up,
And lays his bottle down,
Full feately fly his little legs —
He flees his mamma's frown!

But his legs were short and his mamma's legs were long. Soon she overtook him, and hovered over him

A Desert Tragedy

like the angel Azrael, terrible, avenging. Little Mohammed Hassan's white petticoats were uplifted, and little Mohammed Hassan's black body looked up to the pitiless Egyptian sky. His mamma's dark hand rose and fell regularly, remorselessly. The thirsty sands drank up his tears.

There on the Libyan desert
Under the Afric sun,
While dark-skinned infants gathered round,
This black, black deed was done.

I turned my head away, and kicked my donkey, Helwan, in the ribs. "Get up, Helwan!" cried I; "let us leave this scene. Gee-up!" And I whacked him over the left ear, which meant "go to the right." But Helwan, who always thought little of my desert knowledge, disdainfully turned to the left instead, and soon we left this painful scene behind.

XX

**THE EGYPTIANS' FOREIGN
GUESTS**

XX

THE EGYPTIANS' FOREIGN GUESTS

THE observations which follow concerning foreigners in Egypt and their attitude toward each other are not based on experiences in Cairo. In the Khedive's capital there are several foreign colonies, some many years and some even centuries old; their intercourse among themselves, with other colonies, and with the Egyptians is based on rule and precedent. Therefore I include under the term "foreigners" those people who come to Egypt for a stay of a few weeks or a few months — transient tourists, more deliberate travellers, and those winter residents who spend the season regularly in Egypt, for health, climate, or pleasure. Few of these, except the tourists, spend much time in Cairo; most of them ascend the Nile in a leisurely fashion, or pass the winter in Upper Egypt. Furthermore, those foreigners who stay long in Cairo do not have much opportunity to become intimate with the other nationalities at their hotels; Cairo is a large and busy city, and there are many ways of passing the time. Not infre-

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quently tourists spend some weeks in Cairo and make no acquaintances at all, unless, possibly, if they dine at the *table d'hôte*, they may become acquainted with their neighbors there. There are, of course, not a few travellers to Egypt who bring letters to officials, English or Egyptian, military or civil, diplomatic or consular; but the intercourse which results, frequently very pleasant, can scarcely be called spontaneous. Nor is it calculated to bring forth the sincerity of mental attitude aroused by the chance-medley meetings of Anglo-Saxons and Gauls, of Gauls and Germans, of Germans and Latins.

Elsewhere in Egypt, on the other hand, conditions are utterly dissimilar to those in Cairo. At the fashionable resorts in Lower, Middle, and Upper Egypt, the guests are very largely thrown on their own resources for amusement. This entails acquaintanceship among those who spend the whole or a part of the season, although they do not fraternize with the transient tourists who flit through on their hurried way. But their share in the games and sports which they arrange necessarily makes them acquainted.

After observing these collections of wanderers, no one can doubt that Egypt is the most cosmopolitan of countries, for the people you meet here come from all over the world. After several visits here, and after observing the attitude of the various foreigners toward each other, I am inclined to doubt the ultimate brotherhood of man, concerning which optimists and poets have such high hopes.

Europeans Do Not Mix

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

* * * * *

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

It may be that some day there will be a federation of the world; that the barriers of different languages and different flags will all have faded away; that the black-and-white posts on Germany's frontiers will disappear; that Switzerland will remove the dynamite mines from her end of the great tunnels between her and her powerful neighbors; that Great Britain will disarm Gibraltar and the Sublime Porte open the portals of the Dardanelles.

May be so. I don't know. But I don't think so. The indications of an ultimate brotherhood of man seem to me small, and growing smaller. There certainly seem to be no indications of it among the people one meets in Egypt. The various nationalities mix as little as water and oil. The English do not like the Germans, the Germans dislike the English, and the French dislike them both. The Germans and the Italians do not mingle; neither do the Italians and the French. The Russians do not affiliate with the Germans, and not very much with the French, the only link between them being the use of the French language by the Russians.

The Scandinavians appear to dislike both Germans and Russians; they seem indifferent to the English, and affiliate with the French only for linguistic reasons. The Dutch dislike the Germans, although most of them

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speak the German tongue. The Belgians consort to a certain extent with the French, but only by reason of their common language.

As for the affiliations of the Americans, there seems to be an absence of hostility between the Americans and the English, and when circumstances so incline they ally themselves together as against all the others. Identity of language brings them together, and they meet on the ground of sports and games, as likewise in dances and such social affairs. But my observation is that in voice, enunciation, accent, inflection, complexion, religion, manners, dress, wit, humor, food, drink, views on business, views on society, views on rank, views on government, views on heredity, views on money, views on marriage, and views on sport, they are as wide apart as are the poles.

Egypt is a good place wherein to study these national likes and dislikes. Here all the European visitors — or, to be more inter-continental, let us say all the Christian visitors — are on neutral ground.

The Egyptians are Mohammedans; their guests are Christians.

The Egyptians are Africans; their guests are Europeans.

The Egyptians are of the Semitic race; their guests are of the Japhetic race.

The Egyptians are polygamous; their guests are monogamous.

The Egyptians are teetotalers; their guests are alcoholics.





A diminutive Dragoman

A Dwarf from Dongola

A Sheik of Donkey-Boys

A Descendant of Rameses

A Beggar at Luxor

All on a Foreign Background

In Egypt certainly the foreigner finds a fair field and no favor. In Egyptian eyes the foreign visitors, no matter what their religion or morals, are all tarred with the same brush. Toward their Christian guests, therefore, the Mohammedan hosts of this country are absolutely impartial. Probably the vast mass of the Egyptians thus classify the European travellers — the men as lunatics, the women as trollops.

In no other country with which I am familiar do similar conditions exist concerning strangers. In Europe, for example, the German when in France, the Frenchman when in Germany, the Englishman when in Italy, even the American when in England, are thrown in contact with a people who are at home.

Every nation is different when viewed with a domestic or a foreign background. Personally, I think all nationalities appear to better advantage at home. But here in Egypt they all have a foreign background; here no nationality has a domestic background, for the Egyptian masses do not meet their foreign guests, and the Egyptian classes meet them only in foreign ways. Even the English official class, who rule the Egyptians, are not much more at home here than are the other foreigners: they have their own domestic and social life, but it is against an Oriental background.

Thus there is a fair field for all. It would not be possible for an English colony in Germany to manifest dislike or contempt for Germans. It is quite possible for such phenomena to take place in Egypt.

Of the antipathetic nationalities, the most marked

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enmity seems to exist between the English and the Germans. This is odd, for there ought to be more acrid causes of hostility between Germany and other nations — France, for example. Yet, while the English in Egypt do not consort with the French, they go even farther than the French in bitter dislike of the Germans. For that matter, the Germans seem to be generally disliked all over the Old World. At one time the English occupied the unenviable position of being the most unpopular people in Continental Europe. Now travellers generally agree in according that dubious distinction to the Germans.

Nowadays the wealthier Germans travel a great deal, and in most of the popular resorts of Europe the German tourists now outnumber those of any nationality except the English. In some places they equal the English in number. Yet, according to my observation, the two peoples absolutely refuse to mingle. At the various resorts in Egypt the Germans take no part in those entertainments which involve comparative intimacy, such as golf, tennis, and croquet tournaments, which, as a rule, are got up by the English guests. The Germans are spectators at regattas and *gymkanas*, are auditors at concerts, and ride in paper-chases, but they avoid the more intimate sports. The English do not mourn over this aloofness of the Germans, but they rather rejoice at it. They do not hesitate on occasions to stigmatize the Germans as "unsportsman-like." One day, for example, a programme of aquatic sports was in progress on the Nile; it included, besides

Antipathetic Nationalities

a regatta, native swimming races; the Arab competitors were strung out in a line across the river, swimming furiously. Suddenly a pleasure-launch, flying the German flag, steamed down upon them and whizzed through their bare bodies, driving many of the poor devils out of the race and scattering them to left and right.

The Englishmen conducting the regatta foamed at the mouth. When they testified at the trial that evening before the Grand Inquest in the billiard-room, the English jury's verdict was that the act was unpardonable. "But," said the court in an *obiter dictum*, "what can you expect from Germans?"

I have spoken of the fact that Americans and English come together a little for the purposes of games. But even in this regard the cohesion is slight. The English games and the methods of playing them are often different from the American. (They would say "different *to*.") The very terms used are different, and when they use the same words they pronounce them differently. For example, the warning word in golf among Americans is pronounced "Fo-r-r-r-e:" From English lips it sounds like "Faw!" In croquet, what we call a "wicket" the English call a "hoop"; what we call a "stake" they call a "peg" or a "stick"; they count the "hoops" by "up" and "down," as golf-holes are counted, and not by "wickets made," as we count.

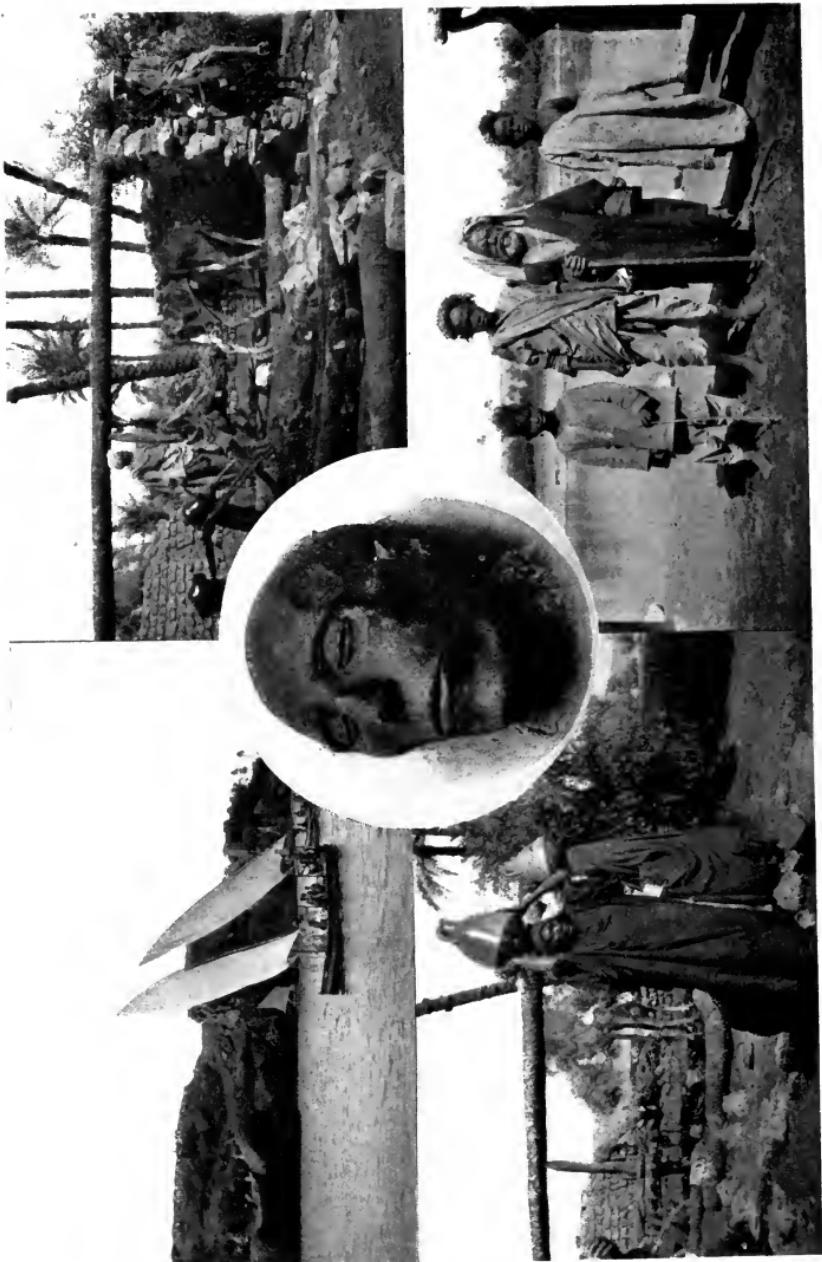
At tennis they use the word "right" to indicate that a ball is played in the court, a phrase I have never heard so used in America.

The Egyptians' Foreign Guests

Not only in Egypt, but all over the Old World, the English are always the leaders in sports. It is so, both afloat and ashore. Their first move on the India-bound steamships is to elect an amusement committee, which committee at once devotes itself to organizing sports. It is so in Egypt. It is a highly laudable plan, and might be followed to advantage in many American watering-places. In Egypt, the English visitors get up polo matches, tennis, croquet, golf, and bridge tournaments, fancy-dress balls, smoking concerts, and organize *gymkanas*. Those who know the difficulties of keeping up a golf-club in a green and well-watered country, where there are permanent residents to pay the dues, can readily conjecture what must be the difficulties in a dry and desert country, where the only permanent residents are Arabs and donkeys, and where the golf-players come only three months in a year. Yet there are not a few golf-clubs in the land of the Pharaohs.

There are many humorous things connected with golf in Egypt. There are what might be called extra-hazardous hazards: for example, at one links in Upper Egypt, the golf-course wound its desert way past an oasis on which was a luxuriant field of clover. A sliced ball was extremely apt to hide itself in this clover. The following new rule was made by the Arabs: that nobody in boots or shoes could enter the oasis limits to search for balls; only barefooted people (otherwise Arabs) were allowed to enter. Every day we found a large population of Arabs around the oasis waiting for





Extra Hazards at Golf

golf-balls to go to grass. Sometimes, I fear, they were assisted there, and it required much *bakshish* to get them out. At last there were so many lost balls that an investigation was made by the green committee. An old woman was discovered hiding near the clover hazard. When you made a fine, long approach, the old lady grabbed the golf-ball and took to her heels. She regarded the balls as her legitimate spoil, and offered them freely for sale to the original owners at cut prices. It took an enormous amount of time and labor to convince her that she must give up her practice.



What seems to surprise the English greatly is the propensity of Americans to go daft over titles. The littlest homunculoid princelet from almost anywhere will excite a bevy of American girls like a chicken-hawk in a barn-yard. One day I was seated on the terrace of a big hotel in Egypt overlooking the Nile. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters were on their way down the river in a government *dahabiyyeh*. They had come ashore for that solemn British function, afternoon tea; your true Briton, royal, ducal, or commoner, never misses his afternoon tea. I had not heard that we had distinguished guests, but presently I observed that something unusual was taking place. Yet the excitement was entirely among the Americans. All of my American fellow-countrymen had their tables drawn up as you see them in dinner-parties on the stage, with one side filled with the diners

The Egyptians' Foreign Guests

and the blank side pointed toward the footlights. In this case the tables were pointed toward the royal-ducal tea-party, while my American compatriots gazed goggle-eyed at the brother of the English king. So rapt were they in their scrutiny that many of them neglected their tea, toast, muffins, zwieback, cakes, bread and butter, orange marmalade, raspberry jam, strawberry jam, and blackberry jam, which kickshaws constitute the slight snack taken at 5 P.M. by the true Briton. In my mind's eye I could see them when they got "back home," telling about "the time when I took five o'clock tea right next to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught."

How did the English behave? Well, they behaved — the men with British phlegm, the women with English calm. No woman neglected her tea, no man his jam. Some even finished their tiffin hastily to go donkey-riding or to play tennis or croquet. Many young men smoked openly and unashamed. I even saw some elderly men and women asleep.

On another occasion I was stopping at an Egyptian hotel where a royal prince was domiciled. He was a grandson of Queen Victoria; yet he was as free to come and go as if he were John Smith, of Podunk, U. S. A. Nobody bothered him, no one intruded on him. He was a lad of seventeen or so, accompanied by a tutor; yet no young ladies made eyes at the tutor; even the head-waiter treated the prince just like any one else. We all had our tables reserved for luncheon and dinner, but not for breakfast. The prince took his chances

Americans Daft over Titles

for a table at breakfast just like the rest of us. Among the many English guests nobody turned to stare at him. The assemblage in the dining-hall acted exactly as if he were of the same clay as the rest of us — which, by the way, he is.

Only fancy a royal prince at an American hotel. Let us not say a royal prince, but a princeling, or a royal dukelet, or even the seventeenth son of some pseudo-sovereign seventeen times removed. Why, if you trot out a king of the Cannibal Islands, a saddle-colored sovereign from Siam, a monarch of Boorioboola-gha, a Hottentot highness, a coffee-colored potentate like King Kalakaua — any old thing in the way of a king, and the great American public goes crazy. See how we acted over the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, or the Spanish Princess Eulalia, over whom Chicago's "society leaders" fought so bitterly that they nearly took meat-axes and cleavers to each other. When Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States a year or two ago his presence in our large cities nearly caused a riot. And the American public has even raved over the job lots of Mongol princes who occasionally smile upon us with their almond eyes.



When in Upper Egypt, we were approaching our hotel one day when we saw a column of black smoke pouring from the engine-room and electric power-house. Suddenly swarms of Arabs appeared, running out of

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the hotel. Two native policemen, whose post was at the entrance to the great compound, at once shut and guarded the gates to keep out thievish Arabs. On the surrounding hills hundreds of Arabs from the neighboring villages gathered, and gazed at the fire over the compound walls. Within the compound the household Arabs ran aimlessly hither and thither, yelling frantically: these were the table-waiters, cooks, chambermen, scullions, and such domestic servants. The outdoor Arabs were not so useless: perhaps half a dozen of them worked like Trojans. But all the rest were almost worthless, only getting in the way of those who worked. There arose the usual difficulties in times of danger when white men — who are natural leaders — direct inferior and native races: they cannot understand each other's language.

The foreigners at this hotel were from all over the world, yet in strong contrast to the Arabs they seemed entirely calm. I noticed no excitement among them.

The engine-room contained engines and dynamos for electric light and power. The fuel was a petroleum product, called "petrol." One of the natives, in carrying petrol in an open vessel to pour into the receptacle feeding the engine furnace, slipped and spilled the petrol. In a moment it was ignited and the place in flames. Nothing but the absence of inflammable material in the engine-room prevented a great fire. But the walls were of concrete; they were a foot thick; the floor was of concrete; the engines and dynamos were of metal: thus there was scarcely anything to

Arabs at a Fire

burn except the door-frames, the window-jambs, and the petrol in the tanks. Still, this made enough of a fire.

After many minutes the shouting Arabs were induced to bring out from the hotel a canvas hose. They twisted it, burst it, and did everything with it that they should not do. At last they got it laid. By this time a hand-engine was coming from the town, which was followed by a steam fire-engine. By the time the Arabs had got the hose laid on and streams from the two engines were on the building, the fire was out. But only because it had burned out for lack of further material to burn. Two men were burned to death, and two men were fatally injured.

A large squad of police and a company of soldiers had arrived by this time, and order was preserved: that is, all were orderly except the Arab servants; they had completely lost their heads. Achmed, our dignified table-waiter, chose this particular time to have a fit. He wanted to hurl himself into the flames. It took three men to hold him; they were relieved regularly as fast as they became exhausted. Achmed struggled violently with his guardians, and kept up an intermittent howling. Many counselors approached with sage instructions to the guardians and with intended comfort to Achmed. One officious donkey-boy approached to give advice. The donkey-boy's words were unwelcome to one of Achmed's guardian's, and as he had both arms around Achmed's middle he stood on one leg and used the free foot to kick the offi-

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cious donkey-boy in the stomach, hurling him catapult-like, howling.

The spectacles at this fire, from the standpoint of our admirably equipped fire departments in America, seemed lamentable. But it may be well to point out this fact — that not even the engine-room in which the fire broke out was structurally injured, and the hotel *was not burned down*. There are few watering-place hotels in the United States of which this could have been said. Most of them are constructed of lath, scantling, weather-boarding, and shingles. There may be fire-proof watering-place hotels in the United States outside of St. Augustine, Florida (which contains three hotels built of concrete), but if so I do not know where they are. Most of the watering-place hotels of the United States are fire-traps and death-traps. When they burn they go with such rapidity that most of the guests could never reach the ground. After they are burned their destruction is so complete that you can see nothing remaining but twisted iron pipe and tangled wire. The American way of building watering-place hotels is to construct them of match-wood and then have the best of fire protection. The Old World way is to have inferior fire protection, but so to construct the hotels that they will not burn.



I was standing on a hotel veranda gazing at a line of snarling camels, and wondering at their unvarying bad temper.

“*Ouf!*” cried an unknown French lady, suddenly

A Perspiring Lady

turning to me, "I don't do a thing but sweat." And she seated herself beside me under an awning on the terrace. "*Vraiment, je ne fais que suer.*"

Be reassured, gentle reader, although the French lady was a total stranger to me, she was neither fair nor young.

I replied hesitatingly, "*Vous dîtes, madame?* You don't do a thing but —?"

"But sweat," replied the frank French lady. "*C'est ça.*"

I became all of a cold — I mean I perspired. For I remembered reading an anecdote of a young hoiden who remarked in the presence of her preceptress that she was "all of a sweat." Miss Verjuice thus rebuked her: "Never use that word again, Miss Joy," said the prim preceptress. "*Horses* sweat; men PERSPIRE; ladies GLOW!"

This anecdote ran through my mind as I turned to the frank French lady.

"Indeed," said I with polite interest, "then madame is warm?"

"*Warm, monsieur? Ouf! je ne fais que suer!*"

"In effect, madame, the weather makes of a warmth enough warm."

"Of a *warmness*, monsieur! Why the weather makes of a hotness enormous!"

"You have reason, madame. One finds the heat indeed of a hotness."

"Yes, monsieur, you have enormously reason. *Ouf!* I don't do a thing but sweat!"

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"But permit me to indicate to you, madame, that on the other side of the house, in the shade, it is quite cool."

"True, monsieur, but it is too cool. On the other side of the house I freeze; it is terrible; it is glacial; it goes to me to the marrow. Yet on this side of the house I roast; it is terrible; it is tropical. *Ouf!* I don't do a thing but sweat!"

It is only fair to say that the French lady was measurably right. The temperature on one side of the house was one hundred and thirty degrees in the sun; on the other side of the house it was fifty degrees in the shade. When I suggested to the distressed and perspiring lady that she might find relief inside instead of outside the house, she replied: "Oh, monsieur, inside it is just the same; on the sunny side it is too hot, on the shady side it is too cold. I was advised to take a room on the sunny side. There it is terrible. *Ouf!* I don't do a thing but sweat. I shall go back to that dear France!"

And the French lady perspiringly withdrew from the terrace.

Yet when she thus expressed her dissatisfaction with the Egyptian climate, "that dear France" was covered with snow. At Paris it was ten degrees below zero, centigrade. Even on the Riviera it was cold — the entire flower-crop was destroyed. In Lyons the water-pipes were all frozen, and there was no water; the water-power being tied up, there was no electric light. Vesuvius and the hills around Naples were covered with snow. There was skating on the Arno at Florence.

Arctic or Tropical

In Milan there were fourteen fires in twenty-four hours owing to frozen citizens lighting unaccustomed fires in unusual places. Yet the French lady wished to return to Europe. Truly we are never satisfied. We always rail against our lot — when it's cold we want it hot; when it's warm we fret and scold; when it's hot we want it cold.

XXI

ENGLAND IN EGYPT



XXI

ENGLAND IN EGYPT

N my first visit to this country I was more interested in its ancient history and ancient ruins than in more modern things. On subsequent visits the life in Cairo, the amusements of foreigners and Egyptians, the voyagers on the Nile, the irrigation systems, ancient and modern, the gigantic dams or "barrages" — these things engrossed my mind.

It is only during this recent visit, when our stay has been much longer than before, that my attention has been turned to the English occupation of Egypt. Reading, conversation, and observation led me to conclusions differing from the vague and general impressions I had held before.

These impressions I shared with most Americans and many Englishmen — to wit: that *England's occupation of Egypt has been a long-considered and deliberate plan; that from the first England had the settled end of permanently occupying the country and of making it an imperial colony.*

I have now come to the conclusion that this belief

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is an erroneous one, and that it has no foundation in fact. The further conclusion is forced upon me that the British occupation of Egypt has been entirely undesigned; that it has been largely the result of accident; that it has been against the wish of successive British cabinets; that it has not been the desire of the British people; and that the British occupation to-day is almost entirely the result of chance rather than of design.

Let me summarize briefly the curious chain of circumstances which led the British Government unwillingly to follow the path of occupation and conquest. Omitting the long story of the promoting of the Suez Canal; of Khedive Ismail's magnificent and Micawber-like financing; of the touching confidence with which the usurers of Europe hastened to lend him money at high interest on low security; of the floating of loan after loan by the Egyptian Government; of the final fears of the European usurers as to the security of their loans; of the tightening of their nets around the Khedive; of his struggle against impending bankruptcy; of the danger of Egypt repudiating her bonds; of his forced loans extorted from bankers and wealthy tradesmen in Egypt; of the desperate straits which forced him to offer his Suez Canal shares to England; of the quick decision of Lord Beaconsfield to borrow £4,000,000 from Rothschild; of the sagacity which led that financier to lend it on an hour's notice on no security except Beaconsfield's word; of this canal purchase leading the financial world to believe that Great Britain was about to finance Egypt; of the Khedive's request for an English



Arabs at a diminutive mosque on the plain of ancient Thebes



Anglo-Franco Control

financial adviser; of the sending of Mr. Cave, a member of the ministry, on a mission of financial investigation to Egypt — these were the simple yet fateful circumstances which first led Great Britain into the Egyptian tangle.

Shortly after this time Ismail attempted to consolidate the vast Egyptian debt, bonded and floating, into a single seven per cent loan. English bondholders opposed this scheme; French bondholders were in favor of it. The Khedive requested France, Italy, Austria, and England to nominate Commissioners of the Public Debt. *England refused.*

Here we have the *first attempt* by England to evade Egyptian entanglements.

However, the Khedive on his own initiative appointed Major Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, as a British member of the Commission. This Commission was succeeded by another, which was succeeded by two Permanent Controllers, to be nominated by the French and English Governments. The British Government again declined to appoint.

This was England's *second attempt* to keep out of Egypt.

Thereupon the British Controller was nominated without the approval of the British Government. The floating-debt creditors, being ignored by the new Controllers, brought suits against the Egyptian Government before the International Egyptian Tribunals. This threatened the interests of the European bondholders, as the creditors of the floating-debt were principally

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Egyptians and Levantines. The danger to the European bondholders led to the proposing of a Commission of Inquiry by France. Lord Derby at first refused to coöperate.

Thus we see that here Great Britain made a *third attempt* to avoid Egyptian responsibilities.

At last, under pressure from British bondholders, Lord Derby gave way, and the Khedive appointed a Commission consisting of a French president, one Egyptian and one British vice-president, and Italian and Austrian members. This Commission endeavored to unravel the tangle between the Khedive's individual debts and those of the State; also to account for the whereabouts of some £50,000,000 borrowed from European creditors, of which there was no trace. The Khedive, in order to baffle inquiry, threatened to default on the current interest on the bonds; but he finally reluctantly consented to permit that it be paid. The Commission at last discovered that the missing moneys were invested in over a million acres which Ismaïl had purchased and improved as cotton and sugar plantations and otherwise. They demanded that he hand over these ill-gotten goods to the Egyptian Government, which was done.

About this time an Anglo-French ministry was urged on the Khedive's premier, Nubar Pasha. Mr. Rivers Wilson was suggested as the English candidate. The British Government consented reluctantly only on the stipulation that the French minister was to have equal authority, in order thus to render English intervention

German Intervention

in Egypt less conspicuous. It must be understood that Mr. Rivers Wilson was appointed not by the English Government but by the Egyptian Government, and that the British Cabinet contented itself merely with "raising no serious objection to Mr. Wilson's appointment."

Matters continued under this Anglo-French ministry for some time, until the holders of floating-debt claims, who had secured judgment before the International Tribunals at Cairo, attempted to levy execution upon property already mortgaged as security for bonds. This brought about a financial crisis. As a result, the Khedive, for lack of funds, was forced to dismiss a number of officers from the Egyptian army. A mob of some four hundred of these officers assembled in front of the Ministry of Finance, hustled Mr. Rivers Wilson and the Minister of Finance, insulted them, and shouted "Death to the Christians!" The English and French ministers sent requests to their Governments to protect them and other Christians from the mutinous officers, but the British Government declined to land any forces, and merely sent a naval vessel to Alexandria.

Thereupon the Khedive, emboldened by British inaction, dismissed Mr. Rivers Wilson. Yet the British Government did not enforce his restoration.

A totally unexpected move now brought about important developments. Germany, hitherto entirely aloof, suddenly threatened intervention. Some German subjects, creditors of Egypt, had obtained judg-

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ments against the Treasury before the International Egyptian Tribunals. The Khedive refused to execute these judgments.

As Germany was a party to the international agreement by which these tribunals were established, she therefore threatened that if her subjects' judgments were not executed she would herself take action to enforce them. Bismarck was at that time head of the German Empire, and England was forced to join in intervention lest the Iron Chancellor should conduct matters alone. Thereupon England, France, and Germany demanded that the Sultan depose Khedive Ismail. This was done, and Tewfik, his son, was nominated in his stead.

This, in brief, was the financial crisis in Egypt at the time — an empty treasury, European bondholders pressing for their interest, Egyptian creditors clamoring for their principal. Some drastic measure was needed. France therefore urged England to join with her in demanding the appointment of two Controllers, with the right to be present at Cabinet meetings, the Controllers to be nominated directly by their own Governments. This was the beginning of the Dual Control. Far-reaching as were its functions, its beginning was unquestionably due to the threatened intervention of Germany, seconded by the demands of the French bondholders through their Government, for the regulation of Egyptian finances. It was only indirectly due to the British Government. The British Controller was Major Baring. Under the Dual Control a Com-

Araby's Conspiracy Begins

mission of Liquidation was theoretically appointed by the Khedive, but in fact selected by England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. This Commission, after some months, effected a settlement between Egypt, the European bondholders, and the creditors to whom the floating debt was owed. This arrangement involved placing the various revenue-producing departments of Egypt under certain bureaus of the Dual Control. The railway earnings, the telegraph earnings, and the customs dues of Alexandria went to pay the Preferred Debt. Other customs dues, the tobacco tax, and the revenue of some of the fertile Delta provinces, went to pay the Unified Debt. A special Anglo-French Commission was placed in charge of the enormous estates which Ismail had been forced to disgorge. The income from these estates went to pay the Khedive's portions of the loan, which the Commission had succeeded in disentangling from the purely governmental debts.

It is needless to go farther into this complicated subject; it is only mentioned here to show that this financial arrangement forced Great Britain and France to rule Egypt comprehensively and in detail. How comprehensively, may be understood if we were to imagine some foreign power ruling the United States so absolutely as to take in every dollar paid for taxes, customs dues, railway charges, and telegraph tolls. Here again, as will be seen, this duty was forced upon Great Britain. Her reluctance to enter on the task alone was shown by the fact that the two Anglo-French Controllers at once nominated a Commission of the Public Debt to share

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their functions, which Commissioners were appointed by England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy.

Up to this time a peaceful country confronted Great Britain. But the Dual Control insisted on economy. Therefore Ismail's army of forty-five thousand men was reduced to eighteen thousand. This involved the retirement of two thirds of the officers. There existed great jealousy between the Egyptian and Circassian officers, and one Achmed Araby — a *jellah* officer who was dismissed to give place to a Circassian — organized a wide-spread conspiracy against the Khedive. To placate these officers, Araby and a number of others were reinstated and promoted. But this evidence of weakness on the part of the Khedive emboldened them, and they demanded that the Minister of War be dismissed and replaced by a native Egyptian. Araby with three regiments marched to the Khedive's palace, and the mutiny ended by the Khedive's yielding to their demands.

Following this, various intrigues resulted in the making of Araby Assistant Secretary of War. He then led a movement called "Egypt for the Egyptians." The end sought was the expulsion of foreigners. He availed himself of his power to have some fifty officers of the Egyptian Army arrested on the charge of a conspiracy to assassinate him. He had them all deported.

The movement against foreigners was gaining such strength that it alarmed many Europeans, and appeals were made to Great Britain for protection. But Mr.

Alexandria Massacre

Gladstone, then the head of the Government, strongly disliked any foreign intervention, and was particularly opposed to intervention in Egypt. France, however, urged Great Britain to join her in armed intervention, which that power finally consented to do, but expressly reserved the right to say that she "did not commit herself to any particular mode of action."

In order to avoid even this feeble indorsement of intervention, Great Britain tried to foist upon Turkey the disagreeable task, and suggested that the Sultan land a Turkish army to restore order in Egypt. But to this France positively refused to consent. Therefore Great Britain resigned herself to the inevitable. An English ironclad accompanied a French warship to Alexandria, but the British admiral was ordered only "to protect British subjects and Europeans," and was authorized only "to land a force if required; such force not to leave the protection of ship's guns without instructions from home."

Again we see that Great Britain makes a futile stand — her *fourth attempt* at keeping out of Egyptian occupation.

The rumors as to threatened attacks on Christians, and the open encouragement of these attacks by Araby and his co-conspirators, impelled the English and the French consuls-general to demand the resignation of the Araby ministerial clique and the withdrawal of Araby himself from Egypt. The Khedive yielded, and dismissed the Araby clique. Under fear of their threats, however, he reinstated them the same day.

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This weakness emboldened the Araby conspirators, and there suddenly broke out in Alexandria a riot which resulted in the brutal murder of some scores of Europeans. While Englishmen were being shot and stabbed in the streets of Alexandria, the British naval officers in the harbor there were prevented by their orders from landing forces to defend their countrymen. But the fierce outburst of popular indignation in England, when the news reached there, forced Mr. Gladstone to give way. He was compelled to consent to armed intervention on Egyptian soil. But with the curious tortuous turn of Gladstone's mind, this object was veiled under the verbal guise of "obtaining compensation for losses sustained by British subjects." Driven by the importunities of his ministerial colleagues, and goaded on by the popular wrath, Mr. Gladstone thereupon ordered the Channel squadron to be dispatched to Alexandria.

Again the stars in their courses conspired to force England to occupy Egypt. The French Cabinet believed that Araby's National Egyptian Party was much stronger than it proved to be; that its suppression would tax the resources of Great Britain's small army; that at the psychological moment France could intervene between England and Egypt with great profit to herself. So believing, the French Government ordered its admiral to abstain from any share with Great Britain in armed intervention. Therefore, on the morrow of the Alexandria massacres, and on the eve of the fateful bombardment of June, 1881, the French fleet hoisted

Avenue of Sphinxes, Temple of Karnak





British Take Cairo

anchor and sailed from Alexandria, leaving the English admiral alone.

Araby immediately began manning the fortresses of Alexandria. Admiral Seymour ordered the forts to be abandoned and their guns dismantled. This was refused. Thereupon the bombardment began. The subsequent attempts of Araby to cut off Alexandria's water supply forced the British Government to land an army to protect British subjects. This was preceded by a protocol in which Great Britain bound herself "not to seek any territorial advantage in Egypt."

Here was the *fifth attempt* on the part of England to prevent occupation developing into annexation.

Araby now threatened the Suez Canal. England, instead of defending it alone, requested a conference of all the Powers to determine how it should be defended. On all the Powers refusing, Great Britain proposed to France a joint expedition to protect the Suez Canal. France refused to join. Great Britain then was forced to defend the canal herself, being justified in so doing as being the largest stockholder.

The first military use of the canal was made by Great Britain when she landed a British army at Ismailia. From there the troops advanced on Cairo. Araby's forces first made a stand at Tel el-Kebir, but were routed. Araby next attempted to hold Cairo, but the British took the city without difficulty. With the surrender of Araby, the National Egyptian movement collapsed.

Two days after the Battle of Tel el-Kebir, Lord

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Dufferin was ordered by the British Government to inform the Sultan that, as the insurrection was now over, the British Government intended to bring about an early withdrawal of the British troops. Considering Mr. Gladstone's strong reluctance to military occupation, there can be no doubt of the good faith of this assurance.

But note the inevitable chain of circumstances. The Commission of Liquidation could not carry out its financial measures unless Egyptian credit was restored; Egypt's credit could not be restored if the British troops were withdrawn, unless some other military force were provided to maintain order, as the Egyptian Army had been in open mutiny. There could be no military force to rely on unless it came from some other European power; hence Great Britain was forced to remain until the Egyptian Government was able to maintain order alone. An agreement was therefore drawn up by which Great Britain consented to reduce her Army of Occupation to twelve thousand men, and to bear the expense of the campaign. In this document England not only agreed to reduce her army in numbers, but to withdraw these troops as soon as possible.

About the time of the Araby mutiny the British Government urged the Khedive to abolish slavery in Egypt. Most of the slaves in Egypt came from the Soudan. General Gordon had already attempted to abolish slave-trading there before his first incumbency as Governor terminated. At once there appeared in the Soudan a "Mahdi"—a holy man who, the Mo-

Evacuating the Soudan

hammedans believed, would lead them to victory over the infidels. He proclaimed himself the Messiah, and was at once believed. Gordon's successor as Governor attempted to suppress him and his followers, but his military expeditions against the Mahdi were all defeated. The Governor demanded fifteen thousand men from Cairo, saying that if they were not sent he would be forced to evacuate the Soudan. The Khedive requested assistance from the British Army then in Egypt. The British Government peremptorily refused. They feared being drawn more deeply into permanent occupation of Egyptian territory.

Note here the *sixth attempt* of Great Britain to avoid further entanglement in Egypt.

The Egyptian Government then sent ten thousand men to the Soudan under the command of Hicks Pasha, an English officer, but no longer in the British Army. Hicks Pasha set out against the Mahdi. His army was utterly wiped out. His ten thousand men, with their officers, guns, and ammunition, disappeared from the face of the earth. They have never been heard of since.

Just before this time the British Government had again assured the Great Powers in a circular note that "its forces remained in Egypt only for the preservation of order, and that the British Government wished to withdraw its troops as soon as the authority of the Khedive could be properly protected." It might be thought that the disaster to Hicks Pasha's army would fire Great Britain with a desire to revenge him. Not

England in Egypt

so. On the contrary, Great Britain refused to help Egypt in the Soudan; announced that the British Army of Occupation would be reduced to three thousand and removed from Cairo to Alexandria. Further, the British Government intimated that Egypt must abandon the idea of retaining the Soudan, and must prepare to withdraw her garrisons. This move was evidently inspired by the idea of avoiding the slightest possibility of Great Britain being entangled in these Egyptian-Soudanese complications.

This was the *seventh attempt* of the British Government to avoid further Egyptian occupation.

The Egyptian Government, panic-stricken by the British action, at once ordered its garrisons to evacuate the Soudan. This emboldened the Mahdi and his lieutenant, Osman Digma, and they invested the Egyptian garrisons so actively that evacuation was impossible. The Egyptian Government sent to the Soudan a military force under another English officer, Valentine Baker, formerly of the British Army. Like the army of Hicks Pasha, the army of Baker Pasha was destroyed at the Battle of El-Teb.

About this time the British Government decided to send General Gordon as envoy to the Soudan to bring about the evacuation of the Egyptian garrisons. This move was heartily approved by the Egyptian Government, as they hoped that Gordon's mission would ultimately bring about armed intervention by the British Government. In this forecast they were right. While on the way to Egypt, Gordon changed his mind about

Gordon's Gallant Death

acting as the envoy of Great Britain, and telegraphed ahead, suggesting that he should be nominated by the Khedive as Governor-General of the Soudan. This was done. Note the result: By this appointment, Gordon ceased to be under the orders of the British Government; his position gave him a free hand; he acted according to his own judgment; his course ultimately resulted in forcing the British Government to send a relief expedition to Khartoum.

It is needless to relate here the various expeditions against the dervishes and the gradual investment by them of Khartoum. The position of Gordon in the beleaguered city excited the sympathies of the British public to such an extent that the Gladstone Government was most reluctantly forced to send a British army to rescue him. The attempt at relief by this expedition under Lord Wolseley, and its arrival at Khartoum only a few hours after Gordon had been brutally murdered — these facts are fresh in the memory of most men. Gordon's long defence and gallant death made a profound impression in England. The Government was forced by public opinion to prepare to send armies both up the Nile and by the Suakin-Berber route to destroy the power of the Mahdi. The trouble on the Indian frontier with Russia temporarily diverted the public mind, and Mr. Gladstone, taking advantage of this, made haste to withdraw all British troops from the Soudan.

With the advent of a Conservative ministry under Lord Salisbury, a further attempt was made to with-

England in Egypt

draw the British Army from Egypt. A convention was begun with Turkey to replace the British army with a large force of Turkish troops in Egypt. Before these negotiations were finished, there was a change of ministry in Great Britain; still, even under the new ministry this convention was concluded, and by its terms England bound herself to withdraw her Army of Occupation within three years. But the French bondholders became alarmed, and pressure was brought to bear in influencing the Sultan to quash the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Again was England baffled in her attempt to withdraw from Egypt.

Here was the British Government's *eighth attempt* to escape from Egyptian entanglements.

An insurrection led by the Khalifa, after the death of the Mahdi, again forced the British troops to go south into the Soudan. The forts standing around Assouan were erected by the English and Egyptian armies. Starting from Wady Halfa, they made raids which crushed the dervishes under the Khalifa.

By this time Great Britain evidently considered herself more than an adviser to the Egyptian Government, as was shown when Nubar Pasha, the Premier, attempted to transfer the Department of Police from British to Egyptian officials. This Lord Salisbury vetoed. The Khedive felt mortified by this rebuff, and Nubar Pasha was forced to resign. With the close of his administration the attempt to govern Egypt by native officials was practically abandoned by Great Britain. This was in 1888.

Kitchener Destroys Dervishes

The last attempt of the Egyptian Government to assert its freedom of action was under the present Khedive, Abbas II., about ten years ago. A review of troops was held by the Khedive at Wady Halfa. The troops were commanded by the Sirdar (the title of the Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army), then Sir Herbert Kitchener. After the review the Khedive expressed his dissatisfaction with the manœuvring. The Sirdar immediately sent in his resignation. Thereupon Lord Cromer, British Plenipotentiary, at once informed the Khedive that the censure upon the Sirdar and the British officers under him must be retracted, and the Sirdar induced to withdraw his resignation. This was done. Since that time it may be considered that the Khedive and the Egyptian Government are not free agents.

In 1896 General Kitchener headed a British-Egyptian army against the Mahdists, who had again become active after having been unmolested since the defeat of Baker Pasha. In two years' time the dervish armies were driven out of Khartoum, and their capital, Omdurmann, was taken. It was during this campaign that the historic slaughter of the dervishes took place, when they were mowed down by the British Army's machine-guns. Nearly eleven thousand dead dervishes were counted on the field of battle, and twenty-eight thousand were found wounded. According to official figures, the casualties of the English and Egyptian troops were forty-eight killed and three hundred and eighty-two wounded. It was after this campaign that

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Sir Herbert Kitchener was made Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

Only three days after the capture of Khartoum General Kitchener learned that Major Marchand had hoisted the French flag at Fashoda, a town on the White Nile, three hundred miles to the south. Khartoum at the time was full of newspaper correspondents. Among them was Randolph Churchill, who in "The River Campaign" relates with some humor how General Kitchener carefully bottled up the scribes before going to the Anglo-Franco front, thus anticipating the Japanese attitude toward the press. When he was certain that he was cut off from cablegrams to Europe — except his own — Kitchener at once hastened to Fashoda and hauled down the French flag and hoisted the Egyptian. This caused great ill-feeling in France, and for a time the friendly relations of England and France were endangered. But the incident served to prove plainly the fact that Great Britain now was in the Soudan to stay.

Since then the Soudan, under the Convention of 1899, has been ruled jointly by the British and the Egyptian Governments. Its Governor-General by this Convention must be Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and a British officer. The Soudan is under military law, and there are no civil tribunals there. This condition of things will endure until the various European Powers who have large colonies of their subjects in Soudanese towns demand the erection of international courts and the reception of consular officers.

The Destiny of Empires

To recapitulate — the British Government encountered the following curious chain of circumstances:

Ismail's bankruptcy.

It precipitates demands by the European bond-holders.

This forces Great Britain to intervene with France.

Thereupon repudiation of the bonded debt is menaced.

An utterly unforeseen threat of intervention comes from Germany.

This results in the Khedive's deposition and the Dual Control.

The Dual Control causes official economy.

War Office economy causes the military mutiny of Araby.

This leads to the Alexandria riots.

The resulting massacre of Europeans brings a British fleet.

Alexandria and Cairo occupied, and Araby insurrection suppressed.

Egyptian Government requests British aid to suppress the Mahdi insurrection.

British Government sends Gordon to Khartoum.

His sudden determination to cease to be the British envoy and to become a free agent.

His refusal to obey British orders.

Public opinion in England forces a relief expedition.

Kitchener's capture of Khartoum.

Sudden appearance of the French flag at Fashoda on the Nile; hauling down of the French flag by Kitchener.

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Of all these fateful events, not one could have been foreseen by Great Britain.

Another matter concerning which I have been forced to change my opinion is the defence of Khartoum by Gordon. My opinions were based on the reports in the English newspapers at the time. Like many men who read those ministerially colored statements, I believed that Gordon was a brave soldier but a fanatic; there were even charges made that his mind was slightly affected. But while going up the Nile, above the First Cataract, with the names of Soudanese battle-fields and camping-grounds, of islands and bends in the river, daily sounding in my ears, I read Gordon's journals of the siege of Khartoum. I withdraw my previous opinion of Gordon, based on garbled testimony, and I apologize to the shade of that brave soldier. In his journals Gordon says repeatedly that he could not evacuate the Soudan and abandon the soldiers and civilians who trusted him, leaving them at the mercy of the hordes of bloodthirsty dervishes; that even if the British Government refused to rescue them he could not leave them without being discredited as a soldier and dishonored as a man.



What goes before is the narrative of some thirty years of effort on the part of Great Britain to avoid entangling herself in Egypt — efforts which have resulted, in my opinion, in fixing her so firmly in that country that she will never leave it. Our occupation of the Philippines



Monument erected to General Charles Gordon at Khartoum



A Reign of Order and Law

was quite as accidental, but much more sudden. Since it began there has been no attempt at all by the Administration to evacuate the islands. In a minority of both the great political parties there has been a movement in favor of evacuation, but the Administration and the people of the United States have never shown any such desire. Even had they made the attempt, it is probable, with Great Britain's experience staring us in the face, that it would have failed. Now, however, this may be considered settled: Great Britain will not evacuate Egypt; the United States will not evacuate the Philippines.

A brief record of what England has accomplished for Egypt would include, in general, increase of revenue, development of Nile traffic, expansion of foreign commerce, construction of great public works, furthering of sanitary reforms, and vast increase in general prosperity. In detail, it might be added that the Soudan has been completely pacified; slave-trading has been broken up; the natives are being educated; taxes have been diminished, yet the revenues increased; the area of cultivated land has been greatly augmented; the railway between the Nile and the Red Sea has been pushed nearly to completion; a new harbor, superior to Suakin, has been begun; the Assouan dam has brought one and a quarter million acres under irrigation; it has added largely to the value of tributary lands; it will, it is believed, add another half million acres to the irrigable area in the near future; Anglo-Egyptian garrisons in the large towns have rendered European

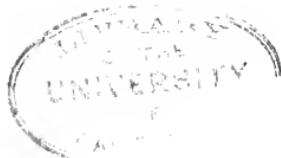
England in Egypt

interests absolutely secure; as a result, European capital is pouring into Egypt; the native population, with cotton, sugar, and other agricultural products, is doing better than ever before.

In her reluctant occupation of Egypt, Great Britain has brought to the fertile valley of the Nile what never was known there before — peace, justice, order, law. But this admirable administration has cost her much in money and men. True, the cost is nominally borne by the Egyptian Government, but he would be a bold man who maintained that the Egyptian occupation has cost England nothing. It is probable that in the years to come the great natural wealth of Egypt, her fertile soil, her sugar and cotton fields, and above all the great reservoirs in which the waters of the mighty Nile are stored, devised and built by British energy and English money — that all these things will lead to paying back to England what she has spent in Egypt.

XXII

RETROSPECT AND FORECAST



XXII

RETROSPECT AND FORECAST

 FIRST visit to Egypt and the Delta makes an indelible impression on the traveller's mind. For hundreds of miles, as the express-train whirls and shrieks past the toiling *jellaheen* in the fields, you see them using the same primitive methods their forefathers used when Pharaoh reigned. They still plough with a simple wooden implement dragged by patient buffalo oxen; they still laboriously lift water with a well-sweep to the head-level of irrigating ditches; they still use the sickle as they did in the days when Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz. And they still carry their bundles of fodder upon the backs of patient asses, or, in default of asses' backs, upon their own.

Of course, all agriculture in Egypt is not on such rudimentary lines. Rich men and syndicates, as well as peasants, own land; many tall chimneys testify to the existence of sugar-works; many steam-pumps and pipe-lines point out extensive irrigation-works. The Egyptian government has dammed the Nile at Assiout and at Assouan, and is engaged in other water-storage

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schemes at various points along the great river. These plans will greatly widen the narrow strip of irrigated land on both banks of the river, and thereby enlarge the resources of this wonderful country.

For it is a wonderful country. The story of its temples, its pyramids, its ruins, and its dead cities, is a thrice-told tale: it no longer causes wonder. But no man can gaze on this flat and fertile river valley without being amazed at its productiveness. In America we have lands which, tilled for two or three centuries only, yet are exhausted by wheat or tobacco-raising; but here in Egypt there are fields still seemingly as fertile as when the First Dynasty began, although they have been tilled for four thousand years.

Some historians believe that Egypt was the cradle of our Aryan civilization. Here, they say, nomadic man paused at the great river when wandering from Arabia Felix into Africa. Those who were tired of wandering settled on the fat and juicy banks of the Nile, and began a fitful husbandry of the soil. Tickled with a stick, it laughed with a harvest, as the old saw says. Gradually villages grew up, and thrift brought peace and prosperity. The rich lands were divided among the thrifty villagers. This was the beginning of Real Property. When the lands were divided they had to be measured, the lines run, the boundaries set off. This was the beginning of Mensuration, of Mathematics, of Geometry. The property boundaries were obliterated each year by the rise of the Nile; regulations were made to settle disputes concerning them.

Date Trees on the Nile Bank





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This was the beginning of Law. Wise men among the villagers, seeing that the sun, moon, and stars had much to do with the volume of the Nile flood, carefully observed and noted their movements. This was the beginning of Astronomy. The simple villagers looked with awe on these wise men who spent their time communing with the stars. The erection of an official class followed. This was the beginning of the Priesthood. The priests claimed supernatural knowledge of the celestial bodies. They imposed rules regarding the manners and conduct of men. They ordered the villagers to follow these rules, and to erect temples wherein they should be expounded. This was the beginning of Religion. But the fierce nomads of the desert found profit in harrying and plundering the weaker villagers by the riverside. Therefore, the priests chose from among the villagers those who were not only brave, but crafty, cunning, and leaders of men. These bold and cunning villagers succeeded in defeating the fiercer nomads by ambuscade and stratagem. This was the beginning of the Science of War. To protect their cities they erected walls, fortresses, fortifications. Thus grew up Engineering and Architecture. At last a bolder leader among the bold parleyed with the priesthood, terrified the mass of men, mastered Priests and Commons, and made himself lord over all. Thus grew up Monarchy, and thus there resulted Church, State, and King.

Long-forgotten bits of reading — faint recollections of Draper, of Garrison, of Winwood Reade — came to

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my mind as I looked out from an express-train on my first visit to Egypt. We were going up the Delta, along the valley of the Nile. It was towards evening, and the peasants were returning from the fields to their homes. Primitively clad, they reminded one irresistibly of old Bible pictures. You would see what was evidently a family — father, mother, grown children, and little ones, some mounted, some on foot, and with nondescript collections of animals, all burden-bearing. In one group I noted a camel, several asses, a buffalo bull, and a herd of sheep placidly pursuing their homeward way, all the animals except the sheep bearing the fodder for their supper on their backs. And the mild-eyed peasants looked up at the express-train with much the same gaze as did their animals.



The Delta region is not rich in visible ruins. "Pompey's Pillar" is all that stands at Alexandria, and there is nothing at Cairo. The Pyramids, which are out in the desert ten miles from Cairo, still stand, it is true, but they are so constructed that they will continue to stand, until removed stone by stone. There used to be an ancient city of Memphis not far from Cairo, but it has vanished so completely that doubt and dispute prevail over the exact sites of its streets and squares. The climate of the Delta region differs markedly from that of Upper Egypt, and the conclusion is inevitable that the difference of climate must have much to do with the absence of visible ruins. For the Delta is full

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of hidden ruins. All through this region there are low mounds looking like sand-drifts covered with Nile mud from the river's rise. They generally indicate the sites of large cities and towns. Yet of these ancient dwelling-places of man there are no "ruins" left — nothing but broken potsherds and a few burnt bricks. The sun-dried bricks have gone back to their original form. So have the other contents of the ancient cities, including their citizens. For each mound is made of a mass of cement consisting of the Nile mud of countless overflows, imbedded in which is the rich dust of men and animals, of temples and dwellings. These mounds are fertilizer-quarries for the *fellaḥ* farmers; they dig up their predecessors, whom they spread out to enrich their fields; this fertilizer, which they call *coufri*, contains salt, saltpetre, soda, phosphates, ammonia, and other constituents found in the costly artificial chemical manures so much used in the old world. To show how much this soil-enricher is used I may add that the principal commodity carried by the network of railways in the Delta region is this *coufri* fertilizer.

The utter disappearance of these ancient cities in the Delta shows the effect of irrigation and cultivation on climate. But the cultivated area is extending with greater rapidity than ever before. Less than half a century ago, Mehemet Ali ordered the planting of vast numbers of trees in Lower Egypt. Ismaïl continued the policy. In forty years some of these shade-trees have attained a height of over eighty feet; among them

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are eucalyptus, acacia, sycamore, tamarisk, mulberry, and lebbek. In addition to the shade-trees, the enormous extension of the cultivated area in cotton, sugar-cane, and other modern crops, and the thousands of miles of new irrigating canals in addition to the old ones, and to the great area covered by the Nile flood, have aided to affect the meteorology of Egypt. Cloudless skies were common in Lower Egypt in Mehemet Ali's time, so old men tell us; now not only clouds but rain-clouds are common; during the winter of 1904-5 there were many heavy rain-storms throughout the Delta region, and for days the sun did not shine in Cairo and Alexandria.

The lack of drainage is another potential factor in the climatic question. In nearly all dry, hot countries in which irrigation is introduced, surface or sub-soil drainage is found to be necessary. There is no such drainage in Egypt, and while the evaporation resulting from the Nile inundation doubtless has caused a gradual climatic modification, the enormous evaporation now resulting from the vast area affected by both irrigation and inundation is rapidly changing the climate of the country.



The impressions left on the mind of a casual traveller on a first visit to Egypt differ much from those left when one has had his vision dulled and blunted by several visits. The things which at first seemed extraordinary have then grown commonplace, and the





Island of Philae before the dam was built

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old traveller to Egypt looks with a languid eye on the picturesque processions which so thrilled him a few years before.

On a second visit, it is generally the less objective things which occupy the traveller's mind — the social and moral condition of the people; how they were governed in past times and are governed now; how Occidental methods, manners, machinery, civil government, and military occupation are affecting them; the yielding of the Egyptian ladies to foreign fashions in attire; the effect on polygamy of Paris prices for women's gear; the propensity of the natives to travel by rail and tramway; how Occidental teaching in the mission schools is affecting the native mind — these and similar topics generally interest the traveller on his second visit.

The traveller will have seen the ruins on his first visit, but his view will have been an unsatisfactory one, for they are too numerous, too gigantic, too impressive, to be appreciated fully at first. On subsequent visits the traveller may become an enthusiast over the ruins; he may develop into an amateur archæologist, perhaps even an excavator, if he have the time and means. Or he may remain indifferent to the ruins — many so remain. Or he may be deeply impressed — not by their grandeur, but by their danger, for the ruins of Egypt, like all of man's creations, are soon to pass away. "Soon" does not mean this year or this century, but "soon" as measured by the ages they have stood there — "soon" as measured by Egyptian time.

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Egypt has hitherto been one of the few spots on the planet where man's work seems to have endured. What is most melancholy in human life is its evanescence. Of the work of the artist, whether of him who works in colors, in metals, in stone, or merely in words, the last, which seems the most fleeting, often is the most enduring. Great paintings perish by fire, by insects, or by decay. Great statues sink into the ground or are destroyed by vandals. Great buildings fall, either by the elements or by the hand of man. Yet the written word often remains — sometimes the spoken word, for Homer's winged words, tradition says, were handed down by word of mouth for many ages before they were set upon the page. Yet even of this work of man, at times, little endures. It is only by tradition that we know of the fame of Sappho as a poet. How much will be left of Shakespeare in a thousand years? How much of the lesser bards of our own time in a hundred?

We are taught to believe that the most enduring work of human hands is the building, the edifice, the monument. Nothing in the elder time was wrought with greater care than the creation of the mason — the hall, the castle, the palace, the tower, the temple, the tomb. But even these structures do not endure. Nothing human can. Every creation of man, whether it be a mighty city or a mighty state, must, in the long procession of the ages, pass away. All things human are fleeting. All the works of man are ephemeral. Those things builded by the hands of men pass, as did their builders. Great cities have been born, have

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lived, have died, and men know not where they stood. To-day antiquarians squabble over the sites of Carthage and of Sidon, of Troy and of Tyre.

Where now the great buildings of London and of Paris stand, some day there will again be lonely marshes. Where once the Grand Louvetier, or Royal Wolf Ward, guarded the Louvre park and its pavilions, there again dense forests will come down to the river's bank, and out of the wilderness wolves will sally forth to prowl once more over the site of what is now the palace of the Louvre. Where now the vast tides of human millions roar through London's Strand and pour over Thames's bridges there will some day be silence. Far down below the foundations of the Tower Bridge, built but yesterday, there are Roman ruins. Below these Roman ruins there are the stilt foundations of Lacustrine dwellers in the mud. Where New York's stately structures of steel and stone make artificial sky-lines on the backbone of Manhattan Island — where to-day is heard the tramp of busy millions — where Trinity's chimes ring out above the roaring of the bulls and bears — where hoarse blasts from steamer-whistles sound ever on the river and the bay — some day there will be no sound on the land save the hum of insects and the twittering of birds; no sound from the water save the splash of a fish and the lapping of the tide. Manhattan Island, which once was swamp and rock, will again be rock and swamp.

Man's cities, his monuments, his buildings, do not

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endure. Out of his handiwork, tombs and temples have melted into the sands from which they sprung. In Farther India one may see stately temples, ruins that once were temples, mounds that once were ruins. So rank and luxuriant is tropical vegetation that the powerful plants grasp at the stones with roots and boughs, and pull them from their places. Who has not seen a ruin in the humid tropics does not know what a ruin is.

If the ancient peoples who builded as if for all time have left so little trace behind them; if the sites of such cities as Carthage and Tyre are uncertain, how little will be left of our trumpery modern cities. The stately Houses of Parliament, which make the City of Westminster an architectural oasis in the brick-and-mortar desert of London, are already crumbling, although built only half a century ago. Not only is the soft stone fast yielding to the elements, but there have been even fears as to the structural stability of the buildings. Parliamentary commissions have worked upon the problem; millions have been expended in addition to the initial millions; yet still the beautiful buildings are fast hastening to decay. All this in less than a hundred years. So at Oxford — the stone in the college buildings is perishing so rapidly that many structures dating from Tudor or Jacobean times look older than Egyptian temples erected a thousand years before Christ was born.

Hitherto Egypt would seem to have defied these laws of ruin, these edicts of decay. Although she has not

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had that rank luxuriant vegetation which in more humid climes pulls down huge masses of stone, she, too, has her enemies. She lies between desert and ocean, a slender strip, and desert and ocean are ever gnawing at her sides. But in the face of ocean and desert her mighty structures have stood. Where other dynasties repose only on tradition, her haughty Pharaohs have left their bodies in colossal tombs, their histories graven on stone. Where other rulers' very names have been forgotten, the Egyptian monarchs have left their records, their names, their ciphers for after ages to read. For forty centuries these gigantic ruins have stood in the shifting sands of Egypt, pecked at by Coptic Christians, scratched at by European Christians, buried under the rubbish of village Arabs, hidden by the kitchen-midden of Bedouins. Yet still have these stately structures stood, defying decay, the work of the elements, and the vandal hand of modern man.

But not in all of Egypt. Where the humid Delta begins, there begins also decay. Cairo stands at the apex of the Delta, an ancient city, but with no ancient monuments. A city stood there when history began; there was another city when Christ was born; there was a new Cairo when Mohammed uplifted the crescent against the cross. In truth, Cairo can scarcely be called "an ancient city," but rather a succession of cities. Probably there is nothing in it dating back of the middle ages, and its oldest monument is Saladin's citadel.

So with the city near the ancient Canopic mouth of

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the Nile. Under the modern Alexandria lies the Alexandria of Alexander; for the modern city is but a mushroom of yesterday. What remains of the ancient city? Nothing but its name. Of the magnificent temple of Serapis, of the Cesareum, of the four thousand palaces of which contemporaneous historians wrote, what now remains? Nothing — not even their ruins — not even their foundations, for no man knows where they stood. Excavations reveal nothing. Even boring shows no sign of the ancient city; it shows only rubbish, and underlying the rubbish it shows subterranean water.

Some archæologists explain the utter absence of any vestige of the palaces and temples of ancient Alexandria by the subsidence of the sandy soil, and the encroachment of the Mediterranean. Others hold that the humid climate of the Delta has wrought the usual ruin found in all humid lands; that had Alexandria possessed the rainless winter and the dry atmosphere of Upper Egypt, many of her ancient monuments would still be standing.

However that may be, there is no trace left of ancient Alexandria, save its name. Perhaps not even its site is certain, for archæologists are not agreed that the ancient city lay on the same spot as modern Alexandria. A little Greek fishing village was selected by Alexander as the site of his city — a village called Rhacotis. Tradition points out a certain spot on the Alexandrian quays where Rhacotis lies buried. It may or may not be true. If the tradition be true, the little fishing vil-





Kiosk and Temple, Island of Philae, now partially submerged by the waters of the dam

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lage has left fully as much to after ages as did the mighty city — nothing but its name.

Thus, when it has seemed as if Egypt were an exception to the universal, the melancholy rule of the evanescence of human things, it was only a seeming. Again is modern man engaged in tearing down what ancient man had built. So massive are the ruins of Egypt that man has as yet been unable to accomplish this task of destruction with the work of his puny hands. For ages he has used the ruins for quarries, but still they stand. Even what he is doing is unconscious, for he is laboring in other ways. Now as always it is nature which is working, with man as her medium. The gigantic Egyptian ruins which have defied man for so many centuries will at last yield to the elemental forces of nature, those forces set loose by man. The colossal irrigation system due to modern engineering is already changing the climate of the lower Nile. Where once the climate in Lower Egypt was hot and dry it is now hot and humid. Where once rain was almost unknown, now it falls heavily through the winter. Violent alterations of temperature are now quite frequent throughout the region of the Delta. This climatic change is slowly creeping up the great river. Many hundred miles above the Delta, where once rain never fell, where from century to century no drop of water dampened the parched bosom of the desert, now light showers are not unknown. As the land grows moister, showers will become more frequent. As it is turned into a garden, rain will fall plentifully, as in

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other humid lands. The rapid destruction of ruins—as is happening at Philæ by the construction of the great dam—is a mere incident. That is as nothing compared with what will occur when the climatic changes caused by irrigation will bring about a regular rain-fall. Then the great ruins will be subject to the same climatic cataclysms as in other lands. Then the sharply chiselled edges of the royal cartouches, the dynastic histories on tomb and temple and obelisk, will be dulled, crumbled, and finally obliterated. And at last, yielding to the same causes as in other lands, tomb and temple and obelisk will fall.

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